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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Paris

A FRENCH government created through error and indiscretion and composed of political unknowns has turned out, at least for a time, to be the *Troisième Force*, or third power, that France needs to escape Communism and Gaullism. That the coalition cabinet of Premier Robert Schuman could be a permanent answer to France's problems was hardly to be expected. But as a temporary solution, it has had remarkable success.

The Ramadier government that preceded Schuman's deserved a better fate. It stood for ten months, from January 22 to November 19, 1947, during a turbulent period of strikes and disorder. It survived several political and economic crises, without being able to produce a cure for France's ills but at least giving the country some stability.

The *coup de grâce* was delivered paradoxically by a leader of Paul Ramadier's own Socialist Party. Guy Mollet, Secretary-General of the Socialist Party and leader of the left wing, told a luncheon of the Anglo-American Press Association somewhat prematurely, and while Ramadier was still Premier, that Léon Blum was ready to assume power. Late that same evening, Ramadier resigned.

Another political error, this one made by Léon Blum, who rarely commits them, lost for that skillful veteran his opportunity to become Premier again. The mistake Blum made was to associate Communism and Gaullism as double dangers to the Republic, in his address to the National Assembly, where the two extremes, combined, could and did defeat him.

President Vincent Auriol, a Socialist himself, then turned to a less controversial candidate for the

premiership, Robert Schuman, a member of the Popular Republican Movement (MRP), Minister of Finance in the Ramadier government, and a member of parliament since 1919. By limiting his attack to the Communists and obtaining the support of the Gaullists, Schuman was able to acquire a comfortable majority in the Assembly.

Schuman and his cabinet

Schuman was born sixty-one years ago of French parents in Luxembourg and brought up in the eastern province of Lorraine, which was German until the end of World War I. He avoided German military service on grounds of poor health. He served as Under Secretary of State for Refugee Affairs in the Vichy government in 1940, but was deported by the Germans and interned in the Neustadt concentration camp, from which he escaped to take an active part in the French resistance.

Although hardly the popular type of politician, he is generally respected for his personal integrity, modest austerity, and hard work. He is not a brilliant orator, but he is a sound thinker and a convincing speaker.

Unfortunately for him, many of the men in his cabinet were generally unknown. In forming his government, Schuman was pressed for time because the new administration was urgently needed to cope with the immediate problems of the nation.

He was not able to get the big names of the nation. He wanted both Léon Blum and Paul Reynaud, the independent Premier in the year of defeat, 1940, who has made a strong comeback in public favor and is regarded as among the country's best technicians in finance and economics. But the



The Atlantic Report on Paris



Socialists refused to sit with Reynaud, and Blum declined a ministry.

Under prodding from President Auriol to complete his cabinet, Schuman finally, in a hasty, early-morning political operation such as often characterizes French crises, formed a government of ten MRP, seven Socialist, four Radical-Socialist, and two independent ministers. The best known was Georges Bidault, to whom was confided automatically the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which he has held continuously since the liberation in 1944, except for the brief period of the one-month, all-Socialist Blum government a year ago.

A few others could be readily identified: Socialists Jules Moch and Daniel Mayer in the posts of Interior and Labor, and MRP Pierre-Henri Teitgen as Minister of the Combined Armed Forces. Most of the others were obscure politicians.

The Communists strike

As the Schuman government assumed power, the country was submerged in a wave of strikes that had paralyzed the ports, stopped the railroads, and interrupted public services. There was, as in the past, some legitimate basis for the demands for wage increases. But the new strikes were patently political, and no secret was made of their orchestration. The music was signed, for all to see, Cominform.

Two months earlier, when the Communist Information Bureau was established late in September by the conference in Poland and set up in Yugoslavia, with the aim of coördinating the action of Communist parties, the United States government received reliable advance information of the coming Communist outbreaks in France and Italy. The offensive had no chance of success within the two countries involved, so far as taking power was concerned. It had international objectives to wreck the Marshall Plan and to trouble the Conference of Foreign Ministers in London.

Conservative French political quarters also had warning of the outbreak, the French Communists not being so discreet as their fellow members farther to the east. The objectives within the country were reported to be twofold: destruction of the Socialist Party, by forcing its government to fire on the workers, the left wing of that party then to be absorbed by the Communists; and assumption of power by General de Gaulle, under unconstitutional conditions that would make him an easier victim of a later, more conclusive Communist attack.

The Schuman government, with a surprising display of strength, showed itself thoroughly capable of coping with the strikes; and the Communists, with an even more surprising disclosure of weakness, were forced to surrender without explanation or apology. Their surrender can be attributed partly to workers' weariness with strikes and to public desire for tranquillity, but above all, to vigorous government action on the executive, legislative, police, and military levels.

The government acts

Perhaps the most effective action ordered by the Schuman government was that of the police. It also dispelled a legend, prevalent since the police participation in the wartime resistance and encouraged by the Communists, that the government could not count on the loyalty of the force. In a single night the police evacuated the electric power stations of Paris occupied by strikers. In most places, they found only a few men, some of them strangers to the electricity service. At no point did they encounter serious resistance or undergo casualties. Their action ended the most important inconvenience of the strikes, and incidentally proved the loyalty of the police.

The military action was more symbolical. It consisted of calling to the colors the second half of the class of 1943, men born between July 1 and December 31, 1923, about 80,000 in all, chosen because most of them had performed a year of military service since the liberation and could be counted on as loyal, experienced troops. With them were called up all reserve officers who studied from 1942 to 1945 at the Cherchell military academy in Algeria, wartime replacement for the bomb-wrecked Saint-Cyr and equivalent of West Point.

Thus a force of trained men and qualified officers was provided in case of need. The Communists surrendered before the force ever took the field, and the reservists were promptly demobilized.

The executive and legislative action also had little more than symbolic effect. After five days of debate, the National Assembly adopted the government's anti-strike bill, only the Communists opposing. It provided a ten-year prison term and 1,000,000 francs (\$8000) fine for sabotage, and a five-year term and 500,000 francs (\$4000) fine for using threats or violence to force a strike. The bill was watered down from the original version drafted by the government, a provision against incitement to strike having been eliminated lest it be interpreted as a limitation on freedom of speech and the press.

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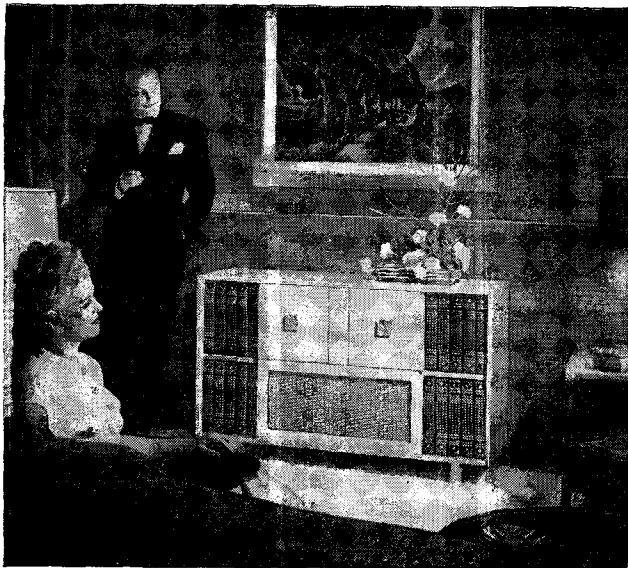
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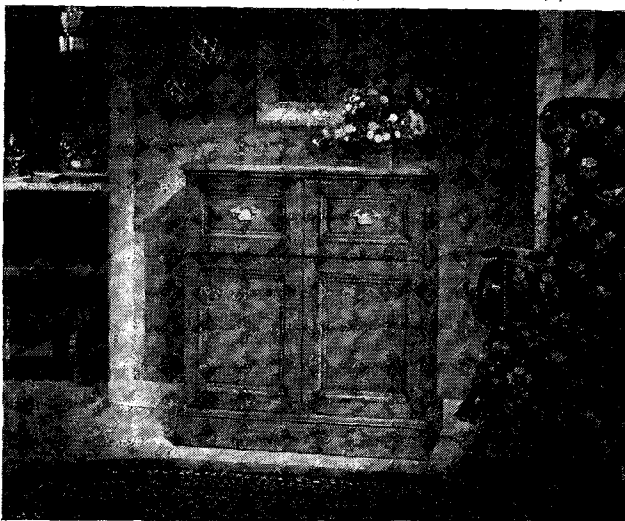
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The new law had little practical effect since the strikes were ending by the time it was promulgated. Its future usefulness was limited since it would no longer apply after February 29, 1948. But its enactment had shown that the government had the support of the legislative assembly in its campaign against the strikes.

The executive negotiations were generally confined to conferences between Socialist Minister of Labor Daniel Mayer and the Socialist minority of the General Confederation of Labor (CGT). But it was the force of public opinion, rather than the persuasion of the government, that put an end to the strikes. Less than one tenth of the Paris subway workers turned up for a meeting that called a general strike in the Métro. Even fewer actually quit work. That failure was the final blow to the national strike committee.

Most of the international motives for the strikes had disappeared. The bill for interim aid to Europe was already assured of passage by Congress. The Conference of Foreign Ministers on Germany was already certain to fail. The domestic objectives were impossible to attain. The day after the failure in the Métro, the national strike committee called it quits. For another day, there were warnings of further battles to come. But then, even that ceased. Someone in Warsaw, Belgrade, or Moscow pushed a Cominform button, and the agitation stopped in France. Western democracy had won a definite, if temporary, victory over Communism.

Division in the ranks of labor

The aftermath of the strikes brought out the fact that the General Confederation of Labor was no longer capable of carrying out a successful general strike in France. The once mighty CGT was divided. No longer could the working class be considered an absolute barrier to de Gaulle, a disastrous threat to the *Troisième Force*, or a weapon completely in the hands of the Communists. The CGT still had an important role to play, but it had been caught in the dynamic evolution of events, and it had lost the reputation which it had once held, whether rightly or wrongly, as the decisive element in France.

The Schuman government was now free to work toward its main goal, which was stability of the nation's economy. The methods it chose were neither typical of the many efforts made previously, nor characteristic of a cabinet containing Socialist ministers.

It placed major emphasis on a special levy on those in the upper income tax brackets, which could be avoided by subscribing to a new 3 per cent government loan, the two measures being designed to take one sixth of the inflated currency out of circulation. But here the government had gone from the popular field of competition with the Communists, and had come to grips with the notoriously tight-fisted middle classes of France. There, the struggle would be less clear and more difficult.



Washington

THE American people are actionists, and the present prospect of indefinitely holding the line against Russia does not appeal to the American temperament. As one official put it, "vigilant containment" is not our meat. But, like it or not, the people must get used to it. The breakup of the Conference of Foreign Ministers marks the American adoption of a balance-of-power policy.

Legislators are throwing bill after bill into the hopper, aimed at cutting ties with Russia and declaring economic war. A type of the present thinking is that of Representative Alvin Weichel of Ohio. His proposal is to "prohibit any ship from leaving United States ports with supplies for Russia or Russian-dominated nations." Another measure would seek to accomplish the same purpose by compelling the Administration to publish the names of Americans engaged in the Russian trade.

In addition, export controls, which were renewed at the extra session, give the Secretary of Commerce power to allocate consignments to those places where they will best serve foreign policy. These controls will be rigorously exercised in the event that the Marshall Plan is adopted.

Another section of Congressional opinion insists on reviewing the order to dismantle surplus plants in Western Germany. The object is to stop anything going to the Soviet Union, though this would mean a similar stoppage of reparations, set forth in Allied agreements, to other nations.

Will there be the same outcry against the clause in the Marshall Plan providing for the maintenance of Western European trade with Eastern Europe? The sixteen nations are allowed to export goods processed with American materials to Eastern Europe. Restrictions are imposed, but there is no ban. This is likely to irritate legislators who think that the two worlds should be separated completely.

Congress grows "anti"

Another difficulty in operating the new system of world polity is that Congress habitually acts *against*, not *for*. When Secretary Marshall asked Congressional leaders for aid for Greece and Turkey,

they told him that the program could be put through only as an anti-Russian measure. He did not like the approach. He thinks of the aid program as the responsibility which the United States has, as a great world power, to fill vacuums in strategic areas before Russia fills them.

Instead of debating the Marshall Plan as a course of action against the Soviet Union, and only in these terms, Congress would do better, in the Secretary's opinion, to maintain discussion on the higher level of our duty, and to bring into being a working economy for Europe. He deprecates too much stress on our anti-Communism.

There is ceaseless wonder about Russia's motives. Before the new Soviet Ambassador left Moscow, he called on Ambassador Bedell Smith, and in the conversation asked about Presidential prospects. Bedell Smith enumerated and discussed the contenders.

At the end of the talk the Soviet Ambassador said, "But you have missed the main challenger." "Who is that?" asked Bedell Smith, puzzled. "Why, Mr. Wallace, of course," said the Ambassador. It then dawned on Bedell Smith that this was the way the Kremlin had prepared the Ambassador for his mission to America. Undoubtedly his observations while in America will come from his original instructions.

Republicans and the Marshall Plan

In spite of the anti-Russian feeling in Congress, the Marshall Plan is slated for a tough passage. Coolness toward it was noted at the end of the extra session. The Republicans, with an eye on the Presidency, insist on writing legislation. They did over the interim aid bill and the anti-inflation program of the Administration. They are reputed to have up their sleeves their own version of a Marshall Plan. This latter will probably be worded in such a way as to reduce the cost and therefore the "self-denial" that the President said would be entailed by the Marshall Plan.

There will also be provisions for supervision that might threaten its workability as well as its accepta-

I met New England

AT AN AMERICAN LEGION CONVENTION
IN SAN FRANCISCO"



"Joe," said I, looking at his Massachusetts badge, "I didn't think you folks ever got so far from home. What d'ja do, hitch up the old surrey, take a

team train and go down Boston way and get yourself some ew store clothes? You'll have quite some time telling your randchildren 'bout that trip you made way out to Californiay."

Joe laughed. It was full bellied and the crinkly lines around is eyes deepened pleasantly.

"Well, Frank," said he at last, "Dad didn't much want me o come because he didn't want to tie up the company plane. 'ou see we've got a plant—out around Quincy way—not Illi- ois—but *Massachusetts*, and seems like an idea of my brother's as 'caught on' and right now the plant is really humming. I guess we're pretty lucky to get an idea like this one but then e Yankees have been getting ideas for 300 years.

"There's *no section of the country that's got what New England is if you want to go into the manufacturing business*. First off, e've got *alert, smart workers*, y'know the kind of folks that now they're good and don't hesitate to prove it—not cocky— ist sure. Then there's *our power supply—dependable*. There's *ater*—some say it makes pretty scenery, but we manufacturers now plenty of pure water is a *must*. *Transportation?* Well, here's a lot of stuff shipped in and out of New England—in ct, we make 10% of the nation's manufactured goods. Then o, New England's nearest to European markets and..."

"You don't have to sell me, Joe," I interrupted, "right now e're planning a factory site in New England."

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bility. It is the tone that makes the music, and the tone of some Republican leaders on aid to Europe is harsh and grating, and might be expressed in demands for rigorous control abroad as at home. Intervention there must be, but it must be exercised as an art, not as a weapon.

How to stop inflation

Republican action on inflation is more prayerful than purposeful. The inflation now raging is a monetary phenomenon. That is to say, there is too much money competing for our goods and services. But nothing in the Taft bill (which the President in the absence of agreement on his ten-point program was forced to accept) will limit the money supply. The Taft bill deals with effects and not causes.

The only suggestion that would curb the plethora of outstanding money is the Eccles plan for the setting up of new reserves back of bank lending. This would be a brake—perhaps so effective a brake that inflation might turn into deflation. Indeed, this is the warning that all the witnesses, from Secretary Snyder to the heads of commercial banks, have uttered in committee testimony.

Perhaps the inflation scare is overplayed. Money supply means private deposits in the banks and cash in circulation—check and pocket money. In six months the increase, mainly through loans to business, has been over 5 billion dollars. Yet the index of industrial output is relatively stable. Perhaps bank loans, especially in view of government appeals to bankers, will taper off.

The consensus in the Capital is that these factors will not dispense with the need for government action in restricting bank credit. But to handle such curbs at this stage of the business cycle is to handle dynamite.

In the absence of either direct action or economic stability, the favored weapon of Congress for keeping the economy from getting out of hand is by exhortation and intimidation. In the latter category is the pillorying of speculators. It is easy to get kudos, if not results, out of naming persons who are trying to make money (or to keep their fortune) by gambling in inevitably rising prices. The speculators are engaged in what was considered legitimate business, and though their operations may account for the fluctuation of prices, they are not responsible for the rise.

This naming of names is a sort of alibi for not dealing with the cause of rising prices. The devil theory is always popular when courage is at a premium—the courage, that is to say, to buy the whole of the cereals crop and allocate it till conditions become less abnormal. However, the offense of speculation is real rather than phony when committed by public servants.

Secret documents

The flood of memoirs on the latest and perhaps the greatest decade in American history is begin-



The Atlantic Report on Washington



ning. It has raised a question concerning the present policy of secrecy about the war documents now in possession of the United States government. A scholar in Congress, Senator Thomas of Utah, has taken up the matter. He asks why American historians are denied access to these and to many other relevant documents.

The secrecy policy, evidently, does not apply to official memoirists — for example, Mr. Byrnes, who, in his book *Speaking Frankly*, confirms the existence of many documents relating to Russian ambitions. There is no objection to Mr. Byrnes's use of the information. The objection is that the professional historian does not have the same right.

To be sure, Secretary Marshall has announced that at least one very important set of these documents is soon to be made public. These are the documents from the Nazi archives which were captured by the American and British armies. However, these are not American documents, and they have already been published in Germany, in part without Marshall's prior consent. The attitude of the professional historian toward this secrecy is summed up by Dr. Charles A. Beard: "Insistence on opening archives and on critical research and writing is among the firmest guarantees that the night of despotism will not fall over the world."

New year, new taxes

When Congress settles down, there will be a battle between the Republicans, anxious to relieve the taxpayers out of the 7-billion-dollar surplus, and the Administration, determined to conserve it.

The Republicans say that reduction of some of the tax burden on enterprise would produce more investment and more goods, and therefore would be a weapon in the fight on inflation. The proposal which Mr. Truman made in his State of the Union message to Congress would bring tax relief to those in the lower income brackets but raise taxes on corporation profits.

One thing is certain: the tax discrimination between states with community property laws and states which do not have such laws will be ended. That is to say, married couples will be able to split income for tax purposes as they do in community property states. Delayed action by Congress has already resulted in a number of states adopting the community property system.

Without a Federal statute a community property law, as Governor Dewey says, would "disrupt the

whole foundation of our legal system" and "involve questions of constitutionality which might severely limit the adequacy of such a statute." To be sure, a Federal law is bound to be attacked as favoring the rich. But the need to give relief to middle incomes, which were formerly the source of high investment, is impressive.

The Mood of the Capital

Some grumbling is to be heard that the Europeans who produced the "interim" Paris report have done little to improve the economic unity of Europe which is the great concept of the Marshall Plan. Americans would be cheered by such first steps as that of collecting the immense quantity of scrap steel available in Europe. The Harriman Report turned down the European request for scrap from America because scrap is our tightest item and because scrap is lying around everywhere in Europe. Could there be a practical beginning in this direction while we wait for sufficient authority to follow up the Paris plans for a Continental steel industry, European public works, and customs unions?

The Capital is jittery over the breakup of the Conference of Foreign Ministers. Some say that it did not work because it was too open diplomacy. The fact is that we have tried all kinds of diplomacy, and none of them has worked. It takes months to get any reply from Moscow on even important matters. On Germany it has been found simpler to have matters taken up in the Allied Control Council in Berlin. Even the secret meetings of the Conference of Foreign Ministers were spoiled by Russian leaks. Actually nothing has brought any kind of settlement with Russia.

The feeling is firm that Russia's non-coöperation is due to the hope that the United States will be overcome by a slump and will then have to get out of Europe. Even anti-Marshall Plan legislators think that. They explain their opposition as due to the certain failure of the Plan, and this because Europe is past saving. Thinking in terms of the old and discredited strategy, they want the United States to devote resources to home defense, though under the Marshall Plan we should get many materials which we now lack for that purpose.

Perhaps the jitters will subside when the Capital gets used to the new world situation. If a tithe of the time now spent on red-baiting and witch-hunting were devoted to strategical planning, the country would be much further advanced, in domestic strength and in foreign relations, for coping with the great ordeal.



Atomic Energy

IN February, 1944, our forces captured Eniwetok atoll from the Japanese at the cost of more than a hundred American lives. A coral reef linking half a dozen small islands in a circle some fifteen miles in diameter, the atoll lies southwest of Wake Island in the central Pacific. It came back into the news this winter when the United States Atomic Energy Commission announced that construction had been started there for the Pacific Ocean installations suggested in the Commission's second semiannual report to Congress.

The Commission pointed out the particular suitability of Eniwetok for the purposes in hand. The atoll has only about 145 inhabitants (who are to be resettled on Ujelang); it possesses land surface ample for the instrumentation involved in the scientific experiments contemplated; and it is surrounded by hundreds of miles of open seas in the direction in which winds might carry radioactive particles.

The purpose of the installations is to establish by experimentation the indicated results of laboratory studies already performed. New fundamental data and a broader understanding of nuclear fission should come from this field work, which will facilitate advances in peaceful as well as military applications of the forces of the atomic nucleus. All test operations at the atoll will be conducted under laboratory control conditions.

Moreover, the Commission announced that all operations would be conducted under full security restrictions as required by the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. The area of the installations will be closed, and the Security Council of the United Nations will be duly notified of this fact. Closing of the area as a safety measure was provided for in the United States Trusteeship Agreement for the former Japanese mandated islands, under which the United States has authority for the atoll.

How much secrecy?

The press tried to read significance into the fact that the word "weapons" was used in the plural in the Commission's terse announcement. But as far back as last July, in reporting to the Congress as required under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, the

Commission said that it was establishing proving grounds in the Pacific for routine experiments and tests of atomic "weapons." At that time, the plural seemed to draw no unusual attention. And if the United States today possesses more than a single atomic bomb — as indeed it should in view of the two years and a half of steady work since Hiroshima — the plural might sensibly have been taken as referring to those bombs.

The belated interest in the plural focuses attention on the thorniest problem confronting the United States Atomic Energy Commission — the problem of security. So much has been secret about atomic energy that even an extra *s* becomes significant. It is important to understand why some questions cannot be answered; but it is even more important to realize that the answers to many other questions are available and should be sought out by the average citizen.

Restriction comes home

The five members of the United States Atomic Energy Commission are agents of the people. The Commission's powers and its responsibility to the nation are set forth in detail in the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. This piece of legislation, which candidly declares that revision from time to time is to be expected because of the unknown factors involved in the field of atomic energy, came into being only after thoroughgoing deliberation.

Section 10 of the Act provides that until effective and enforceable international safeguards against the use of atomic energy for destructive purposes have been established, the dissemination of restricted data shall be controlled so as to assure the common defense and security. All data concerning the manufacture or utilization of atomic weapons, the production of fissionable material, or the use of fissionable material in the production of power are put under wraps.

This is a sweeping order. But thoughtful people, remembering the explosive force of the atomic bomb and the potentialities of radioactive materials, and alert to the implications of the present world situation, will agree that it makes sense.



The Atlantic Report on Atomic Energy



And the Act makes more sense, for it specifies the principles that knowledge of industrial possibilities in atomic energy should be shared with other nations reciprocally as soon as security permits and that the interchange of ideas and criticisms essential to scientific progress should be fostered.

The Commission is empowered to determine from time to time what data may be published without adversely affecting the common defense and security. The task of removing data from the restricted list demands the utmost in discrimination, judgment, and comprehension. The Commissioners have these qualities; and what is more, they have full knowledge. The Act makes sense in thus localizing and focusing this critical responsibility.

Misconceptions of the layman

What does not make sense in the whole affair is the unhappy tendency of many people to jump to false conclusions. One such conclusion, too widely held and attributable in part to the blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, is acceptance of what Mr. Lilienthal has called the myth of the atom bomb — the idea that atomic energy is useful only as a weapon, and nothing else. Another is the easy notion that the existence of security restrictions means that no general information is available. A third, and lazier, notion is that knowledge of fission is too complicated for the average person and hence had best be left to the physicists.

These are all pernicious, for, in spite of present international stumbling blocks, we may look forward to the day when atomic energy is central in industry and in agriculture as well as in health all over the world. But when that day comes, because of the admitted essential physical difficulties in practical application of atomic energy, there will of necessity be safeguards and hedges entirely aside from such restrictions as are today required by security. Unless the reasons for them are understood, these safeguards will be annoying.

For example, legislation to assure continuous operations at key installations may be required. "We can't stand for work stoppages, either by strike or lockout," says Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa. This suggests a new phase in American labor policy.

The prohibitions which the unsettled international situation demands are concerned primarily with abstruse scientific knowledge, or with intricate technological processes, or with highly specialized applications. They do not apply to the basic

knowledge, the broad general foundation of physical fact underlying the technical applications.

The critical mass of nuclear explosive necessary to an atomic bomb must remain a matter of security for the time being. The critical fact that a medium-fast neutron will split an atom of Uranium 235 into atoms of barium and krypton with the release of free neutrons to repeat the process and produce a chain reaction giving off an enormous amount of energy according to the Einstein law of mass and energy equivalence, however, is free and open.

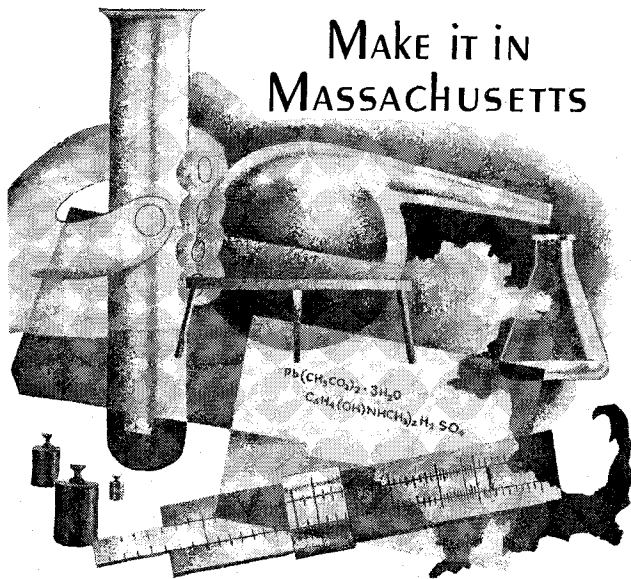
Getting at the facts

The security of the future depends in very large measure upon the grasp which the citizen gets on these broad matters that lie outside the realm of the "security" of the present. Only as they become part of the thinking of an intelligent electorate can we count either on sound legislation or on acceptance of the inevitable social, economic, and political effects of the civilian use of atomic energy. The basic facts of atomic energy are under no security limitations and in essence are more important than those withheld. The mechanics of fission, the products of fission, the fabulous by-products of the release of nuclear energy — it is this sort of thing with which the layman must be familiar.

The essential physics involved is not so forbiddingly intricate; it has been detailed in a number of able books in the past two years, notable among them Selig Hecht's *Explaining the Atom*, which in an evening's thoughtful reading sets up the entire background and summarizes the accomplishments. A book of this sort lays firm basis for Henry D. Smyth's *Atomic Energy for Military Purposes*, the famous "Smyth Report," and for *A Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy*, the Department of State Publication No. 2498, known as the Acheson-Lilienthal Report, which is basic to the proposals made by Mr. Baruch for the United States to the United Nations for the establishment of the international control of atomic energy.

Out of this reading, the citizen will get information that will help him understand day-to-day announcements concerning radioisotopes in medicine and in agriculture. And he will have perspective from which to appraise both the assertions of military experts concerning the changed face given to war by the existence of the bomb, and the analyses by students of social science — such as *The Absolute Weapon*, which Bernard Brodie edited for Yale's Institute of International Studies, and the perceptive study, *The Problem of Reducing*

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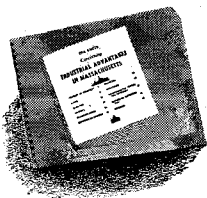


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Vulnerability to Atomic Bombs, which Ansley J. Coale wrote for the Social Science Research Council.

The people must be informed

No group in the country is more alert to the need for periodic revision of legislation and for spreading information as soon as security allows than are the members of the Commission itself. Both in their daily operations and in their public pronouncements, the Commissioners have consistently emphasized the responsibility of the individual citizen to learn the basic facts. They have urged collaboration of the press, of schools, of clubs, and of study groups, and have called for the active participation of the technically trained members of each community who have the special knowledge to clarify the facts for the layman.

At times there has been a frantic ring to some of these statements. Speaking at Crawfordsville, Indiana, last fall, Chairman Lilienthal declared, "If schemers or fools or rascals or hysterical stuffed shirts get this thing out of your hands — it may then be too late to find out what it is all about."

Addressing the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in December, Mr. Lilienthal put the case in these words: "Atomic energy is not only science and engineering; it is one of the most vital of all areas of public policy, in which as a people we must make decisions affecting the course of the Republic, the peace of the world, and the future of the twentieth century. If these decisions are to be made by the democratic process . . . then the people as a whole must be adequately informed of the essential facts of this new force, and of its meaning to laymen. This education . . . must not come from a centralized official source, an American version of a Minister of Enlightenment and Culture, but instead, as far as possible from within the communities and neighborhoods of America."

The Commission welcomed the appointment of a committee of representative newspaper editors, named by the American Society of Newspaper Editors, which a few weeks ago conferred with the Commission on plans to bring before the people all unrestricted information on atomic energy.

Better coöperation between the nation's press and the Commission was one purpose of the meeting. It also considered ways in which the Commission could help the press by furnishing news and feature material concerning atomic energy. Avowedly pedagogical feature stories — even cartoons and puzzles — which had already begun to appear in December, showed that the effort at wider public understanding was getting under way. Reliable newspaper publicity will counteract the overzealous censorship of which Commissioner W. W. Waymack — himself an experienced newspaperman — warned. Thus, however obscure the prospects for sane international handling of the new force, in the United States at least, a sound beginning on general education in the fundamental intricacies has been made.



The London Conference

THE immediate cause of the breakdown of the Foreign Ministers' Conference in London was German reparations. Molotov reaffirmed the demand for ten billion dollars to be paid by Germany in goods to the Soviet Union over twenty years; out of this Russia would give a share to Poland. Marshall rejected this claim absolutely and even proposed that all German reparations from factory production cease from January 1, 1948.

The basic cause of the breakdown was the American-Soviet struggle for a new balance of power, of which rivalry for control of Germany was only one aspect. Marshall, Bevin, Bidault, and Molotov met in the midst of this epic contest. Neither in Europe, in Asia, nor in the Middle East has the frontier between East and West been drawn for keeps. As the *London Economist* said: "Settlements tend to reflect an already established balance of forces. They do not create one." An equilibrium must precede accommodation.

No compromise

The truthful historian will discount the attempts of each side to fasten sole guilt on the other fellow. None of the Four came to the table expecting agreement or ready for it. None was prepared to make the concessions which meant retreat while the balance-of-power struggle was in full progress.

If Molotov had seriously intended to come to terms, would he constantly have poured forth his propaganda appeals to the German people over the heads of Marshall, Bevin, and Bidault? Would he falsely have accused the United States and Britain of profiteering in Western German coal and timber at the expense of the Germans? Citing only newspaper and radio stories, would he have charged America and Britain with wholesale buying of German firms? Above all, would he have repeated such accusations after Marshall and Bevin denied them?

At the next to last meeting of the Conference, Molotov did make one new proposal on reparations which might have been susceptible of discussion. This time it was Marshall and Bevin, totally ignoring Molotov's suggestion, who seemed to in-

timise their indifference towards possible understanding. True, Molotov's "offer" tumbled out amid his torrent of abuse and denunciation. But this need not have prevented Marshall and Bevin from singling out Molotov's idea and at least asking him to clarify it.

Molotov's proposal

Molotov would raise the output of Western German industry from the present 35 per cent of the 1938 level to 70 per cent. He would then draw off 10 per cent for reparations, leaving 60 per cent of production instead of 35 per cent as today. Molotov's plan implied the chance of an agreed standstill in reparations deliveries for several years while the output of German factories gradually climbed to twice its current output. It was the first time Russia ever hinted that she might assent to a reparations moratorium.

Marshall and Bevin might have answered something like this: "Your scheme, Mr. Molotov, assumes the return of an economically unified Germany. If the zones were abolished and Germany again became an undivided country, even the rise of Western German production would still see the United States pumping food and raw material subsidies into one end of Germany while you Russians drain German resources at the other end. So tell us whether Russia would be willing for a period to forgo reparations from Eastern Germany too, while we lift the German economy and bring it into balance."

Marshall, Bevin, and Bidault asked neither this nor any other question to put Molotov's moratorium proposal to the test of negotiation. Three days elapsed before the Ministers' next meeting. That interval allowed time to ponder. Yet when they met again, Molotov repeated his proposal and once more we ignored it. On Marshall's motion the Conference adjourned without naming a date for any future meeting.

Molotov's propaganda and the inflexibility of the other three Ministers indicated that none of them expected agreement and that no serious effort was made to attain one. This, incidentally, helps to



The Atlantic Report on the World Today



explain the current remark heard in Germany: "We Germans can stand another war but we cannot stand another liberation."

One casualty which most people have overlooked is the American proposal for a four-power treaty guaranteeing Germany's disarmament and demilitarization for forty years. That plan seems dead. Are we to have in its place a three-power treaty without Russia? Delegates at the London Conference were saying privately that such a pact would be directed against the Soviet Union rather than against future German aggression.

Where do we go from here?

For many months it was assumed that failure of the Foreign Ministers' Conference would result in prompt establishment of a new Western German government in Frankfurt. That was definitely the intention of some of the United States and British top representatives in Berlin.

Early in January, officials of the United States and British military governments proposed to the Minister-Presidents of the eight German states in Bizonia a new "economic" government. It would consist of a two-house legislature, a nine-man supreme court, and an executive who would choose his own six-man cabinet. Appointment of the executive would be made by the Economic Council. The plan also called for a central bank with the right to issue currency and control credit.

Faced with the need for grave decisions, should we proceed more cautiously? Anglo-American organization of a Western German state with its own parliament and government would give the Russians the best excuse for setting up a rival regime in Berlin. There are a number of measures we can take. German monetary reform, with a stable currency to fight inflation, is one. Another is to put into legal form the *de facto* economic union of the Saar with France.

We must also decide on long-term policies. What sort of regime is to be established for the Ruhr? The United States would allow German management to run the Ruhr industries with an Allied board to glance over the Germans' shoulders. France prefers that the Allied board itself shall control output and distribution of coal, steel, and other Ruhr products. What is to be the political structure of Western Germany, and how are we, and especially the British, to meet France's demand for giving real power to the Länder and avoiding a strong German central authority?

Reasonably enough the French government wants agreement on such crucial questions to precede establishment of Trizonia. The French fear that otherwise we shall inject into the relations of the three Western Allies another brand of the poison which crippled four-power rule of Germany. It would be wise to let the Russians take the initiative if two rival German governments are to be created, each claiming to be the central government of the Reich. With or without that development, the Western powers face the risk of being dislodged from Berlin under Soviet pressure.

Berlin a Russian city?

The morning after the London Conference dispersed, the American delegation met and privately discussed this danger, to which General Lucius Clay, the United States Military Governor in Germany, has been particularly alive. The American, British, and French sectors of Berlin are a tiny oasis one hundred miles deep in Soviet occupied territory. If the Russians were to suspend rail traffic to Berlin from the West, it would be a costly and arduous job to supply not merely thousands of Allied citizens but more than two million Germans in our Berlin districts. We have been considering provisioning by air the non-Russian parts of Berlin, rather than abandoning that key city to exclusive Soviet control.

Any foreign master of Berlin possesses a great psychological advantage among the German people. Whether living east or west of the Elbe, they look to their traditional capital. It would need many years of habit to induce the same popular sentiment towards Frankfurt.

The imminent danger is the race between Russia and the American-led Western powers to win all Germany by pandering to German nationalism. The Russians must cope with a big segment of anti-Communist Germans in their third of the Reich. But we should not underestimate the strong anticapitalist minority in our two thirds of Germany. Even the billions of dollars the United States is investing in restoring Western Germany will yield us ingratitude and resentment if we reimpose on the Germans against their will a system of private capitalism which their workers identify with unemployment and evil working conditions.

The peril is that while we and the Russians are trying to outbid one another, we shall make Germany the arbiter. It would not be the first time that the umpire turned out to be the victor.

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Logic of Peace"

SIR:

"The Logic of Peace" by Ralph Barton Perry in the December *Atlantic* is the sanest and most constructive article I have seen on the general situation. Too bad the Big Four (so-called) could not have studied it and acted upon its suggestions.

AUBERT E. BRUCE
Claremont, Calif.

SIR:

If Professor Perry can prove that American prestige and business have not suffered in Russia's satellites, then logic is on his side. Common knowledge, however, points to the unpleasant fact that as soon as Communists seize control of the economic life of a country, our relations with that country immediately suffer.

That is the reason why we are fighting — justifiably — against the spread of Communism.

I. EINSTADT
New York City

SIR:

When I began reading "The Logic of Peace," I started to underline the salient points, as one is tempted to do when strongly impressed with the value of a writer's opinions. I soon found that every sentence is of the greatest importance. There must be a vast number of people who are deeply grateful to Mr. Perry for expressing so clearly, so concisely, and with such irrefutable logic, ideas and facts which need desperately to be emphasized.

MRS. THEODORE C. STURTEVANT
Middletown, R.I.

SIR:

"The Logic of Peace" is very readable — it is in fact impossible to put the magazine down without reading to the maddening end of the article.

The author speaks of the Communists' "discipline and fanatical devotion." The discipline is enforced through fear; and as to the fanatical devotion, is it not the devotion of only those few at the top, around Stalin?

He says, also, that "our present differences with Soviet Russia should be kept within the limits of good-tempered discussion." But Mr. Vishinsky would not think of allowing such a situation to come to pass.

I hope to read more of Mr. Perry's articles in your magazine.

WALLACE W. FAIR
San Antonio, Tex.

SIR:

Reading Professor Perry's enumeration of conditions implied by acceptance of the "logic of war," I was impressed by how vividly this part of his article describes the present announced policy and acts of the Soviet government. Then, examining the implications of his "logic of peace," I noted that not one of them is applicable to the present course of action which the Soviet government pursues or Communist policy recommends. The present policy of the United States seems to lie somewhere between Professor Perry's two extremes, which is just where the logic of democratic principles and recent events would be expected to place it.

Whatever merits the Christian doctrine of turning the other cheek may have as a basis for individual conduct, it does not appear to be a jus-

tifiable code of behavior for governments in today's world.

THOMAS MCGINTY
Boulder, Colo.

SIR:

December, 1947, was not too late for the word to be said, as Ralph Barton Perry has said it, in "The Logic of Peace." As usual, a lifetime of thoughtful experience has made possible such an utterance, but the times too have conspired.

I have read nothing more challenging or more forthright in recent periodical literature, and I still recall Thomas Mann's article on democracy some years ago.

CARL HORTON
New York City

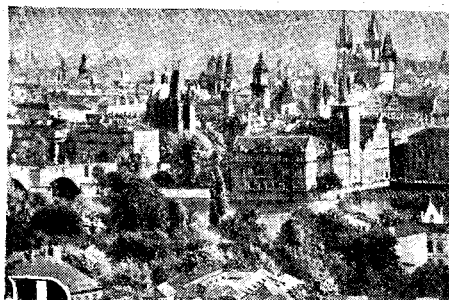
Captain Sitwell

SIR:

I have followed with interest all the excerpts from the writings of Captain Sitwell (August–December *Atlantic*). I was a private in his company and thought you might be interested to hear how he appealed to the ranks.

Shortly after the Battle of Loos, that nightmare of death when our men were sent out to attack without any artillery support, Captain Osbert Sitwell came to the Company to take the place of the late Captain Penn. Because the deceased officer had been a real officer and gentleman, we felt that no replacement would measure up to him.

The first time Captain Sitwell took us from the trenches when we were being relieved, he made a maneuver that almost led us into the German trenches. We found out later that someone had moved markers that he



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had placed on the trench sides. Only the Captain's knowledge of German saved us. As time went by, we learned that Osbert Sitwell was very clever and possessed courage.

Another thing that made him a favorite was his insistence that we get our full allowance of rations. He checked and hounded the supply service and mess sergeants so that we were better fed than at any other time I was with the Company in France. He also at Christmas time dipped into his own private funds to ensure us a fine turkey dinner.

LEONARD W. SCRIVEN
Pawtucket, R.I.

The Divorce Rate

SIR:

In a recent article on marriage, by David L. Cohn ("Are Americans Polygamous?" August, 1947), you state that two marriages in five end in divorce.

It may be true that in one year there are two divorces for each five new marriages, but this is entirely different from stating that of all existing marriages, two fifths end in divorces.

This mistake seems to be quite common, and it should be publicly corrected. I trust you will do your part in making the correction.

ROGER W. BABSON
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Mr. Babson's qualification is entirely correct. — THE EDITOR

"The Coming Age of Wood"

SIR:

"The Coming Age of Wood" by Dr. Egon Glesinger in the October *Atlantic* contains several factual errors relating to Masonite Corporation which we believe you will want to correct with your readers.

William H. Mason (not Owen Mason) made the described inventions many years after he had left "Thomas Alva Edison's wonder shop," and he died in 1940, not 1935. (Note: This regrettable error was made in the *Atlantic* office, not by Mr. Glesinger, through a misreading of a reference work. — THE EDITOR)

Masonite Corporation was not the first to produce a ligno-cellulose insulation board. Insulite and Celotex produced boards of this type many years before Mr. Mason's experiments. Also, the commercial production of hardboard by Masonite was simultaneous with insulation board.

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Dr. Glesinger had the development work mixed up with the commercial production aspect.

No agreement was signed that other leaders in the field of insulating boards would not enter the field of hardboard manufacture, and the term "monopoly" should refer to only the patent rights. Furthermore, the agreements which were entered into could be canceled any time without penalty by these companies, to say nothing of the fact that the agreements also contained licenses to manufacture under the Masonite patents.

Dr. Glesinger implies that the Supreme Court wiped out the Masonite agency distribution system. He neglected to inform his readers that the Supreme Court condemned only the price-fixing clause, and that immediately after the decision new contracts were entered into with all the agents, leaving out the price clause, and today the agents are selling more board than ever.

Several manufacturers would no doubt be surprised to read that Masonite's basic patents "all expired during the war." A routine check would disclose that 75 per cent of Masonite's production is manufactured under patents very much alive and considered basic by us and many others in the industry.

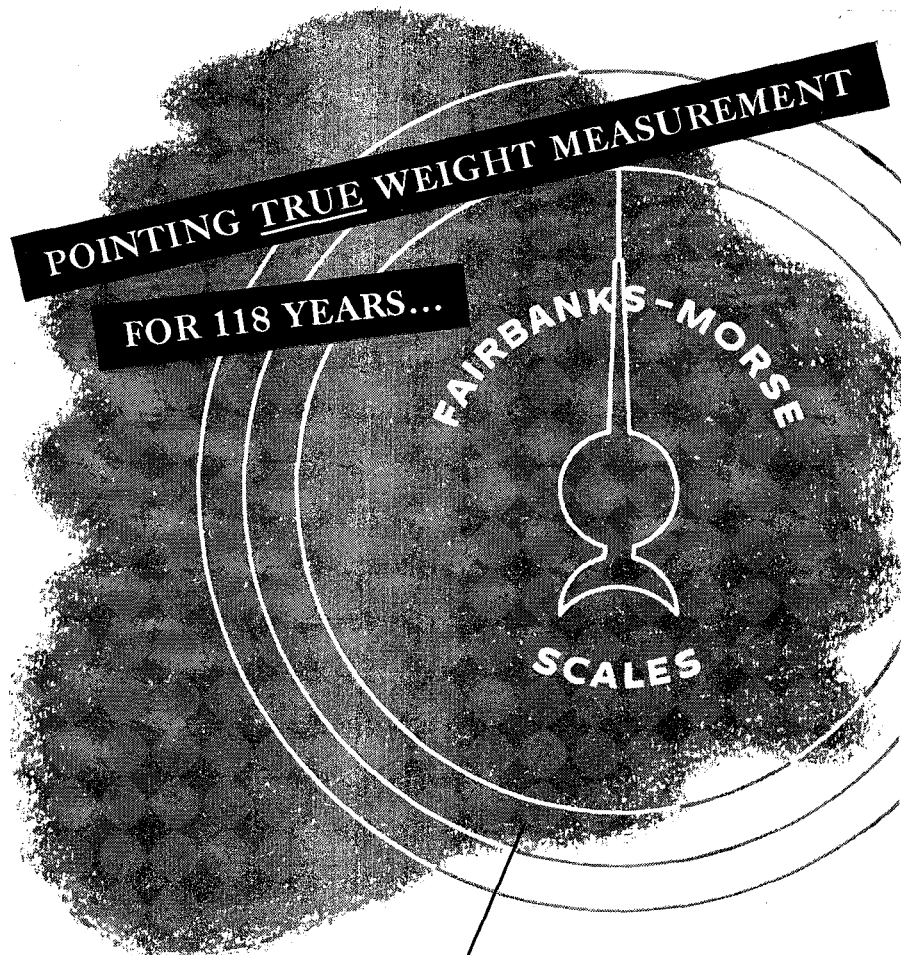
"Benaloid," a registered trademark, refers to uncured lignocellulose rather than to a dense product such as Benalite, Die Stock, and the like. It should further be noted that the word "Masonite" is the name of the Corporation, the products being individually designated.

The sweeping statement that "Masonite's monopoly has limited the annual consumption of synthetic hardboards in the United States to 220,000 tons" hardly deserves comment. Masonite Corporation pioneered and popularized hardboards in the United States, and in the past ten years has more than quadrupled production.

Dr. Glesinger makes a reference to our prices of "\$65 and more." His implication that \$65 is the starting price is of course wrong; our standard product prices start at \$47 per M. sq. ft. — which, incidentally, is only 2 per cent more than in 1940. Prices for hardboards range from the low of \$47 all the way up to \$178 per M., depending on thickness and processing.

RAY D. CASEY

Public Relations Director
Masonite Corp., Chicago, Ill.



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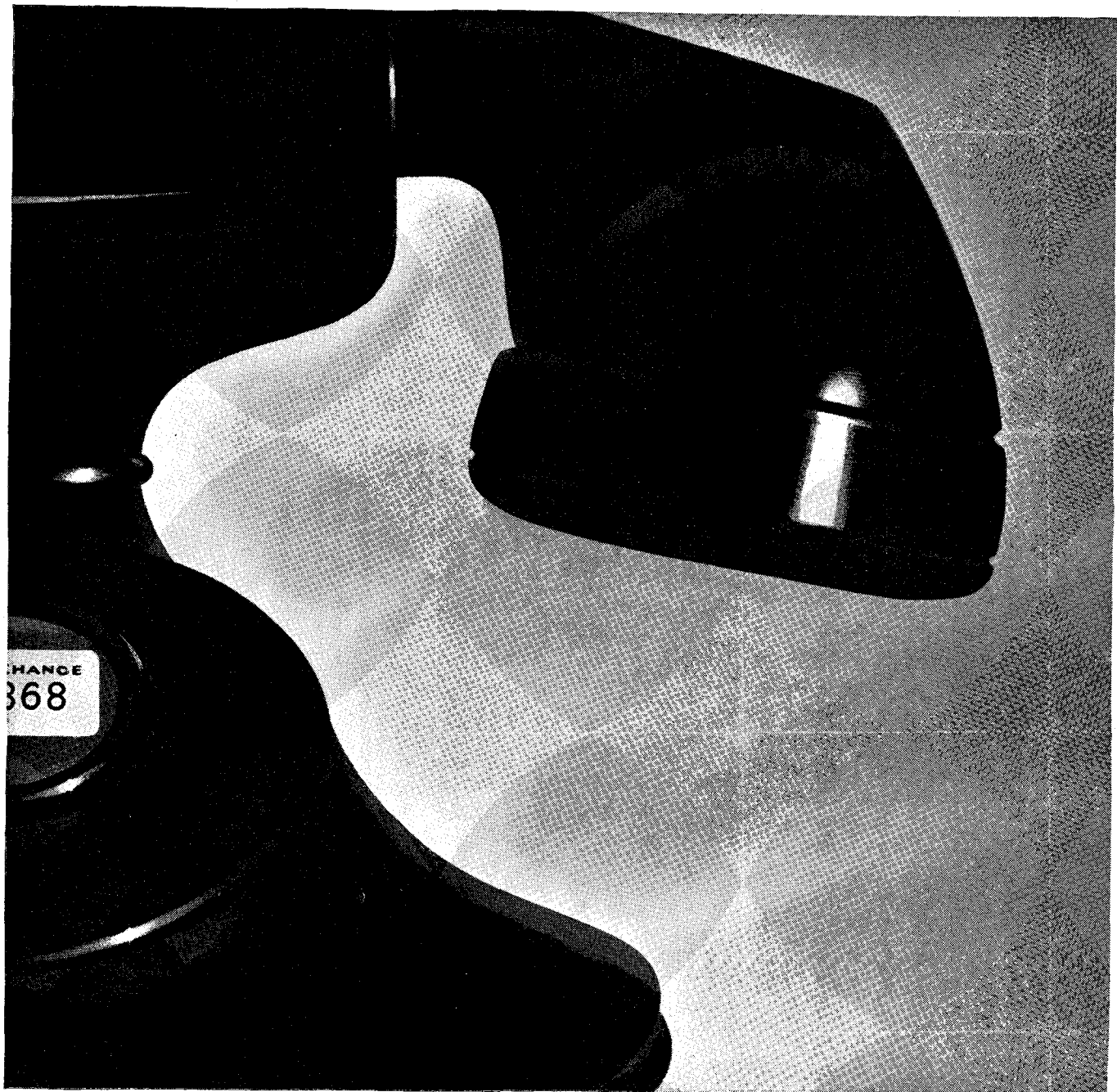
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Thirty years ago as a young assistant to President Wilson, WALTER LIPPMANN played a formative part in drafting the Fourteen Points. Since then, as a political analyst, he has observed the American people as they pledged themselves to disarm, to outlaw war, to be neutral at all costs. Now, after a second war for which we were unprepared, he has come to believe that an error in our philosophy prevents us from forming an effective foreign policy. This article is the Phi Beta Kappa address he recently delivered at the College of William and Mary.

THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS

by WALTER LIPPMANN

IF WE study the history of American foreign relations during the past forty years, we must be struck by an extraordinary paradox. During this period the United States has emerged from its long isolation. It has become one of the leading powers of the world. Not once but twice during this period the American people have had to face the awful issues of war and peace. Can it be said that during this momentous period we have ever succeeded in forming and agreeing on a foreign policy which foresaw correctly and enabled us to deal successfully with the actual course of events? The record is, I think, clear. We have won both wars. But on the crucial issues our diplomacy has thus far always miscarried. It has been unable to prevent war. It has been unable to avoid war. It has not prepared us for war. It has not been able to settle the wars when they have been fought and won.

At no critical phase in this epoch has the actual outcome conformed with our declarations and our expectations. Never has the country been able to achieve any of the principal objectives to which again and again it has been so solemnly and fervently committed.

Thus from 1914 to 1917 the country believed and hoped that it could avoid participation in the First World War. Yet it was compelled to participate. And when it did participate, it was unprepared because it had believed that it would not have to participate. During that war the country hoped and

believed that by a victory it would achieve a lasting and democratic peace. The victory was attained. But the peace which had been promised was not achieved. After the First World War the country again believed that if there were another war, it would be able to remain out of it. Again it did not prepare for war. Once again it was unable to remain out of the war when it came.

During the Second World War the country again believed that with victory over the Germans there would begin an era in which all the victorious powers would agree and be harmonious and become unanimous on the terms and conditions of a just and durable peace. We have had the victory. But we have not been able to attain that peace.

Now, after two victorious world wars we find ourselves discussing the possibility of a third world war. And so we must ask ourselves whether we have become entangled in a degenerating cycle of wars that breed more wars, each more savage and more inconclusive than the last. It is a grim question. We must, however, face it; and I believe that we must answer it by saying that if our present estimates and calculations are no more correct than those on which we acted before, during, and immediately after the First and Second World Wars, then we shall be surprised and disappointed again. Once more we shall not know how to prevent war, or how to prepare for it correctly, or how, assuming we win it, to make peace after it. And if a second world

war leads to the third — because we cannot make a settlement of the war we have just won — what ground is there to suppose that we could settle a third world war so that it did not lead to a fourth?

Is it not true that in the twentieth century we have witnessed on the one hand the rise of the United States to pre-eminence among the nations, to a position of great leadership and immense responsibility in shaping the destiny of mankind? And on the other hand, is it not also true that the course of events during the American rise to pre-eminence is strewn with the debris and wreckage of high and hopeful declarations of policy: with Wilson's neutrality, Wilson's Fourteen Points, and the Covenant of the League of Nations; with the Washington treaties of disarmament and the Kellogg pact to outlaw war; with the Dawes Plan, the Young Plan, and the Hoover Moratorium to reconstruct the world after the First World War; with the Stimson doctrine to prevent aggression; with the Neutrality Act before the Second World War; with the quarantine speech of Franklin Roosevelt, and the Four Freedoms, and Hull's Seventeen Points, and the Atlantic Charter, and the Yalta Declaration, and the Truman Doctrine?

When we reflect on this series of declarations and the disappointments which followed them all, we must be struck by the contrast between our capacity as a people to develop national power, and our ability to use it and to manage it successfully. And is it not plain that our failures lie in the field of policy — that is to say, in deciding correctly when, where, how, and to what ends we shall exert the enormous power and influence which we are able to generate?

It cannot be argued that the miscarriages of American diplomacy during the past forty years are due to the weakness of the American nation. Among the powers of the world the United States is the least vulnerable to invasion, to blockade, or, with existing weapons, to decisive assault. The United States has the material resources and it has the productive capacity to develop enormous offensive power in time of war. In time of peace it produces a great export surplus — a surplus above and beyond a high standard of life at home — which renders it economically invulnerable in the outer world. Two great wars have proved the valor of American troops, the fortitude of the American people, and the military competence of American military commanders. Our institutions and our traditions are respected. And on the whole our participation in world affairs is welcomed by the great masses of mankind as promising liberty, justice, peace, and plenty.

We must seek the cause of our diplomatic failures, therefore, in our own minds. We must look for the cause of trouble not in material circumstances but in our own habits of thought when we are dealing with foreign affairs and with the formation of American

policy. In the period from Woodrow Wilson to Harry S. Truman our foreign policy has miscarried so regularly because there has been interposed within our own minds, between the outer world and ourselves, a collection of stereotyped prejudices and sacred cows and wishful conceptions, which misrepresent the nature of things, which falsify our judgments of events, and which inhibit the formation of workable policies by which our available means can be devoted efficiently to realizable ends.

We have brought along with us from our age of innocence, from the nineteenth century when we were isolated and when we were sheltered from the rivalries of states and empires, an ideological picture of the world, a philosophical framework of preconceptions. We think this picture of the world is real and noble. In fact it is imaginary and false. And because our philosophy of the nature of international life is imaginary and false our efforts to play an effective part in world affairs are frustrated.

2

WHAT then is it in our philosophy which, instead of guiding us, misguides us continually? I think that the question can be answered. The point, as I have already indicated, where our declarations of policy have regularly miscarried is in avoiding war, in preparing for war, and in settling wars. We must ask ourselves whether there is here some common factor of error which confuses all of us on the issues of war and peace. I think there is. I think the error is a refusal to recognize, to admit, to take as the premise of our thinking, the fact that rivalry and strife and conflict among states, communities, and factions are the normal condition of mankind. The popular American philosophy of international life refuses to recognize this fact. It denies that in the world as it is, the struggle for existence is fundamental and in the nature of things. This, I believe, is the philosophical error which prevents us from forming an effective foreign policy.

In the American ideology the struggle for existence, and the rivalry of nations for advantages, are held to be wrong, abnormal, and transitory. Our foreign policy throughout this period has been dominated by the belief that the struggle does not exist, or that it can be avoided, or that it can be abolished. Because of this belief our aim has not been to regulate and to moderate and to compose the conflicts and the issues, to check and to balance the contending forces. Our aim has been either to abstain from the struggle, or to abolish the struggle immediately, or to conduct crusades against those nations that most actively continue the struggle.

Yet in the world as it actually is, the struggle is not abnormal, and it is perpetually renewed. Twice during this period we have sought to abstain from the struggle by declaring our neutrality. We have not been able to stay out of it. Twice we have con-

ducted victorious crusades against the chief troublemaker, believing what was soon disproved by events: that if he could be eliminated, we would then have eliminated all troublemakers. Twice we have sought, by forming universal societies like the League of Nations and the United Nations, to abolish the struggle. They have not abolished the struggle.

Our refusal to recognize the struggle for existence as the normal state of mankind in international affairs has resulted in the repeated miscarriage of American policies. Our efforts to deal with events, as if they conformed or could be made to conform with our ideological picture of what they ought to be, has been rather like using a map of Utopia to find your way around New York City.

The American refusal to recognize the struggle for existence has in this century crystallized in three recognizable patterns of conduct: in a neutrality which assumes that the struggle can be ignored and avoided; in crusades that assume that by defeating the chief troublemaker the struggle for existence will end; in the sponsorship of a universal society which assumes that the struggle can be abolished.

Since 1914 American relations with the outer world have oscillated among these three patterns of conduct. The great debates within this country have turned upon them. But the experience of these forty years shows conclusively, I think, that if we insist on treating the conflict of states, communities, and factions as abnormal, as exceptional, as transitory, we are unable to form an efficient foreign policy. Our American ideology, which we have brought over from a time when we did not have to play a responsible part among the powers of the earth, distorts our judgment when we deal with the problems of power. It distorts our judgment when we have to calculate how a balance can be struck between our aims and our power to realize them.

In practical judgments — and diplomacy, when the stakes are life and death, calls for very practical judgments — the criteria are always relative. There is no such thing as absolute power. Whatever the wealth, the power, and the prestige of a nation may be, its means are always limited. The problem of the maker of policy is to select objectives that are limited — not the best that could be desired but the best that can be realized without committing the whole power and the whole wealth and the very existence of the nation.

But if we examine the issues of foreign policy as they are presented to our people, we find an overwhelming disposition to regard the choices before us not as relative but as absolute. We are disposed to think that the issue is either this or that, either all or nothing, either isolationism or globalism, either total peace or total war, either one world or no world, either disarmament or absolute weapons, either pious resolutions or atomic bombs, either disarmament or military supremacy, either nonintervention

or a crusade, either democracy or tyranny, either the abolition of war or a preventive war, either appeasement or unconditional surrender, either non-resistance or a strategy of annihilation.

There is no place in this ideological pattern of the world for the adoption of limited ends or limited means, for the use of checks and balances among contending forces, for the demarcation of spheres of influence and of power and of interest, for accommodation and compromise and adjustment, for the stabilization of the status quo, for the restoration of an equilibrium. Yet this is the field of diplomacy. These are the substance and the matter of an efficient diplomacy.

Our ideologists, however, regard the use of power to achieve and maintain an equilibrium of power as "power politics." And they regard the recognition of spheres of influence as "appeasement." Yet in the absence of a world state, and except in a world dominated by one supreme power, there must be an equilibrium among several powers and a recognition of their spheres of influence. A diplomacy for the world as it is, which is not to expend itself in verbal declarations on the one hand, and on crusades of annihilation on the other, must deal with the balance of power and the determination of spheres of influence.

But under the spell of our ideological picture of the world, we exclude from our minds the very subject matter of diplomacy itself. We would exclude it, we would outlaw it, and we would excommunicate those who discuss it. We insist on treating the rivalry of nations as something that could not exist among right-thinking men. We do not regulate the rivalries because we hold that the rivalries ought not to exist. And so we are left with our three patterns of policy: to ignore the rivalries by proclaiming our neutrality, or to deny the rivalry and to believe it will disappear if the nations are members of a universal society, or to conduct crusades of annihilation against the lions who do not wish to lie down with the lambs.

3

How does what I have been saying bear upon the subject which preoccupies us all so anxiously and so profoundly — upon our relations with the Soviet Union, with which we are now engaged in a worldwide diplomatic conflict?

The beginning of wisdom on the Russian question is, I believe, to recognize the historic fact that the division between eastern and western Europe, the rivalry between Russia and the nations of the West, did not begin with Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, nor would it end if the Soviet regime were overthrown or defeated. The cultural and ideological division of Europe is as old as the division of Christendom between Rome and Byzantium. The imperial rivalry with Russia in the Baltic, in eastern and central

Europe, in the Danube valley, in the Balkans, in the Middle East, and in the Far East did not begin with the Communists and will not end with Communism. It was one of the great fields of diplomacy under the Czars as it is under the Communists. Rivalry with Russia is a new problem for the United States. But the British Foreign Office has been preoccupied with it for a hundred and fifty years. We had better make up our minds that we shall now be preoccupied with it for a very long time to come.

That being the case, we must give up the notion that the choice is between one world, in which the Russians are our partners, and two worlds, in which we must annihilate the Russians or they must annihilate us. I do not believe that we must either marry the Russians or must fight them, that we must have either a perfect peace or a total war. I believe that the best policy is to recognize that the rivalry will remain, and not to expect it to disappear, and not to think it could be abolished by the United Nations, and not to think it could be abolished by a victorious war; and having recognized that the rivalry is a permanent fact, to use our whole power and influence to regulate it, to keep it within bounds, to establish spheres of influence which limit the rivalry, and a balance of power in the world which checks it.

I do not believe that we can settle the Russian problem once and for all. I do believe we have enough power and influence, if we use them efficiently, to bring about a settlement with Russia in this generation. But it will have to be a settlement which aims not at unanimity, not at ideological harmony, not at the abolition of all our differences and disagreements, but at a truce in the

cold war, a *modus vivendi* during which the nations can recover from World War II, at treaties which end in the withdrawal of the armies of occupation in Europe, and the restoration of Europe to the Europeans.

This will not be easy to achieve. It will require the pressure of power — which will offend those among us who do not like power politics. It will require political and economic compromises — which will offend those who regard all compromise as appeasement. But if a truce, and a *modus vivendi*, and a treaty are hard to achieve by power and by compromise, it is certain that without power on the one hand, and compromise on the other, nothing can be achieved.

If we will not or cannot use the classic procedure of diplomacy — which is always a combination of power and compromise — then the best we can look forward to is an era of disintegration in the civilized world, followed perhaps by a war which, once it began, would be savage, universal, and indecisive.

That must not happen. And it need not happen if only our people will abjure their illusions about the nature of the world in which they have so recently become a leading power, and will permit and assist those who must form our policy, to go forward on the assumption that our aim is not to marry the Russians and then to live with them happily ever after, nor to fight them and let the whole world be devastated. Our aim is to transact our necessary business with the Russians, at arm's length, coolly, shrewdly, without fear and without extravagant hope, and with as much justice as may be possible where there is as yet no agreement on first principles and where the rivals do not live in the same moral order.





Is American enterprise the strongest antidote to Communism in Europe, and if so, how can we place American capital abroad with reasonable security? On his return from Europe last autumn, where, as Chairman of a House investigating committee, he had made an intensive study of conditions in Austria, Germany, and Great Britain, EVERETT M. DIRKSEN, Congressman from the 16th Illinois District, evolved a practical plan by which private dollars can go immediately to work with government dollars under the Marshall Plan. He is one of the ablest veterans in Congress, having represented his district for fifteen years.

WORKING OUR DOLLARS ABROAD

by EVERETT M. DIRKSEN

THERE are three choices before the United States today. The first choice is to abandon Europe. It would mean a retreat from the Elbe River, our present bastion of freedom. It would mean the return of our troops and the end of substantial trade relations for years to come. It would, of course, mean new burdens at home—a super army, navy, and air force which would cost infinitely more in the long run than the most generous estimates yet advanced for European assistance under the Marshall Plan. It would mean additional help in building up the resistance of the republics in Latin America, and it would certainly mean the ultimate regimentation of industry and agriculture at home. And obviously it would mean that the Kremlin would take over in Europe.

The second choice before us is to render niggardly aid. I call it the first mile. If such aid, in the language of a steelworker in the devastated city of Essen, was “too little to live on and too much to die on,” it would be the most inefficient course we could pursue because it would provide neither the vitality nor the incentives nor the freedom from fear which are so essential to the reconstruction of Europe. It would be like trying to create a WPA on a world scale.

There is a third course and it consists of aid—immediate, adequate, aggressive, and selective.

It must be immediate because time fights on the other side. Winter is cruel, crop conditions have been bad, Communism is crowding and Red bayonets are right behind it. Aid must be immediate to stir hope, for hope is the first step in driving back despair and in quickening energy.

It must be adequate. Anything short of adequate aid is only another name for a subsistence program which does not reach the basic objectives. It might

prove to be nothing more than a colossal waste of money and supplies, so far as the containment of Communism is concerned.

It must be aggressive. Food, fuel, and credit are weapons in a cold war. Let us use them as weapons and quit all shallow pretense and mockery. Let us publicize our aid, for this is serious business and we are playing for keeps. Too long we have played the role of depositing a charitable gift on the back doorstep of some nation after sundown. Those who would enslave the rest of Europe are not so shy. Economic aids, let me repeat, are weapons in the continuing struggle for peace and freedom.

Our aid must be selective and there must be flexibility in its administration. Aid must be rendered not only with proper regard for the needs of the recipients but also with respect to its inflationary effect on our own domestic economy. The problem of supplying food and other commodities is not here for a day or a season or a year. It will haunt the world for years. For that reason the more emphasis we place on increasing production in every country in the Western world, including Europe, and not merely here at home, the more successful we shall be in reaching these two objectives. Today, the world cries for food, fuel, fiber, and materials with which to make a new start. The need of the hour is for production and more production through every available means to meet that need.

Private dollars to implement the Marshall Plan

By now the elements of the Marshall Plan for meeting critical European needs are well known. In essence, it calls for a survey of the capacity of European nations to help themselves, an estimate of their needs, a measurement of the gap between needs and capacity, and a careful calculation of the selec-

tive aid which we can render within the limit of availability of supplies to fill that gap.

The Marshall Plan is a vital step on the pathway toward European recovery. But it must be supplemented by substantial American private investment in enterprises which can produce the goods to fill those needs not only in European countries which are scheduled for public aid but in all free countries throughout the world.

American business made very important contributions to increased production in foreign countries in the years before the war. Specifically, we built power plants and automobile assembly plants in the far corners of the earth. Wherever we found oil in deserts and jungles to drive naval vessels, tanks and planes, tractors and trucks, we built pipelines and refineries to convert it into gasoline and heating oils for use in both war and peace. We built chemical plants and factories for the production of agricultural machinery. We built industries abroad for the production of everything from typewriters with Chinese keyboards to plumbing equipment. We ventured into the sugar business and the banana business. American enterprise went into foreign fields in search of profit on otherwise idle dollars, and we made profits by producing an endless variety of goods to fill the needs and the desires of people at prices which they could afford to pay.

What impedes the flow of capital?

The need and the desire for goods of all kinds, from bathtubs to building materials, is greater today than it ever was before the war. The world is filled with customers who are hungry for goods. It is obvious that this consumer demand for goods in foreign countries could at long last be met if American firms could and would build plants in other countries to meet this demand, supplementing, of course, scarce and necessary items for factory construction from here.

As a specific example, I think of the masses of rubble in Europe which once served as homes, stores, and factories where people lived and labored. If American genius and American tools could provide the equipment for demolishing millions upon millions of these bombed buildings, precisely where they stand, and convert the rubble into some kind of building aggregate material, mix it with a binder, and transform the very debris itself into habitable structures where people can live and carry on productive business pursuits, what a service to rehabilitation it would be!

But American business today is not building abroad the plants in which fertilizer or farm machinery or a host of consumer goods might be produced. It is not building petroleum refineries, powdered milk plants, or plants in which rubble can be converted into homes. It is not building the plants with which production can be increased abroad and the load lightened at home. In other

words, there is no flow of capital and know-how to foreign countries.

This condition does not spring from a conviction that there is no profit to be made. American businessmen are not building abroad, and dollars are not going abroad, for the simple reason that foreign exchange is not convertible into dollars. An American corporation which puts some of its dollars into foreign countries under conditions which prevail today knows that it may never get them back, no matter how successfully and carefully it operates its business. And, of course, foreign exchange must be convertible into dollars if it is to attract American investors. Dollars have a homing instinct, and very properly so.

Suppose a Chicago company, having first carefully surveyed the European field to determine whether the production of goods abroad might be a good investment, should consider erecting a ten-million-dollar plant in western Europe. At the very outset it would be confronted with the fear that the European government might decide to nationalize or socialize the industry of which the plant was representative.

If nationalization should take place, it is to be assumed that the foreign government would compensate the company for the reasonable cost of the plant. But the compensation would be paid in the currency of the country where the plant is located, and that currency as of today could not be converted back into dollars. If the company could secure no return of dollars, there would be a total loss of plant investment for the stockholders, and obviously that is too great a risk for management to take with other people's money. In other words, here is a hazard that lies within the unpredictable judgment of the government of a foreign country; and so long as the hazard exists, private capital will not produce the goods so urgently needed in Europe.

To be sure, the Chicago company knows from its survey that the loss to American business through the nationalization of industries abroad since V-J Day has been relatively small outside the so-called Iron Curtain countries. (Behind the Iron Curtain it has been almost total.) Nevertheless, it does not dare take the chance of being one of the firms which might get caught in such a situation with no power to defend itself.

Notwithstanding this condition, American business appears willing to run the extra risk of operating under foreign tax laws and foreign labor laws. It appears willing to assume the risk of merchandising in a commercial climate wholly different from that in the United States. And this willingness to assume normal business risks, even though conditions are different, springs from the fact that profits abroad would tend to be higher than those at home. But American business is very properly unwilling to risk the outright seizure of its property,

even though statistically the chances of total loss may be no more than one in fifty. It is a good deal like the risk of destruction by fire without fire insurance. So long as this type of hazard continues to exist, few if any American plants to produce goods that would help to curb inflation abroad and get devastated European countries back on the recovery road will be built.

Now, let us look at still another hazard. If the Chicago company could be assured against the nationalization and loss of its plant, it would be confronted with other difficult problems. Manifestly, the machinery which it installed in its ten-million-dollar European plant would wear out, and ordinary prudence and good business practice would dictate that the company should set up reserves for the depreciation of machinery and equipment. This reserve would be carried on its books in terms of foreign currency.

But to keep its plant modern and keep unit production costs low, machinery would have to be repaired and replaced, and that would require repairs and replacements from the United States, which must be purchased with American dollars. And how would the currency of the country be converted into dollars to purchase repairs and replacements if the period of inconvertibility should last as many years as might be required for the machinery to become obsolete or to wear out? The result would be about the same as if the whole plant had been lost through nationalization at one fell blow, because the depreciation account in foreign currency would still be abroad, with no way to bring it back home.

Prudent businessmen will not take this hazard when they are trustees of money belonging to investors and stockholders. So the directors of the Chicago company properly appraise the risk, dolefully shake their heads, and keep the dollars at home. And it might be added that the impoverished people in the European countries will continue to do without the goods that might have been produced. Inasmuch as there are less goods to buy in their own currencies, prices abroad will continue to rise and inflation will become more and more menacing.

Now let us assume that the risks to which I have just referred could be overcome. There is still a third risk which stands in the way. The stockholders of the Chicago company, like the stockholders of any other company, would approve this capital outlay in a foreign country if there was a decent chance for dividends. But of what value are dividends measured in terms of francs, pounds, marks, lire, or zloty unless investors are able to spend those dividends in terms of dollars wherever they happen to live? Foreign currencies would mean nothing to the average American investor, large or small, unless they could be spent over the counter for sirloin steak, nylons, or other merchandise. Until this risk, over which the operators of American enterprise have no control, is covered, it will stand in the way of the de-

velopment of productive plants abroad to fill the needs of hungry and despairing people, and a reduction in the demands upon American taxpayers.

At this point I presume someone will say that all this merely involves profit for American dollars and American know-how. A few years ago, when we were burdened with surpluses of all kinds, it was fashionable in some quarters to speak of profits as though they were sinful. They may be sinful, but the Bureau of Internal Revenue likes them and is only too glad to stand by and get its share. Today, however, when the world is beset with tragic scarcities, it might be well to remember that in an imperfect world with imperfect people, we have not yet found a substitute for the profit motive to get efficient production into high gear. And it might be added that present tax rates keep the profit process well on this side of anything that might be regarded as sinful and shameful.

So our Chicago company, in the light of today's transitory and difficult international conditions, has a third very realistic reason for being hesitant about building a ten-million-dollar plant abroad even though it has the capital to do so and the need for its goods is there. It is too much to expect that American business will establish plants abroad even though such a course would help to retard inflation everywhere in the world by producing more goods for more people in more places. Some plan must be devised to remove these restrictions on the free flow of private capital into productive facilities abroad.

The Plan

I believe there is a reasonable and businesslike way to surmount the difficulties which I have enumerated. Moreover, it seems to me to be a typically American way. Briefly, it would be to empower whatever agency administers the Marshall Plan to sell insurance policies to American enterprise which desires to go abroad, against those hazards which might result from the governmental action of a foreign country and over which American business would have no control and which it could not foresee. It is the only practical method I see at the moment for enabling American capital to assist in the development of production and rehabilitation in those foreign countries where it is so imperative. If private dollars can go to work alongside of government dollars, the Marshall Plan will have a much greater chance of success and the investment of private capital should materially shorten the period during which government aid would be required. This is clear when we consider the uses which other nations make of the dollars which they get from our government under foreign-aid programs.

The dollars which we loan or give are now being spent primarily for such consumer goods as fuel, food, and fiber. This is unavoidable in a critical transition period. It is the only way our friends abroad can keep body and soul together. But the

end result has more to do with subsistence than with recovery because subsistence is the foundation for new hope. On the other hand, private dollars which are used to build plants with which to produce consumer goods have quite a different result.

If there were no Marshall Plan it might be too hazardous for us to insure American private investment in foreign industries against unforeseeable contingencies. There might be political and economic collapse before American-built factories in Europe could turn a wheel. On the other hand, the Marshall Plan might be a long gamble without some encouragement to private investment. It would, of course, keep Europe from starving or freezing, but it still might fail to bring about that type of lasting recovery for which we hope. The whole aid program is a gamble, after all, but it is a gamble well worth taking. We want it to succeed, and it should be obvious that it requires both public dollars and private dollars to make it succeed. Finally, private dollars invested in plants producing consumer goods abroad would be the best assurance for lightening the load on the backs of American taxpayers.

How would it work?

Let us assume that a plant was established in a European country and shortly thereafter it was nationalized and brought under the ownership and control of the state. Doubtless the company would be reimbursed for the fair value of its property in terms of the currency of the country. The problem would be to bring about the conversion of that currency so that the dollars could return home. Or suppose the company had been operating for a time and required repairs and replacements of machinery and equipment but did not have the dollars to procure them, because its depreciation reserves were set up on the books in terms of foreign currency. How could those currency reserves be converted into dollars so that the plant could be kept in tiptop condition? Or suppose the company had been operating and was in a position to declare a dividend, how could those dividends be converted into dollars so that they might be spent in the United States?

The procedure as I envision it would be simply this. As an adjunct of the Marshall Plan, Congress could create or authorize the creation of an initial revolving fund. An annual premium rate would be established. It might be 1 or 2 per cent, depending upon the hazard, and it might be expected to diminish as the plan got under way. The rates should be founded on as much actuarial experience as possible and should be high enough to cover any losses which might be sustained. I am certain that American business is not seeking subsidies, but only adequate coverage against the risks involved.

This type of insurance should be available to cover investments in all countries where the Iron Curtain has not yet closed down. It should be made

available to companies having or contemplating investments not only in Europe but in Latin America and in the Far East as well. It is of transcendent importance that we help the expansion of production in every free country in the world. The precarious condition of Europe makes this more vital than ever before. We must get production under way on a lasting basis or Western civilization will come apart at the seams. Government cannot carry the load alone. Private initiative, money, and brains are needed as well.

It should be made clear that American business would be expected to assume all the normal business risks abroad. What is envisioned here is only insurance against those hazards which it cannot foresee and over which it has no control. I fancy that the ultimate cost would be no greater than those insurance programs now carried on by the Federal government in the field of home mortgages and bank deposits.

No interference contemplated

It is not the purpose of this insurance proposal in any way to restrict the internal operations of any foreign government. Already we have been attacked on the ground that our purposes are imperialistic and that the grand design of American policy is to interfere in the internal affairs of foreign governments. This is not the case. We can, however, and we should, implement this proposal by providing for the negotiation of bilateral agreements with countries receiving aid under the Marshall Plan, to prevent possible abuses by either side.

As an example of a possible abuse, a European government which is at present making some of its currency convertible into dollars for depreciation reserves and dividend requirements might stop this practice and thus throw the whole burden of conversion upon the insurance program.

On the other hand, we might so favor our own businessmen at the expense of their foreign competitors as to give the absurd charge of imperialism some basis in fact. Neither of these courses would be fair, and both could be easily avoided by forthright bilateral agreements.

Queries

I have made no attempt in this article to go beyond the general principles involved in the proposal. Obviously there would be details to be worked out before such a plan was ready for application. But an insurance plan is so essentially American that it could be placed in operation with a minimum of delay.

Certain queries arise at once. For instance, is it not the purpose of the International Monetary Fund to assure the convertibility of foreign exchange?

Yes, it is, but the Fund cannot begin to function effectively until production rises in other countries

so that there will be goods to buy with foreign currencies within those countries. To the extent that this insurance program increases production abroad, it will actually assist the Monetary Fund to function as it was intended.

The question will be raised as to how much private money might go abroad if this insurance program were in effect. The answer would at best be an estimate, but I should say it might run from five to ten billion dollars over the next five years.

What, if any, would be the losses to the Federal Treasury of the United States? Again this is a speculative answer. First of all, our government could afford to hold the currencies which it might acquire under this insurance plan for the first few difficult years much better than private industry. It could also make a broader use of such currencies. It could, for instance, spend them for strategic materials to be stockpiled in the United States. They could be spent to defray governmental costs which are incurred abroad. They could be used to pay for the services of foreign personnel or to acquire property for the State Department. They could be sold to other businessmen who might wish to establish plants in foreign countries.

As an example of the latter use, suppose an American electric utility company abroad was nationalized and the fair value of the plant was paid for in foreign currency. That currency could then be sold to any other American company which might have in mind constructing a plant abroad for the manufacture of powdered milk or textiles or electrical equipment or any other goods and commodities.

The premiums collected under the insurance program should, of course, be high enough to offset the losses. It is fair to suppose that as the Marshall Plan succeeded, these risks and losses would decline.

Still another question which might arise is, what about losses in the event that Communism wins out in large sections of the world or if the slender peace is shattered by another war?

The best answer I can give is that if either one of these conditions should develop, our losses under the Marshall Plan itself would be infinitely greater. When all is said and done, the whole international recovery program is a gigantic insurance program against the still more terrible costs of another war. We should be unlikely to sustain losses in every country of the free world. Furthermore, if ultimately we must again fight to avoid becoming slaves to a police state, the money losses would become insignificant anyway.

Still another question is one which arises now with greater frequency. It is simply this. Why have so many countries seemingly lost faith in free competitive enterprise?

The fact is that free competitive enterprise has never been tried in many of those sections of the world where faith has ebbed away. What was often

called competitive enterprise was nothing more than a cartelized, monopolistic way of doing business which deliberately avoided the rigors of competition. Instead of making pretty speeches about the free enterprise system I urge that we concretely exemplify it in all corners of the earth as the enlightened way of operating modern business, which provides better goods for less money through efficient production and treats its workers with justice.

Still another query must naturally arise. Will this new program aid little business as well as big business? I firmly believe it would help many American firms of modest size even more than it will help our huge industries. Obviously little business is less able to take over the risks of exchange convertibility than big business. At the moment, however, neither dares build plants abroad in view of the hazards, and both big and little business must come into this program if our foreign economic policy is to be fully implemented.

One final query. Would all American plants that might be established abroad be wholly owned subsidiaries of United States companies? Not necessarily. Doubtless some would. Others might be owned on a fifty-fifty basis and covered by United States management contracts. In still other cases more than half of the stock might be owned by foreigners. In such instances it is to be assumed that an arrangement would be made to supplement the American minority interest with additional remuneration for American research and know-how. These, however, are problems which create no special concern, since American business has had broad experience in this field.

In summary then, let me say that I feel persuaded that adequate American aid to European countries is the price of peace and freedom abroad and freedom at home. And freedom is the core of our free competitive private enterprise system — that system which is under attack as imperialistic by the adherents of Communism. How then shall we persuade the people of those countries which are hanging in the balance today that our system can ring the dinner bell and provide the goods so sorely needed?

It takes more than talk and press-agentry. The creeping police state which today strikes fear into the hearts of millions of people with its unbridled tyranny, its midnight knock upon the family door, its communization of trade and business, will not wither away or stand still because of anything we say. It takes something more. It requires militant economic action in the form of demonstrations that this American system can supply the needs and elevate the living standards of im- people.

We must cease hiding the light of
ments under a bushel.



*In the days of Victoria, novelists wrote their great love scenes with the closed-door technique. The lovers met in a tower, a barn, or a bedroom, and for seven chapters thereafter the reader was kept guessing. But at the turn of the century the door to the boudoir began to open and now it is off its hinges. What a difference this makes to our best-sellers and to the women who read them has been wittily discerned by BERGEN EVANS, Professor of English at Northwestern University and the author of that shrewd blast of all follies, *The Natural History of Nonsense*.*

THIS THING CALLED LOVE

by BERGEN EVANS

I

WHAT is this thing called love, so indispensable to best-sellers? What is it the myriad purchasers desire so ardently to see portrayed?

Plainly — as the books show it — it is the sole end of life, the obsession of every mind. The hero of older popular novels always gained the heroine's hand, as it was then modestly worded, after an adventurous career. The altar awaited him in the last chapter but there was an intervening respite amid fire and flames which is not granted to his successor. The modern hero is allowed a vocation to keep him occupied during the day, but it is sternly understood that this is merely an interlude in his service to, or servicing of, the various ladies in the book. Love of power, pride in work, the dread of poverty, the lust for or fear of vengeance, and all the other impulses that move actual men are denied him. He is indeed love's slave.

Modern fictional lovers, however, have some advantages over their predecessors: they have means of attracting attention, for example, hitherto unknown. The men have what Nancy Bruff calls "a strong male effluvia" and the women have "sex magnetism." Miss Winsor's heroine has "a blatant quality of sexual allure" and Mrs. Marshall's "an indescribable aura of seduction." The male lure is usually "emitted," the female "radiated" or "diffused." "You just put it out on the air," a doctor informs Miss Camille Oaks, in Steinbeck's *Wayward Bus*. "I don't know how, but you do it. Some women are like that." And his diagnosis is confirmed by the astonishing behavior of every male in the book. Even the *Bübchen* Pimples "felt the electricity or whatever it was she had," though, curiously enough, Miss Oaks herself is unconscious of it and — the one rational person in the story — is as wearied as many readers with the attentions it procures her.

"Loveliness" was formerly the great attribute of heroines, but loveliness has a number of drawbacks. In the first place it requires the author at least to try to make his heroine lovely, and in the second place it makes it difficult for the great horde of middle-aged female readers to identify themselves with her. Sex magnetism is better. It confers "an illusion of beauty more seductive than actual symmetry," says Miss Anya Seton, and such a gift must be most welcome to a group of ladies who, it is likely, have long ago lost their actual symmetry.

The heroine must, of course, have some outward manifestation of inward grace. Formerly she had "golden" or "raven" tresses, rosy lips, bright eyes, "pearly" teeth, and other indications of youth and health. Some were endowed with small hands and feet. Some were decorated with dimples and some made enticing by a glimpse of a "well-turned" or "neat" ankle. The hair line went up and down with the fashion; Chaucer liked them with a high forehead, Henry James with a low. Some authors, desperate for a distinction, even risked a mild disfigurement: Fielding had poor Amelia kicked in the face by a horse, an expedient of which Dr. Johnson strongly disapproved.

Today this has all been simplified through standardization. Acting, perhaps, upon the suggestion of the "pneumatic" girls in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, popular authors concentrate almost entirely upon the breasts. It's the greatest time-saver since the elimination of the villain. All the writer has to do is to vary the size and the angle of inclination.

The act of love itself, which in full clinical detail fills so large a part of these novels, is an extraordinary proceeding, being more often an act of vengeance or humiliation than one of tenderness or union. Sex is seemingly conceived as pre-eminently an expression of *hostility* and its pleasure as three

parts pain to one of delight. Miss Bruff gloats over "the agonizing satisfactions of violence." Amber finds happiness only in a lover who can combine "experience, energy [and] controlled violence." But most contemporary heroines prefer the violence uncontrolled and, if possible, spiced with revulsion. When, for example, Jabez and Piety Folger, in *The Manatee*, discover with advancing years that the ardor of their youthful antipathy is waning they sicken, "rudderless without their long habit of aversion," and die. "The intense, almost exalted delight" that a hero and heroine of James M. Cain's take in each other is based on the perception of "something ferretlike" about them, a quality which they find too deliciously repulsive to resist.

True love, by the way, is frequently signaled in Mr. Cain's characters by outbursts of repugnance. "Then a throb went through my mouth," writes the hero of *Past All Dishonor*, "and I knew she liked how I looked. I picked her up, carried her inside, and pushed my face against hers. It was hot and couldn't lie to me about what it wanted. She didn't lie. She just fought me, bit me, kicked me, and threw me out." The inexperienced might regard this as an indication of the lady's aversion, but those habituated to Mr. Cain's world would perceive it at once for what it was, an admission of love, the unguarded and revealing gesture of a simple-hearted girl.

Beyond brutality lies the even more exquisite pleasure of hate. It was because he loved her "as an act of scorn" that the uncouth Roark was so dear to Dominique, the fastidious heroine of Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*. "One gesture of tenderness from him," the author assures us, "and she would have remained cold." The "rapture" that she wanted could be had only by his "taking shameful, contemptuous possession of her."

Roark, for his part, is moved by disdain. The more she loathes him, the more he wants her. Her hatred is his chief delight. Her simplest acts of nastiness fill him with joy and when she has finally accomplished his ruin he is ecstatic. "I hate you," she tells him in one of their fervid encounters; "I'm going to fight you — and I'm going to destroy you — I will fight to block every step you take. I will fight to tear every chance you want away from you . . . I will fight to starve you, to strangle you." It is too much for Roark's habitual self-restraint. Desire engulfs him. "Take your clothes off," he gasps.

Adultery is so taken for granted that the authors are put to it to make it in any way interesting. The injured party is sometimes permitted a little impatience, as a revelation of simplicity, but a sophisticate is always at hand to give a more worldly estimate. Thus when Piety Folger finds out that her husband is sleeping with their colored maid, or, as Miss Bruff puts it, "when she knew that Shrine's fragrant body and Jabez's brown cage of bones were

together every night," she takes the maid to task. But Shrine is unabashed: she had assumed that she was merely relieving her mistress of an onerous chore — a piece of "simple pagan reasoning" that would have left the mistress "disarmed and helpless" had she not remembered that Shrine was also neglecting the dusting!

Where the adultery is committed with a loved one it is a virtuous act, since, as one of Miss Seton's heroines reflects, "a great love must be bigger than moral law." But where, as is most often the case, it is a mere diversion or a means to some material advantage, it is decontaminated by a sort of spiritual abstraction that leaves it chemically pure desire. The heroines frequently have their "senses" stirred while their "hearts" remain true to their loves. The rule seems to be that so long as the relationship is free from affection it doesn't count. Cynara has learned to be true after *her* fashion, too!

The great desideratum is irresponsibility, crime without passion. Vic Norman, in *The Hucksters*, is glad to see Marguerite go. He had called her only "out of hunger" and, the hunger appeased, found her tiresome. "All night," he decides, "is a long time to spend with an old friend." He finds Connie "more desirable" than Jean Ogilvie because Jean had "caused him considerable worry" since their last tryst by assuming that he was fond of her. Whereas Connie was "like a man" (though obviously like some other man than Vic): "If she wanted to go to bed, she went to bed and then forgot about it. No problems, no dealing in futures, no regrets."

2

SEXUAL freedom being thus taken for granted, immorality, ever the spice of amorous adventuring, can be furnished only by brushing against the more serious taboos. But here the writers are either inexperienced, unimaginative, or timid. At any rate they stick close to the one primrose path and all deviations are mere feints. Earl Radclyffe, for example, is driven "down a hundred strange pathways of lust" by his unique inability to obtain "complete physical possession" of Amber, but Miss Winsor denies the curious reader so much as a peep down a single pathway. The central figures of *The Fountainhead* would seem to be abnormal, but aside from being infatuated with hatred instead of love they are indistinguishable from Darby and Joan.

It is perhaps captious when one is given so much to wish for more, but the old-fashioned reader is likely to feel in these books a certain deficiency of style. Mr. Cain assures us that writing "is a genital process" and that "all of its stages are intra-abdominal." Himself the leader of what might be called the grit, guts, and gore school of intra-abdominalization, he has furnished us with a wealth of illustration of his dictum. It is difficult to select any one passage as pre-eminent, but the concluding

scene of *Mildred Pierce* in which Bert and Mildred stifle their parental affection for their selfish daughter Veda who had turned on them repeatedly "with tooth and fang" will do. "To hell with her," says Bert, in "masterful fashion." Mildred sobs. "But Bert took hold of her and shook her. 'I said, to hell with her!'"

"Through the tears, the woe, Mildred seemed to sense what he meant. What it cost her to swallow back her sobs, look at him, squint, and draw the knife across an umbilical cord, God alone knows. But she did it . . . 'O.K., Bert. To hell with her!'"

"'Goddam it, that's what I want to hear! Come on, we got each other, haven't we? Let's get stinko.'"

"'Yes — let's get stinko.'"

Never were broken hearts more nakedly laid bare, never nepenthe more poignantly urged!

Each genre, of course, has its own excellences. The quality of style the popular novels — or at least their dust jackets — boast of is "saltiness," by which, apparently, is meant force and gusto and a brave disregard of prudery. And even if this is not always achieved it cannot be denied that it is strenuously sought. Thus the dashing hero of *Duchess Hotspur* drives his women "two abreast" and the appearance of a "middle-aged but still fertile" matron in *The Manatee* is always announced by "the sucking noises" of the twins she is nourishing.

Pathos fares little better. "Don't think I'm wanton, Vic Darling. Please don't think I'm wanton," Connie Linger "whispered madly" as, after declining to play anagrams, she climbs into Vic Norman's berth aboard the Super Chief. Though just what else, under the circumstances, Mr. Norman was at liberty to think is kept from us.

To constant readers of these sagas of inconsistency such objections will possibly seem trivial. The subscribers to the book clubs are plainly not finicky folk who must have polished phrases to sugar their fare. The advertisements tell us that these stories are intended for "red-blooded" or "hot-blooded" people, such as are likely to be more concerned with action than speech. They are eager, virile, and nobly impatient. They do not like to be kept waiting, and no writer who seeks to please them can afford to let his characters dawdle between amatory intention and execution. Even the authors themselves seem bewildered at times by the impetuosity of their creations. "How did they get to Alma's room on the third floor? How did they get into bed so quickly?" gasps Mrs. Marshall, laboring with her notebook up the stairs behind her ardent lovers — though something restrained her from expressing, with a few of her readers, the further query: "And why?"

3

THE publishers frequently, in their advertisements, compare these novels to Restoration come-

dies and to Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, with the implication that their authors are returning to, rather than departing from, literary tradition. But this comparison is a little puzzling to those who have read the older works. Restoration comedy, it is true, relied heavily on bawdry and the flouting of convention, but there the comparison ends. The Restoration wits did not take sex seriously. It was, to them, an instrument of machination, the highroad to fortune, a booby trap, and a source of much merriment. But it was the plot, the money, the danger, and the gaiety that interested them. Whereas the works which claim kinship with them approach sex with fantastic seriousness and could not dream of being merry at its expense.

Moll Flanders's quest is for security, not for sexual intercourse. She is the Robinson Crusoe of the streets and far too shrewd to scorn morality. Vice, she says sadly, came into her life "always at the door of necessity, not at the door of inclination." "I understood too well, by the want of it," she adds, "what the value of a settled life was, to do anything to forfeit the felicity of it." Her ambition was to be a "faithful and true wife" to "a sober good husband," and although it took her some time to become even a semblance of this, she obtained no delight from the substitutions forced upon her. It is true that she frequently left the path of rectitude but an Abbess could not have been more sparing of details. "I need say no more" and "It went on to what I expected" are about the raciest phrases in the whole book. "I found by just observation," she sighs, "that the brightest men came upon the dullest errand."

Perhaps one difference lies in the fact that the Restoration comedies and Defoe's novels were written primarily for men; whereas most contemporary best-sellers are written for women — a fact borne out by the vast attention given to the heroine's dress and coiffure. But this is only a surface indication. There are profounder effects of the female audience, one of which is a reversal of certain established moral values.

Two hundred years ago when women of the middle classes were beginning to read they wished to be assured that the conditions of their lives would produce happiness. They wanted to be told that devotion — which was all most of them had to offer — would lead to domestic security and that marriage vows offered a protection that more than compensated for the restrictions they imposed. Pamela's virtue was rewarded by her becoming Lady B——; while Becky Sharp ended in poverty, gin-soaked and miserable.

But the popular novelist of today has to limn daydreams for a different group of women living under different circumstances. They long to be told that escape from dullness is possible and one of the main avenues of escape — there's no use blinking it — is *untrue* love. With the appalling increase of

marriageable women over marriageable men, true love dooms hundreds of thousands of women to sterile and loveless lives, the unsexed drudges of our lonely hives. If every woman is to have even a chance at a man today, there will have to be a lot of untrue love — though, no doubt, each dreamer hopes that the untrue lover will become steadfast after he has settled his affections on her.

For one of the pathetic paradoxes of the popular novels is that the women who move so promiscuously through them all believe in true love. They have looked on tempests and are not shaken. They are as common as hotels, but they are devoted to one man and the ideal of love which he embodies. He commonly has a heart of marble and the disposition of Bill Sykes, but he has the face of a god and the loins of a stag and he alone can move them. From others they coldly receive wealth and homage. For him they gladly perform the most menial services. His feet are of clay but they wash them with their tears, sticky with sentimentality. All other bedmates are mere facsimiles forced on them by impatience or other circumstances beyond their willingness to control. They despise all others. From him alone comes the bliss of being despised.

If these novels reflect the psyches of their readers, as to a considerable extent they must, their most disturbing feature is their aggressiveness. It's not that the heroines are out to get their men, in the plural. That sort of aggressiveness, in many guises, has long been a staple of literature. But that they should regard the getting as a triumph not merely over other women but over the men as well! "Conquest" is an old term for love attained, but it was always assumed that a treaty of amity was drawn up at the cessation of hostilities, and the good characters were limited to a bag of one conquest each.

Not so today. Love, in the novels at least, exists to give the woman a chance to "get her own back." It is, apparently, the one means thought to be at her disposal for humiliating men and "putting them in their place." The heroine of one current best-seller carves the initials of every man who goes to bed with her on the handle of her fan, just as the bad men in the old-time westerns carved notches in the handles of their guns whenever another "varmint" bit the dust!

It's absurd. But it is sad and disturbing that these frustrate and vindictive imaginings are so greatly, as the trade term has it, "in demand."

THE POEM

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

For whom, then, was the poem written?
 For whom did the work-lamp glow
 Late in the night while all men lay in the grip of sleep
 Save those nocturnal riders who roared through the street below
 The silent room? For whom was the brow smitten
 And the hair tunneled with fingers? Who will keep
 Among old letters, or bits of string, this page?

What had the living to do with this recorded crisis of a mind?
 He not occupied in fashioning his own defeat
 Was a child playing at games, or with some mystery.
 The poem was a letter sent to a hermit unattended, blind.

And who will read when, crisp after rain and fallow with age,
 This paper will whisper along a windy street,
 And sail on invisible wings above a leafless tree
 That time when, invading empty houses, winter comes
 And mice tenant the dwellings quiet and void of heat,
 And birds light on the window ledge to find no crumbs?



An Atlantic Story



A British novelist who for ten years taught and published his novels in obscurity, JAMES HILTON, son of a schoolmaster, first gained a national American audience when his Good-bye, Mr. Chips! appeared in the Atlantic. As his successive books have come out — Random Harvest, So Well Remembered, Nothing So Strange — his hold upon the American imagination has steadily strengthened. We can think of no writer better qualified to bring home to us the experience of the English youngsters who lived with us during the war.

“WASHINGTON IS SITUATED . . .”

by JAMES HILTON

LOCATE and describe the capital of some foreign country,” said Mr. Leaper, turning away from the blackboard on which he had written those very words. He was a tall, thin man with a leathery skin, almost bald with a wispy gray mustache; an odd tribute to his personality was that generations of Havenhurst schoolboys had never been able to find a nickname for him. Or perhaps his own name suited him too well — Leaper; with his long striding legs he would march up and down the aisles between the rows of desks, waiting to pinch the lobe of an ear or to pluck a single hair from an inattentive head. Gently sadistic, obscurely kind, his face lit with glee when he found a chink in the armor of impenetrable boyhood — some facet of personality, or some incident in a boy’s past that could provide a constant cue for the kind of sarcasm he delighted in. For instance: —

“Of course, Harrison, *your* choice will be Washington. Indeed, I *insist*. We cannot afford to lose the fruits of your unique experience.”

The class obliged with a weary titter; they had heard it all before. Besides, Harrison was a prefect and sure to be captain of the cricket eleven next year; even Leaper could not score much off him.

As for Harrison himself, he just grinned and fixed a new nib in his pen. He was a shy, quietly happy boy, not good at expressing himself in words; he preferred algebra to essay-writing. Years before, during the war, his family had sent him to live with some friends in America. Old Leaper had somehow got to know this and had never ceased to twit

him about it. It had been a joke at first, and then a hurt, but by now it was merely a bore. And it was no use explaining that he had never been to Washington.

“To work now, everybody! Even you, Harrison. With a subject so congenial your words should flow copiously. Ten pages will not be too much.”

More titters. They all knew old Leaper would be quite satisfied with two — enough, in all conscience, for an hour’s work on a hot June afternoon. The pens began scratching.

Harrison wrote “Washington” at the top of a page. Then he cupped his chin in his hand and stifled a yawn. The plick-plock of cricket sounded distantly from the playing fields; scents of summer came in through the open window; in another classroom there was singing.

He began to write: “*Washington is situated on the River Potomac, which flows into the Atlantic Ocean. . . .*”

Miss Pike had written that on *her* blackboard. She had red cheeks and was like a little dumpling. She taught the third grade. The school was much grander-looking than Havenhurst. It had a porcelain fountain in the hall, which squirted water upwards so that you could catch it in your mouth — Havenhurst didn’t have anything like that. The first morning Mrs. Nielsen, who was the wife of Dad’s friend, took him to the school and introduced him to Miss Pike, and Miss Pike introduced him to the class as “Johnny Harrison, a guest from

England." Nobody had ever called him Johnny before. She then talked a lot about England, Stratford-on-Avon, and the Trooping of the Colors. It made him feel embarrassed because everybody stared at him.

Then she gave him a drawing book and a box of crayons and told him to draw what he liked. That was fun. He drew a railway engine, but it was an English engine. Later he learned to draw an American engine. The chief difference was that American engines showed all their insides on the outside, which made them harder to draw. He was always interested in trains. The house where the Nielsens lived was not far from the railway, and all night if he lay awake he could hear them going "Whoo-whoo" in the distance. There was one train that came very slowly, because it was up a hill; there were two engines, one to push and the other to pull, and when they got to the top they signalled to each other — "Whoo-whoo" and then the answering "Whoo-whoo." Most nights he heard that before he went to sleep. He had a bedroom with a heater that made it very warm in winter, too warm sometimes, and there were screens on the windows to keep out the flies. In England you always had a cold bedroom in winter and you did not bother about flies.

He wrote: "*Washington is not part of a state, but belongs to the District of Columbia, or D.C. as it is called. . . .*"

"Welcome to Tanner's Corner Pop 3275" it said on the signboard just beyond the bridge over the river. He asked Miss Pike what Pop meant and she said People. He was collecting American words as fast as he could, so when he went marketing with Mrs. Nielsen one Saturday night he said, "The streets are full of pop." She laughed and told Mr. Nielsen, and everybody laughed because he had thought it was a real American word like "screwy," which Mr. Nielsen said the world was. Anyhow, there were 3275 pop — people — in Tanner's Corner. He counted one night all the names he knew, but he could only get to 115, most of them kids at school.

Willow Street was where all the stores were and also the Rialto. He saw Humphrey Bogart at the Rialto. He was nuts about Humphrey Bogart. Willow Street had the railway going through the middle with poles that let down when a train went across. Sometimes a goods — freight — train had seventy wagons — cars. It went through very slowly, holding up all the traffic. He watched the words on the cars. Erie, which was like a ghost story, and ATSF, which was like a sneeze, and one that sounded like the wheels going over the bridge over the river — Lackawanna, Lackawanna. You could walk on the station platform, but it was a low platform, not more than a step.

Across the road was Mr. Moeschler's drugstore. You sat on a stool at the counter and had a milk shake. The big fan on the ceiling swinging round, the air blowing down in gusts, the marble cold under your elbows. A milk shake cost a dime and a nickel, but Kathie had a root beer float that only cost a dime. So for the two of them it was a quarter. (Nickel, dime, quarter, fifty cents, buck, five-spot, ten-spot, but Miss Pike said it wasn't very nice to say buck, five-spot, and ten-spot. George said Bert Briggs always said it.) Mr. Moeschler sometimes wouldn't let him pay the quarter. "Chalk it up to Hitler," he said.

Everybody was talking about whether Hitler would invade England. In one of his letters Dad said, "If I were Hitler I'd certainly have a shot at it," and the Nielsens quoted this to everybody and said, "How English to put it that way." And once during a history lesson Miss Pike closed the book suddenly and said, "I think we can stop here," and when he looked over the page it was about the British setting fire to Washington in 1814. Only history, of course.

Miss Pike was very nice but she couldn't keep order very well. George called her nose Pike's Beak. Pike's Peak, not Beak, was a mountain somewhere where there were motorcycle races. You said "Pike's Peak or bust!" when you made up your mind to do something. When she drove her car into a lamppost everyone clubbed together to pay for the repairs, although Mr. Nielsen said she was a menace with that old jalopy of hers. It was a Ford Coupe . . . (Plymouth, Chrysler, Studebaker, Nash, Packard, Cadillac, Oldsmobile) . . . the Nielsens had a Buick. George could drive it but he wasn't allowed to till he was sixteen. They used to watch the cars go through the town on Sunday — George had a game about the different states the cars were from. Many were NY, and often also there were Conn and Mass. Once they saw a California and a Wyoming in less than an hour. George liked cars better than trains. He said he could take a car to pieces and put it together again and sometimes he helped Bert Briggs at the gas station.

"*The city was captured and burned by the British in 1814. . . .*"

In England a boy didn't work unless his parents were poor, but in America you could do odd jobs for pocket money, which was fun. He and George used to run round after school with the Tanner's Corner *Dispatch*. You rode a bicycle and threw the papers as hard as you could into the front gardens. You could ride on the sidewalk — pavement — and the gardens had no fences. All the white houses along Sycamore, Maple, Linden, Elm. . . . Sometimes the paper got caught in trees, but George didn't care.

George and Kathie were his best friends. Kathie was George's sister. She was thirteen. Somehow he wasn't ever shy with her, not as he was with girls nowadays in England. She got the bathroom first, because she had to leave earlier for Woodrow Wilson High, which was two miles along the road. She was Olivia in *Twelfth Night*. She used to say, "Johnny, can you hear my lines?" because George never would.

Once they went digging for clams in the bay. The bay was so bright in the sun you could hardly see it without blinking. You waded out till the water was over your knees, and whenever you felt a soft spot with your foot you dug in with your fingers and found a clam. The clams squirted when you picked them up. George and he got two pails full and Kathie half a pail, then they took them back to the house and George opened them with a knife. He cut himself but he didn't care. George didn't care about anything. Oh what a lovely day that was with the sun shining on the edges of the waves and the feel of the soft sand and the ride back in Bert Briggs's station wagon. George wasn't supposed to drive, but it was only a couple of miles down a dirt road—he didn't care, because Bert was away for the day. Mrs. Nielsen chose the big ones for chowder. They ate the little ones out of the shell. He had never tasted clams before and he liked ice cream better. Then they listened to Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, which was about aeroplanes and very exciting, and Kathie said, "Too bad you've got to go back to England when the war's over, Johnny," and George said, "Maybe the war won't be over for years and years."

"The President lives in the White House, which is visited annually by thousands of sight-seers. . . ."

Miss Pike wrote sentences like that on the black-board and you had to copy them. She got the sentences out of a book. Mr. Nielsen said it was very old-fashioned but he guessed Tanner's Corner could stand it because she made swell cakes for the church socials. She was pretty old. Once she told the class about the days before there were school buses, when kids walked for miles along snowy roads to get to school. It was some little school in the country and Miss Pike was head of it. There were no other teachers there, that was why, George said. He didn't care what he said about Miss Pike, but he liked her all right. And it was wonderful the way she described that little school—far more interesting than her lessons. When he told her his

father was arranging for him to return to England she dabbed her eyes and said, "Oh dear, just when we're all getting used to one another."

"Another famous building is the Capitol, which has a large dome. . . ."

Most of that last night he lay awake, listening to the trains whoo-whooping in the distance. His father had written: "Now that Hitler seems to be tackling someone his own size. . . ." He showed that to Mr. Nielsen and it was quoted also, like the other bit about Hitler. "So you've got to go," George said. "Sure," he answered. He still said "Sure" instead of "Yes" sometimes, though he always remembered not to say "nuts" and "swell." "Good-bye, Mrs. Nielsen. . . . Good-bye, Kathie. . . . Good-bye, Boxer." Boxer was a boxer. The drive to the junction because the express didn't stop at Tanner's Corner. The other side of the sign by the roadside—"Come again to Tanner's Corner Pop 3275." And another sign, "Soft shoulders," which now reminded him of the girls he was shy of. The sunlight on the bay where the clams were, the cars all halted at the crossings (what a chance for George's game), Lackawanna, Lackawanna over all the bridges.

"The Capitol contains the Senate and the House of Representatives. . . ."

Who-who. Who-who. . . . Another milk shake and a root beer float, please, Mr. Moeschler. . . . George, look!—*South Dakota*. . . . Oh say can you see . . . Oh say can you hear . . . my lines. . . .

Mr. Leaper, in the Masters' Common Room, handed the half page of writing to Mr. Reeves with a gesture of disgust. "Perhaps you'll give me your opinion of *that* for an hour's work."

Mr. Reeves studied it. He was a younger man and thought he understood boys better; he didn't; he was merely liked by them better. "H'm—not very brilliant, I admit.—Who is it? *Harrison*? Shame on him! Quite a sound intelligence, though, when he cares to use it."

"In *your* field, maybe. But *this*—one would have thought, since he was over there during the war—"

"Oh, *then*. But it was so long ago—they've all forgotten everything." He was thinking of his own boy and the air raids as he added: "Perhaps just as well, Leaper, just as well."

WHERE YOU CHOSE TO BE

SUMMERS, when the years were young,
You climbed this hill, you chose
This graveyard for your own between
The spruces and wild rose.

The winds here had the sea in them
And the cows' sweet breath,
Wood-thrushes called from hill to hill,
Death here was not like death.

Dark sprucewoods where the sun came up,
A green farm where it set,
Church to south and school to north,
Here all the good things met.

Small boys and big geographies
Went past along the road,
Folks in Sunday-meeting clothes,
The hayrack's honeyed load.

Here were captains home from sea
A hundred years ago,
Old babies rocked to sleep for good
Under the Spring or snow.

The lichened slates with willow trees
Weeping lovely lace
Where the young wild rabbit showed
His shy, wrinkled face.

Now on the island where you found
Wild strawberries and love
You lie in the graveyard of your choice,
And the sea winds blow above.

Deer stare at the tinkling cows;
Rest, where you chose to be.
The high fog comes in over the hill
With gray eternity.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN



On November 19, 1946, an American C-53, flying under Army orders from Munich to Istres, France, crash-landed on a snow-covered glacier in the Swiss Alps. The eight passengers and four crew members were all Americans. Flying by instruments in a snowstorm, the pilot, Captain Ralph Tate, Jr., had suddenly caught a glimpse of icy wastes below him. Realizing that they were lost and that impassable mountains lay ahead, unhesitatingly and with consummate skill this veteran of "Hump" and Pacific flying set the plane down almost undamaged. The crash occurred at 2.30 P.M., and soon the plane's radio touched off one of the great international rescue efforts of all time. Captain Tate's mother, one of the eight passengers, gives us this stirring account of the incident as she saw it. Harcourt, Brace and Company will publish her complete story later this year.

MAROONED IN THE CLOUDS

by MARGUERITE GAYLORD TATE

1

OUR route from Munich to Istres, France, was planned especially to avoid the Alps. They are peculiar mountains, for they have no rolling foothills; they jut right up out of a flat plain like rocks in the middle of a stream. Now you see flat plains, now you see Alps. And here they were, just off to our left, only a few miles. They were completely obscured by the gray, misty nothingness that was nudging softly at the windows of our C-53.

Staff Sergeant Wayne G. Folsom, the crew chief, had completed his principal duties before the ship left the ground. It was his duty to see that the plane was in perfect running order. He took the responsibility for all the minutiae incidental to the comfort and needs of passengers and crew. When the ship was once in the air, he became a general factotum. Occasionally he went up front to the flight deck to check the water in the heating apparatus, and to assist the crew.

His domain was a small areaway just off the rear of the cabin, a space about eight feet square. On the left side was the main door through which passengers and crew entered the plane. Back of the areaway was the luggage compartment, which occupied the tail of the ship. The cabin proper had seating accommodations for eight passengers. Five leather chairs occupied the entire length of the left side. There were three chairs on the right, forward. To the right rear of the cabin was a double-decked bunk — the upper bunk suspended from the ceiling by strong wire, the lower secured to the floor by metal braces. All the seats were likewise anchored securely to the floor. The entire fuselage of the plane was insulated. A carpet covered the floor. To these two conveniences we later owed our lives,

for without them we would have perished in thirty-below weather.

Everyone was quiet. Alice McMahon and Alice Mary, her eleven-year-old daughter, sitting opposite each other in the front seats, were reading. Lona Haynes and I were eating. General Loyal M. Haynes, Colonel William C. McMahon, and George Harvey were dozing, all relaxed, with their heads resting against the chair backs. Alberta Snavelly was deep in a mystery story. Folsom made his way quietly up the aisle, opened the door to the flight deck and disappeared.

Suddenly we were shaken out of our lethargy. The plane began to dance around. Folsom stuck his head out the door and said, "Please fasten your safety belts. Captain Tate says we have run into a little turbulence."

We had no sooner done this than we hit a terrific updraft that lifted us like a rocket straight up almost a thousand feet. The plane righted itself, shuddered an instant, then just as suddenly rode a downdraft. The altimeters on the wall just ahead of us spun "like crazy."

Lona Haynes looked at me, her big eyes wide with wonder. I had no recollection of being frightened — it all happened so suddenly. All I knew was that my stomach was doing funny things. My body was pressed so hard against the chair back as we ascended that it took my breath away. Then the safety belt pulled tight as the plane dropped. It was a terrific sensation. Of course the pilot — my son — knew what he was doing. But I thought: If this is a little turbulence, I'll take vanilla.

Alberta said, her voice calm and smooth, "Just relax and you'll be all right."

But we had no time to relax. The plane made one short leap, like a horse taking a hurdle, and there was a sudden cataclysmic bursting of the universe. Before I shut my eyes, the chair back in front of me came at my face, and I was clutching at it. Then there was nothing to clutch at. My back twisted painfully as I swung around and down. My eardrums almost split as though the whole world had gone off like one big firecracker. A few seconds before, we had been whipped around in space with the crazy indirection of a snowflake in the wind. Now there was no motion.

Out of the mists of semiconsciousness came the knowledge that our plane had crashed.

2

THE sudden impact ripped everything loose. Seats, people, buns, Vienna sausages, hats, and books went every which way. But the silence that ensued was almost more deafening than the crash. There was no outcry, no hysterics. The first words came from Colonel McMahon, addressed to little Alice Mary. He was still strapped in his seat, which had been flung the length of the cabin. Very white, and speaking with great difficulty between gasps, he said, "Don't move, Alice Mary, just sit still and you'll be all right."

But Alice Mary was made of strong stuff and was not easily disconcerted by such trifles as airplane crashes. She, too, was still strapped in her seat, leaning way back, but was smiling as she held up a small object with a wire attached.

"I've still got it, Daddy."

The brace on her teeth had come loose, and she was holding it up gleefully. That was Alice Mary's only casualty.

The inside of the cabin was a shambles. The terrific impact had knocked the wind out of us. When my head cleared enough to realize what had happened, I found that my glasses had been knocked off my face. (Two days later we found them under a mass of debris, unbroken.)

Someone from behind was trying to extricate me from my seat, which had turned completely around and had collapsed into the aisle like a cold cheese soufflé. Two other seats were piled on top of my left leg, but I felt no pain. Something warm and wet fell on my head, then cascaded down the front of me. It was blood. It looked horribly red against the light blue of my suit. Only that morning I had remarked that if anything ever happened to my beloved blue suit I would just die. Now something was happening to it, but it didn't seem to matter.

Turning my head and looking up shakily, I saw that it was Lieutenant Irving Mathews, the copilot, who was tugging at me. Matt kept saying, "Are you all right, Mrs. Tate? Are you hurt? Can't you stand up?"

But I couldn't move. Then came the thought:

My back is broken and I'm paralyzed. That's why I can't move.

Then we both laughed, for both of us saw at once that my safety belt was still fastened and was keeping me from getting to my feet.

Immediately, those who were able began to move about. Lona and Alberta made a beeline for the door at the rear of the cabin. It was jammed shut. While they struggled frantically to get it open, George Harvey appeared out of the mists and gave it a kick, whereupon it fell away from its hinges and toppled back into the cabin. Both women grabbed a parachute from the shelf as they went. Alberta opened the side door and jumped into the snow to her chin, still clutching the chute in her hand. Laughing about it afterward, neither could remember why it seemed necessary to have a chute when we so obviously were on the ground.

When things began to make sense, and the full realization of what had happened dawned on me, my thoughts raced to the pilots' compartment, where the hazards of a crash are greatest. My son! Dear God, my son!

As I turned my head toward the front, my heart almost stopped beating, for he was walking toward me down the flight deck, slowly but very steadily. That blood was streaming from between his fingers as he held his hand to his head was of no consequence at the moment. He was walking on his own two feet! If he could walk, he was all right!

A wicked gash extended from between his eyes straight up the middle of his forehead, then curved around on the top of his head, exposing a sickening patch of skull where his scalp fell loose. For an instant he seemed not the grown man who had so skillfully set us down, but my little boy whose head was bloody. The impulse to throw myself into his arms and weep for joy was almost too much to bear. But I didn't, and how glad he must have been. Remembering how reluctantly I had started off on this trip, and having his mother with him during his first crash — his burden was hard enough to bear without the additional responsibility of a doting, hysterical mother.

When he made no special note of my presence, other than a quick glance in my direction, I knew he was mutely appealing for my support in his momentary defeat, not my tears or sympathy. Gratefully and willingly I fell out of the role of mother and accepted the status of a passenger. I would try to match his courage with all of mine. The deep emotion of seeing him alive was directed quickly into the channel of pride — deep, heart-bursting pride in his youth and strength as he calmly took active command of his stricken ship and its occupants.

"Is everyone all right?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone, trying to see through the screen of blood pouring down his face. Then, for an instant, he swayed slightly, and with utter bewilderment in

his voice, said, "I don't know how we got into the mountains." His voice trailed off as though the scene before him were only a bad dream.

3

WE hadn't been on the ground ten minutes, before things began to straighten out. Looking back on it now, it seems almost incredible that twelve people who had just been knocked silly could come out of the shock and gather together their wits and energies as we did that day.

Up to that time we had hardly been aware of the slender, dark-haired civilian who had been sitting in the rear of the cabin — George Harvey, a petroleum expert for the War Department. Except for a few minor scratches, he was unhurt in the crash and he immediately stepped into the role of doctor.

We had found Folsom pinned face down under a chair, clutching the bail of a small pail which was now flatter than a flounder. In the confusion that followed the crash, no one had missed him until we heard him moaning. While the rest of the boys extricated him from beneath the chairs, Harvey was opening a first-aid kit. He quickly administered morphine and very deftly set Folsom's left leg, which was badly smashed.

Harvey went from one to another with amazing coolness. He applied a pressure bandage to Matt's little finger, which was almost lopped off. That was what had bled so profusely all over me. General Haynes was bleeding badly. His nose had been smashed in and his upper lip cut, inside and out. He refused assistance, saying that it was the fourth time he had broken his nose, and that he could manage alone. Sergeant Louis Hill had been thrown forward into his maze of radio equipment and had neatly removed all the skin from the bridge of his nose, which was also streaming red. Coagulation was slow at the altitude of almost eleven thousand feet. The cabin seemed full of blood.

While Harvey was checking each of us for injuries, someone said, "Say, Harvey, are you a doctor?"

"Nope," he replied, going right on with his work, "but I've had two years of pre-medics and two years as a male nurse." Right then we knew what a lucky break we had when he chose to ride with us on that trip.

None of us women was seriously hurt. Alice McMahon's shoe had caught under her chair, wrenching her ankle badly. It began to swell and became very painful. It was discovered later, in the hospital, that her foot was broken and required a cast for several weeks. Alberta got a bad tunk on her head, and a few scratches. Lona skinned both knees. I skinned both of mine, too, and had a bruise on my left shin which soon turned completely black. Besides that, I sprained my left thumb, which probably takes the prize for the most pusil-

lanimous injury resulting from a plane crash. Alice Mary was unscratched.

When Son was satisfied that everyone had been checked for injuries, and attended to, he lay down on the floor and put his head in Harvey's lap. While Harvey was bandaging the ten-inch gash, Son ordered Hill to try the radio.

Hill made his way through the maze of debris and reclining forms up to the flight deck. We were obeying Harvey's command to find a place to sit, and to relax for a few minutes.

Actually, though, it was impossible for any of us to relax, for if the radio was smashed, we were really in for it.

We waited, hardly daring to breathe. Then we heard it! That unmistakable buzzing that to our ears was more beautiful than any symphony ever written. The radio worked! We didn't move or speak. We were figures carved in bas-relief.

Then the Sergeant called down the flight deck to us, his deep voice almost falsetto in his jubilation. "I've got 'em! I've got 'em! It's Istres! They hear me!"

If the world knew of our crash we had a fighting chance. There was a break in the tension then, and with the relief came a fatigue such as none of us had ever experienced before.

But as I lay there on the floor, trying to relax, little fears and apprehensions began to take form. The plane was tilted on its left side at a thirty-degree angle. Were we on the edge of an abyss, or on the top of a mountain? Our world suddenly narrowed itself to this small space inside the plane. Just outside lay a world of which we knew nothing, hidden behind a screen of falling snow.

Alberta was sitting by me, both of us leaning up against the lower bunk. She turned her head and spoke to me in a low voice. "Marguerite, don't say anything to anybody, but I think I'm going to faint."

Her face was ghastly white. I turned around and picked up a handful of snow that had drifted in on the bunk from one of the broken windows behind us and handed it to her. She ate a mouthful and put the rest of it on the huge egg that was slowly rising on her forehead. In a moment she felt better. I ate a little snow, too, but that was the last time we indulged in such a dangerous practice.

Outside, the wind drove the snow against the windows, and frost was beginning to form on them. All heat had gone from the plane.

Up in the flight deck Son, Matt, and Hill were holding a conference. Istres, the British-American airport for Marseilles, was asking for our position. With their heads bent over the blood-spattered map, pilot and co-pilot and radio operator were trying to place us. There was no doubt about our being in mountains. But what mountains? Alps, of course, but French, Italian, or Swiss Alps? According to instrument findings and the length of time

we'd been in the air before the crash — counting air speed and wind velocity — they figured our position as being in the French Alps, about fifteen miles from Grenoble. Those coördinates Hill tapped out to Istres, along with the information that all aboard were alive, five injured. Hill asked that Vienna be notified, and told them that help would be needed in the way of food, warm clothing, and medical supplies.

Istres replied that a British Lancaster would start out within the hour, and that rescue parties on foot were already being organized to start early the next morning. It seemed almost too good to be true that, so soon after the crash, help was practically over the ridge behind us. It was a good feeling.

4

THE crash occurred about two-thirty in the afternoon. By the time order had been established, injuries dressed, and the world advised of our plight, the light was beginning to fade from the sky. By five o'clock complete darkness would be upon us. There was no artificial light in the plane, so arrangements for the night must be finished before dark.

The four boys — Son, Harvey, Matt, and Hill — set about making plans for the night. From two broken seats they made a comfortable bed for Folsom, bracing it to get it level on the sloping floor. There was one sleeping bag, to which he fell heir without question. It was necessary to keep him very warm to prevent static pneumonia, which often occurs with a serious bone fracture.

Colonel McMahon had a back injury which Harvey could not diagnose, and possibly a slight concussion. They made him as comfortable as possible by tilting his chair back to a reclining position, propping his feet and legs up on another chair. The rest of the broken seats were heaved out into the snow.

While we were moving around, getting ready to bed down for the night, we became increasingly aware of the slope of the floor. Every time we started to stand up we reeled and fell down again. At first we thought it was a delayed reaction from shock, but now it was evident that it was the altitude as well as the tilt of the plane. The slightest move required tremendous effort. We all felt a little goofy. In our exhaustion we realized how very important it was that we get settled for the night as soon as possible.

Inventory of the blankets told a sad story. There weren't enough to go around. The boys brought out four parachutes and unfurled the billowy mass in the cabin. We were virtually buried under white silk. Trying to get under them was like trying to crawl under a pile of soapsuds.

Our efforts to get comfortable that first night were pitiful. Lying sidewise, we rolled downhill;

lying crosswise, we shucked down until our knees were up under our chins. Finally, Alberta, Son, and I rolled ourselves into an unrecognizable huddle at the left rear of the cabin. The door into the areaway, which had fallen in after the crash, was propped up against the side of the fuselage. The doorknob kept digging into Son's back as the weight of us two women kept pushing against him. We had to move ourselves again in the dark to get rid of the door.

Alice and Alice Mary bundled together on the floor beside the Colonel's bed in the upper end of the cabin. The lower bunk, at the right rear, was folded up against the two broken windows, thus providing more floor space, and also preventing snow from drifting in until the windows could be repaired the next day.

Hill, Harvey, and Matt, along with the General and Lona, tried to arrange themselves in the center of the cabin. There they ran into interference, as Folsom's bed in the exact center of the left side made it impossible for those trying to arrange themselves just above him to stretch their legs out full length. It was a reasonably good facsimile of the old Chinese form of torture where the victims are forced to remain in a jackknife position until they can never straighten out again. There was a great deal of laughing and joking about it that night, but as the nights went on, it ceased to be amusing.

After we settled ourselves down for the night, we became aware of something that sent a stab of terror to our hearts. Stalking across a world of eternal snows came the cold — bitter, awesome, frightening cold. It settled down around us quietly and insidiously. The numbing cold crept through our clothes, seeping deeper and deeper until our bones felt brittle and without marrow. Against this greatest of archenemies, we had little defense. We women were clad in lightweight suits, thin hose, and inadequate footwear. Both Alberta and I had brought our fur coats. We were more fortunate than the others.

That first night seemed endless. Fourteen hours of profound darkness. At first we slept from sheer exhaustion. As the night wore on, and the floor got harder and harder, we began to wake up, one by one. Time took on fantastic proportions. When someone asked what time it was, our one feeble flashlight was produced. Harvey said, "Well, well! I do believe it's eight o'clock!"

Someone said, "In the morning?"

But it was pitch-dark outside, and it wasn't morning. We groaned in despair and wondered what we would do with the rest of the night. If we could have sat up, lighted a cigarette, and talked things out, it would have helped. But smoking was forbidden. The plane was filled with gasoline fumes. Much of the fuel from the tanks had spilled out into the snow under us. One flick of a match might have blown us into kingdom come, or robbed us of our

only shelter against the elements. As it was, we were a little uneasy about the sparks the silk parachutes gave off every time anyone moved.

None of us felt particularly chatty. The General's nasal passages had closed, and his upper lip was swollen so that he was having difficulty in breathing. Folsom groaned in his sleep. The Colonel moaned with every breath. I tried to turn on my left side, but gritted my teeth in pain; my left leg was getting so sore that any pressure on it was almost unbearable. Alice Mary had a bad dream and cried out in her sleep. We heard her mother comfort her gently, then all was quiet again. Soon Folsom turned in his sleep and cried out in pain. The morphine had worn off, and there wasn't any more. Some clever character had robbed the other four first-aid kits before the flight, and faultlessly resealed them. It was a cruel, inhumane thing to do.

The plane shuddered and groaned as the diabolical gales marched over us, echelon upon echelon. The heavy rudder on the tail of the ship swung free, pounding and banging. At times it seemed as though the whole ship moved. Once during the night we heard a sound like the distant firing of a cannon, yet it seemed strangely near us. Each fresh onslaught of the wind, each new sound, together with the uncertainty of our position, heightened our misery. Our greatest fear that night was that the plane might become dislodged and skate off — into what, we didn't know.

Son said, "Lie down, Mommie, and try to sleep." He patted me gently and pulled me close to him for warmth. I buried my head against the bloody front of his flying jacket and tried to convince myself that all was well. I tried to think a prayer, but all that came was "Dear God." That was as far as I could go. The warmth of his body against mine finished my prayer, for I had not had to help lift his lifeless body out of his seat in the cockpit.

Enemy number two soon began to manifest itself. Thirst. Harvey and Son both had warned us that to eat snow was tantamount to inviting slow death into our midst. Lung frost is a terrible malady, and is almost a sure result if snow is eaten at high altitudes in a thirty-below temperature. A five-gallon can of water had been put aboard at Munich, but more than half of it had been used to keep the heaters going in the cabin before we crashed. What was left was doled out sparingly to Colonel McMahon and Folsom, both of whom were running temperatures, and to General Haynes, whose mouth was dry from breathing through it constantly. The rest of us could afford to wait until a way could be found to melt snow. But because we knew there wasn't much, we all became water-conscious.

5

AT FIVE o'clock the next morning, Wednesday, we were through trying to sleep. It was almost

seven o'clock before the windows began to show faint gray squares. When it was light enough to see his way around, Son disentangled himself from the maze of blankets and silk and made his way out of doors. I knew he hadn't slept a wink all night, wondering where we were and how we got there. Several times during the night he had said to his co-pilot: "Matt, think back, now. What happened? Can you figure out how in heck we got into these mountains?" In low tones they talked it over, rechecking on instrument readings at the time of the crash, altitude, air speed, station calls, and all of the details that might have some bearing on our present predicament. If that night was long for us, it must have been interminable for him.

After a bit, Son stuck his head in the door and called to us. "Hey, everybody, it's stopped snowing and the sun's coming up!" His voice was less strained than during the night.

With that, I sat up quickly and looked about me. The windows on the left of the plane were ablaze with the first rays of sun which gleamed through the quarter inch of frost, a beautiful and heartening sight. One by one we emerged from our cocoons. I could hardly wait to get to the open door and look out.

The boys were standing thigh-deep in the snow, looking, pointing, gesticulating, frosty breath jetting from their mouths like steam. All around us were mountains, rows and rows of them, snow-covered. The plane lay sidewise at the top of a long slope. From where I stood in the doorway, I could look directly down that long slope that extended almost a mile directly ahead, then turned and disappeared around a small cluster of lesser mountains to the left. Beyond these were two ranges that pushed themselves up against the foot of the slope, affording a wide valley into which a vast expanse of snow flowed like a frozen river.

One of the boys said, "Holy mackerel!" Looking to the left where he was pointing, I gasped. Not more than fifty yards off the tail of the ship was a huge crevasse, wide enough to have swallowed us whole had we crashed an instant sooner. How deep it was we couldn't know, but in the bright morning sun we could see the blue ice of its sides. To the right of that crevasse, lying parallel about seventy-five yards further on down the slope, was another one just as wide. They were all around us — a network of ice chasms. We had crashed on a glacier!

Harvey said, "Which way did we come in?"

"Which way did we blow in, you mean," Hill drawled. "We were sucked in like a piece of paper in a vacuum cleaner."

Son looked around at the plane, its nose pointing southeast, then swung his eyes back. There, right down the middle of the narrow runway between the crevasses, was a deep mark, showing plainly, even under its blanket of freshly fallen snow, that

we had flipped into the valley and had bowled right down the middle of the seventy-five yard space, missed both crevasses, and settled down just above them on the only clear, open space in sight.

"No-o-o. I don't believe it!" This was Hill, staring at the marks.

"I'm going to church every Sunday if we ever get out of here," Harvey said.

Matt, bundled up in Folsom's overcoat, whistled softly. "Ba-rother, what we missed!"

Hill said, "Captain, you're a wizard in a blizzard. How did you do it?"

Son said, "I didn't."

No one spoke. Then Matt, in his softly modulated Virginia accent, said, almost under his breath, "The good Lord was with us."

Hill replied, "Yes, the good Lord, Captain Tate, and twenty feet of snow to break the fall. Somebody pinch me. I don't know whether I'm dead or alive."

Their laughs rang out in the clear morning air.

Matt, still overwhelmed by the strange miracle that caught us up, said, "Captain, what did you think about when you knew we were going to crash?"

Son looked at him for a moment, as though he would rather not answer that question. Then he said, "All I could think was: No one will live through this."

Trying to control the panic in my voice, I called to the boys. "Son, Matt, all of you! What are our chances of sliding on down the hill ahead of us?"

They all turned and looked appraisingly at the ship. Son said, "It's well bedded down in the deep snow, Mommie. Don't be afraid, it won't move."

But I was afraid, terribly, shakingly afraid. From where I stood, it seemed as though the plane would dislodge any minute and skate down the glacier. It would be quite a sleigh ride.

The plane was almost intact. Neither wing was damaged. One prop had snapped off, two windows in the cabin were partially broken out, and the door to the john was jammed part way open. We never did get around to fixing that door, but it became of less and less consequence as the days went by.

At eight that morning Hill went to the radio. Istres came in immediately. Hill again gave them our position, and asked for supplies. He also informed Istres that eight of us were stretcher cases. We later learned that that message caused a great deal of consternation among those who were sweating out our plight, but Son knew that we women never could traverse those snowy wastes on foot, even if we had the proper clothing. Nor could any aircraft land near us.

Istres encouraged us with the message that the Lancaster and land rescue parties were starting out immediately. They asked us to keep the wings of

our plane swept clear of snow and to keep a signal fire going to facilitate their search for us, both by air and by land. Then they asked us to call them at twelve noon, and again at six in the evening.

Our first breakfast consisted of one Life Saver apiece. As yet we hadn't pooled and inventoried our supply of candy bars. Fortunately, all of us had drawn our candy rations in Munich, so we estimated roughly that we would have enough to last us several days, provided we doled it out systematically.

The boys attacked the day's plans with great enthusiasm. First of all, something had to be done to protect their feet from frostbite, since they would have to remain out of doors most of the time. They solved the problem by using the canvas covers of the chutes. These they slit open at the top, fluffed up the horsehair stuffing inside, and with the shroud-lines tied them snugly around their feet and ankles, which had first been wrapped with strips of parachute silk. They were bulky but warm.

Making preparations to build a signal fire got under way. Here they were faced with the difficult problem of building it on top of twenty feet of snow. In the cupboard of the areaway they found two long aluminum pans, which had been used to keep food warm. The pans were some six inches deep, ten inches wide, and eighteen inches long. Selecting a spot about fifty yards down the slope away from the plane, they set one of the pans on the snow. A few splinters broken off the partition between the cabin and flight deck were used to get the fire started.

Since we were far above the timber line, there was no wood for fuel, so from there on, the fire was fed by a mixture of engine oil and gasoline from the plane. Keeping it going during the days to come was a task that required easily half their time. Because of the tilt of the plane, removing the cap from the left wing tank caused gasoline to run out into the snow under us, creating a fire hazard. Every precaution must be taken to ensure the safety of the plane, which represented our only hope of survival. Therefore, gasoline must be taken from the right wing tank. This entailed a long, laborious pilgrimage all the way around the nose of the plane and up the other side. With each step, a tremendous effort at that altitude, they sank thigh-deep into the snow. Progress was extremely slow and exhausting, made more so by the clumsiness of their improvised footgear.

To collect the gummy engine oil, Son, Matt, Harvey, and Hill took turns, reaching into a small opening. This was a slow, painstaking chore. Their hands were constantly rubbed raw by the knobs in the tank opening which held the cap on. The oil irritated the rawness until all of them were suffering intensely from sore, swollen hands. Gasoline was dipped out in a small paper cup which was lowered into the tank on the end of a piece of

wire. All day, every day, they made constant sorties to the right wing to keep a supply of fuel on hand for emergencies.

During the morning Harvey and Hill climbed out on the right wing to mend the broken windows with a piece of canvas. We had used two of our precious blankets the night before to stuff up the holes. The boys had trouble finding a place in the metal fuselage where the canvas could be fastened. Finally, they came inside, where to their joy they discovered that all around each window were strips of wood fastened on with screws. These strips were removed, the canvas placed over the windows, and the strips replaced, making the closing snug and secure.

6

AT TWELVE noon Hill again called Istres. He came back into the cabin, his face alight with a glow that was a joy to see.

"Istres says a Lancaster will be circling us in ten minutes!"

He came on through the clutter of people and blankets, picking his way uncertainly as though he were trying to cross a stream on a series of slippery stones, and joined the others outside.

The fire was leaping into the air, forming a column of black smoke, which, against the white slopes of the mountains, should make our position evident. To attract even more attention from the air, since the silver wings of our plane would be difficult to see against the snow, Alberta's and Alice's bright-red housecoats were sacrificed to the cause, and were laid side by side on the snow some distance away from the plane.

Harvey stuck his head inside and called to us. "Hey, fellahs, come on out and get some of this heat."

Heat! That was a magic word.

Coming out of the dead, clammy cold of the plane into the brilliant sunshine was almost like stepping into a heated room. Actual heat waves reflected off the snow. The boys had taken off their overcoats and were working around in their blouses, with beads of perspiration on their faces. This explained the strange paradox of pictures I'd seen of people skiing in bathing suits. There was real heat here. We all got a sunburn that day.

With an Army blanket draped over my head like an Indian squaw, I shivered with ecstasy as the warmth of the sun filtered through the thick wool. In my little teepee I could at last flex my numb fingers, which for so many hours had felt more like wooden sticks than flesh and blood. Life took on a new meaning as numbing cold slowly gave way to delicious warmth and renewed circulation. Except for the Colonel and Folsom, everyone was out in the sun now, hungrily soaking in its life-giving warmth and exhilaration. Before long we

were milling around, exuberant with this unexpected piece of good luck.

We were a weird collection of humans. Lona's smart light-gray suit was smeared with dirt and blood. Alberta said, laughing, "When I think of how chinchy I've been about wearing this coat, and how I hung it up in a cedar bag the minute I took it off — and now look at it!" A long rip in the beautiful fur extended halfway around one armhole, and it was matted down where she had slept in it and had crawled around on the floor. She said, "You know, Marguerite, when our husbands come for us, and find out how dirty we are, they're going to wish they'd left us up here!" Alice, who always has that immaculate, scrubbed look, now wore a dirty face with the rest of us. On her foot, which was swollen to twice its size, with black, ugly streaks running up her ankle, she was wearing one of the Colonel's bedroom slippers. My gray squirrel coat was dirty and had little flecks of blood sticking to it. All of us women had made peasant scarfs from parachute silk, from which emerged, both fore and aft, stringy, straggly, uncombed hair. The boys were showing five o'clock shadow over the dirt on their faces. Son's blond hair stuck up out of his bandage like a dried-up sunflower.

As the minutes rolled by, and no plane appeared, our hopes began to fade. Then, almost as if the elements were conspiring to bring defeat a little closer, the wind whipped down over the ridge above us as though someone had turned on a gigantic fan. Instantly, all the warmth went out of the sun's rays. We hurried back into the plane, hoping to retain some of the warmth we had assimilated.

We snatched up our blankets to take them back into the plane with us. Son said, "Mom, watch every little piece of snow sticking to the blankets and pick them all off. If the blankets get damp they'll never dry out and we won't be able to use them." So we spent the next half hour inspecting each blanket for even the tiniest beads of snow. We were learning, bit by bit, the importance of extreme care for our comfort and security.

Son and Hill remained outside, still looking and listening, reluctant to give up hope. About thirty the sun descended behind the mountain back of us. It was too late now to expect the Lancaster. Son and Hill came in. With the very last flicker of light, the chocolate bars were passed. But no one was hungry. We nibbled at them unenthusiastically. Some water had been melted during the day, but it was tainted with the taste of gasoline and oil and smoke. It didn't mix very well with the chocolate, but it was wet. We felt a little squeamish after our evening repast.

That night, our second, was bad. It had turned colder. Again, that deadly, brutal cold ate through our clothing like acid. The wind battered at the plane with a dull, thudding constancy. We were

huddled together like a brood of baby chicks, our noses burrowed deep under blankets and silk. Alberta and I arranged ourselves as best we could opposite the Hayneses, who occupied two chairs. General Haynes was tall and angular. With his difficulty in breathing, trying to lie on the floor had been exquisite torture to him. Lona suffered from time to time with a heart ailment, which made it advisable to keep her sitting up, and as quiet as possible. Her condition was aggravated by altitude.

Colonel McMahon lay alarmingly still. Alice and Alice Mary were rolled into a tight bundle beside his bed. Folsom had slept intermittently all day, and was now wakeful and restive. Hill had, by general consent, been consigned to the upper bunk. He was over six feet tall, and had difficulty in arranging his long body in the already crowded space on the floor.

Harvey, Son, and Matt were lined up just above Folsom's bed, fanned out a little, with their feet pooled together in a nest of parachute silk they had made at the end of the Sergeant's bed. They had discovered that their feet were warmer without shoes.

I tossed and turned and squirmed. Every time I moved I pulled the covers that Alberta and I had wrapped around the two of us. She was miserable and so was I. Finally, in despair, I sat up and announced that I was darned near frozen to death.

"Come on over here, Mom, it's warm as toast."

In the pitch-black I made my way precariously on my hands and knees, amid various warnings, "Hey, look out! That's my face!" Or "Ouch! My sore arm."

Finally I crawled in beside Son, and after taking my shoes off, I stuck my icy feet in with the other six, which were now warm and radiating heat. It seemed incredible that in such bitter and devastating cold there could be a place in the plane as warm as that nest of silk with its snarl of feet.

7

TO THOSE of you who have trouble with a sensitive conscience, the following will be of interest. On Thursday, Son thought it a good idea to delegate me, as a committee of one, to look under everything to see what could be found in the way of food, especially fragments of flight lunches. As Son so nicely put it, I was built close to the ground. So, during the morning I started out on my job, crawling around on my hands and knees. It was back of General Haynes's chair that I met my Waterloo. There I found two whole buns—four halves—and lying benignly beside them was a succulent, tempting nubbin of Vienna sausage, not more than an inch long. It looked at me, and I looked at it, like two puppies appraising each other through a hole in a fence. While we were eying

each other, it somehow got up and walked right into my mouth. Filthy dirty though it was, it tasted like a chicken dinner.

But I remembered, from stories I'd read about emergencies of our kind, that people had been shot for eating out of turn. As I pulled my head out and showed my wicked face to the unsuspecting wretches who trusted me so implicitly, I held up the four pieces of bun, intact. During the luncheon party that followed I penalized myself by refusing a piece of bun, temporizing by saying this was as good a time as ever to lose a few pounds.

At twelve noon Hill called Istres, according to schedule. As he came back into the cabin after talking to them, he seemed a little more agitated than usual. Their message said that searching parties started out at dawn, and that a plane should be circling us in an hour. They again asked us to keep a signal fire going in order to help the searchers.

The boys sprang into action. They had accumulated a pan of oil during the morning. Now they tore the curtains from the windows and took them outside and saturated them with oil. Parts of the leather chairs outside were torn away and placed beside the fire. The rubber de-icer boots also were stripped off the wings and laid where they could be reached easily. All those things would make a wonderful black smoke when they burned. The boys worked feverishly, panting and puffing as they tore around.

There wasn't enough fuel to keep the black smudge-fire going for long, so they didn't want to waste a bit of it needlessly. It was all we had, and we were staking our all on this one chance. In that exquisite stillness a plane could be heard long before it appeared.

We sat out there for quite a long time. The sun was wonderful. The wings of the plane were swept clean of the snow that had fallen on them during the night. The sky directly above us was clear, but all around the horizon small clouds rested on the tops of the mountains like marshmallows on a birthday cake.

The boys were standing around the fire, talking and laughing among themselves. Suddenly, I saw Son lift his head quickly and cock it to one side as though listening; then Matt, Harvey, and Hill. With a concerted motion, they sprang toward the pile of material lying there. Feverishly they threw the curtains on the fire, and in a second, black smoke billowed up fifty feet into the air.

Then we heard it, then saw it—a plane! The boys were yelling, "There it is! There she comes!"

We all shot out of our chairs as though springs had propelled us into the air. In their excitement the boys were falling all over each other, floundering and falling down in the deep snow. Crazily they threw more oil on the fire. Next came the rubber de-icer boots. The black smoke boiled out

against the glaring white of the snow like an ink stain on a white tablecloth.

The plane swung along the edge of the clouds on the horizon, looking as businesslike and determined as a fat man going to lunch. But it kept going east and not turning. Surely it was only swinging around to come back. We watched it, our eyes strained and aching from the glare, but it didn't come back. For a few heartbreaking minutes we all stood there, speechless, unable to take our eyes away from the direction in which the plane had disappeared.

After twenty minutes had gone by, we came to the crushing realization that they hadn't seen us. There was abysmal silence. Finally, Son said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Strangely, the sun lost its warmth and cheer. We could never build another fire like that, for there wasn't anything more to burn. Like a still picture slowly coming to life, we all filed silently back into the plane. The disappointment was almost too much to bear.

It was then that Son decided to take a definite step. Hill was to call Istres, even though it was not on time schedule, and ask for a triangular "fix." Something was wrong. We were confident that they were bending every effort toward us, but when a plane goes practically over us and doesn't see our signal, they must be looking for us in the wrong place. Possibly our report on location was incorrect, and we weren't where they, or we, thought we were. Certainly visibility was perfect.

Hill went to the radio. It was still working, which was another miracle. The normal expectancy from the batteries was twenty-four hours. Now, after more than forty-eight hours they were still functioning, although growing a little weaker. They must have been buried deep in the snow, which kept them from freezing.

Istres came in immediately. We at least had the comfort of knowing that someone on that end was vigilant and alert, for our signals were caught almost instantly. They, too, were anxious for a "fix." Six o'clock that night was agreed upon as the time it should be taken. That would give them time enough to notify the other stations.

At six Hill called Istres for the "fix." In the dim glow of the flashlight, we could see all the boys grouped around the radio, their faces almost ghostly in the faint light. They stood there, tense and silent. Hill pressed down on the key and held it for two minutes. Then the batteries died. We could not know if it had succeeded. We could send no more messages.

I have little recollection of the rest of that night. There was none of our usual banter and talk, which had helped us through the other two nights. I can only remember that it was a terrible night — very long, and very cold.

FRIDAY morning dawned without hope for us. It was snowing hard. The wings of the plane were thickly covered with snow and the sky was cloaked with gray. No one left the plane.

About noon that day, Matt went up to the flight deck. A few minutes later he emerged into the cabin, walking unsteadily as he strove for balance. Opened before his face was a small black Bible, which he was reading as he came. He looked for all the world like any impassioned young parson leading his first group of converts to the altar. As we recognized the book, a new interest sprang up among us. Matt came over and sat down by Alberta and me.

"What are you reading, Matt?" I asked, trying to look over his shoulder.

"To tell the truth, Mrs. Tate, I just opened it up and there was the Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm."

"Read it to us, Matt. I love the Psalms."

"Sure enough, you want to hear it?" He looked at me quizzically, to be certain I meant it.

"Sure enough," I replied.

He began to read, his voice even and calm. Something quieting and solemn stole into that cold, icy plane and seemed to warm us through and through.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. . . ." When he had finished, we begged for more.

Matt thumbed through the Book, stopping here and there to read one or two verses which seemed appropriate. As we listened, one or another would suggest a passage. Into the chaotic, unhappy, uncomfortable frame of mind we all had shared for days came a strange sort of peace.

Suddenly the boys raised their heads like dogs pointing game. The air was electrified. Then we all heard it — a plane! We heard the roar of engines in the distance, coming closer and closer. The boys shot out of doors, Son grabbing the Very pistol as he went. They fell all over themselves and everybody else on their way out. Hill sputtered as he tried to find his shoes.

"It's the 906!" he shouted, as he tore up to the radio in his stocking feet. He knew every plane at Tulln and had flown on practically every one of them.

Pulling ourselves together after the human avalanche passed by, Alberta and I crawled to the window and scratched a hole in the frost.

As we knelt there looking out, over the ridge to the east came a B-17 like an angel straight out of heaven. It came at us through the narrow corridor of blue sky that extended directly over us.

Hill was crouched over his radio set, alternately listening and tapping. The batteries were so weak

it was difficult to hear what was being said, but we could hear the faint voice of the radio operator on the B-17 come in and then we distinctly heard the words Tate and Snavelly. Our husbands had come for us! We hugged each other and jumped up and down like crazy people.

As the B-17 swooped down into the valley and came over us with a roar, they dropped two flares to let us know they had seen us. Son replied with two of ours. They circled around once, then came back.

On their third trip over, large objects began to fall. Supplies were coming down to us! Now we could eat! Perhaps there would be warm clothes and blankets! From then on there wasn't much sense to anything. We were all drunk with excitement. Our world suddenly lost its small confines. There was a great, wide, beautiful world out there somewhere, and it was waiting to welcome us back into the fold.

Within the hour, the sky was cluttered with planes. Obviously they had been cruising in the vicinity waiting for the signal that we had been located. I can just see them all turning tail and making a beeline for the spot. Our "fix" had not been in vain.

By now there were ten or twelve planes circling and swooping above us, all coming over to drop the supplies they must have carried for days. Large canvas bags began falling like nickles out of a jackpot, plummeting down and going out of sight in the deep snow. Alice Mary was jumping up and down, her pigtailed bobbing crazily. "Wheel!" she exclaimed, "it's just like Christmas."

There were American C-47's, one C-54, and one B-29, British Lancasters, and French transports. Then came the Swiss planes. I shall never forget that beautiful sight. The clouds had almost disappeared from the sky. Remnants of them were hurrying off to the north like frightened chickens making for the hen house. It was another miracle: the sky was clear as crystal.

The C-47's came over first, one at a time, and began to jettison their cargoes. Many bags were dropping too far away to be of any good to us. They were trying to drop them closer, but terrific updrafts upset their calculations. As they'd get nearly over us, the planes would rock and tip, and the bags would go every which way. However, enough fell within a hundred yards of us to keep the boys busy for the rest of the day.

They set out immediately to bring in what they could. We still had darkness to reckon with. But they found their troubles as they reached the nearest hole, for the bags were dropping with such force they were going down into the snow anywhere from six to eight feet. Retrieving one bag at a time took the efforts of all four.

Panting and heaving, but deliriously happy, they dragged their first bag of loot back to the plane.

By now we were inside the cabin. They threw the bag through the doorway onto the floor of the area-way, climbed in over it, and dragged it part way into the cabin. We were so excited we could hardly wait till they got the heavy rope fastening untied and spilled the contents on the floor at our feet.

I shall never forget that particular incident. Our eyes must have stuck out like stops on an organ as we waited to see what we would get first. Heaven only knows what we expected. Food, of course. When the bag disgorged twelve pairs of overshoes we didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

For a moment there was utter silence. It was certainly not a sight to start up activity of the salivary glands, for there could be nothing less appetizing than a pile of rubber shoes lopping all over each other, toes pointing in all directions. Suddenly I thought of the man who went into a restaurant and asked the waiter to give him something to jade his appetite. We had it right here.

"Well, folks," Harvey said, his hands on his hips as he swayed back and forth, surveying the pile before him, "there you are. Chew on those till we get back."

By a quarter to five all planes had gone from the sky and again all was quiet there on the mountain side. In our own plane, though, there was much excitement and chattering. The boys had managed to bring in four or five bags which had produced a wide variety of articles — food, clothing, blankets and medical supplies, even little chemical cubes for fireless cooking.

Our first real food for days was K-rations. Son doled out one package apiece, with the warning, "Take it easy now, folks, and eat very slowly. Chew every bite a long time before you swallow it, and wait a minute or two between bites."

Just before dark Son made some tea in a tin can outside. It was a long process, trying to get the water hot enough over the chemical fire to steep the tea. Actually, it wasn't very good when it was finished, for it was weak and thick with tea leaves. However, it was wet, and by straining it through our teeth, we all got a swallow as the can went the rounds. The real *pièce de résistance* was the canned sliced peaches. They were wet, sweet, and cold to our parched mouths. We ate them right out of the cans, with our hands. They tasted so good that I wanted to rub them into my hair, my face. I wanted to take a bath in sliced peaches.

Ultimately, the excitement died down and we got a reaction from our strenuous last few hours. Suddenly we were tired — beautifully, deliciously tired, like children on Christmas night.

Before settling down for the night, I went outside. With overshoes to protect my feet now, I walked part way down the path that had led to the fire and sat down on one of the empty canvas bags that lay on a snowbank.

The night was calm and still. Stars shone coldly in a clear sky, unperturbed by the recent roar and commotion of man's contrivances. There in the dim whiteness I remembered Matt's reading of the Psalms. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

All around lay the same mountains, the same snows, the same crevasses. We had achieved our metamorphosis, but they were ageless. Turning, I surveyed the scene in panorama until my eyes came to rest on our plane, lying there in the semi-darkness like a monument to the Fates. In that plane was my son, my adored first-born, who had saved my life and the lives of ten others. But he had broken his own heart. His usual joyous, exuberant nature had changed frighteningly into a sober, dangerous calm. The face that always lighted up from within when he smiled was pale and drawn now. He had lost much weight, much blood. Yet his efforts had been unflagging. It was not enough that a war should make an old man of him before his time; he must now have this tragedy to mar his days and nights forever.

Suddenly, the floodgates opened, and I began to cry, silently and bitterly, for all the boys who had carried the war on their young shoulders. Tears streaked down my face and froze into little beads on the front of my coat.

After a bit, when the blessing of tears had washed away some of my mental and physical turmoil, I rose to go back into the plane. Again I heard that muffled boom, near yet far. The ground under my feet shook slightly. It was the crevasse just off the tail of the plane. I actually saw it open farther. Foot by foot, it was creeping up on us.

9

WE awakened on Saturday morning after our first real rest. Our hearts were singing, our hopes real. Almost before we could get organized, two Swiss planes came over. First came a Fieschler-Storch, painted snowy white. On its underside was a white cross within a red shield, the national emblem of Switzerland. Flying slowly, almost hovering, it came over us so low that the message they dropped nearly fell into our outstretched hands.

Eagerly we watched the bright red package, with long red streamers, as it tumbled down to us. The message inside said that a ground rescue party started out at dawn and should reach us early that afternoon. My spine tingled. This was it! All of a sudden I wanted to go to the bathroom; I wanted to clean my teeth, to wash my face, to comb my hair. This was pretty special. All those luxuries were just around the corner.

The Fieschler-Storch swam away through the

sea of blue sky overhead with the dignity of a swan parading before a group of Sunday strollers in the park.

Then a biplane bustled in. It dropped a large, oddly shaped object a short distance away. The boys bounded for it, lugged it in, and had it opened almost before the biplane got away. In it was a five-gallon thermos of hot, sweet tea. There were also a slab of bacon, four huge loaves of fresh whole-wheat bread, Swiss powdered chocolate, Swiss canned milk — more like real cream than milk — and four portable aluminum cookers. Heat for cooking was provided for by small chemical tablets which, when lighted, gave off an intense, white flame. The boys assembled the cookers and got our kitchen department going. There in the brilliant sunlight Son was busy slicing bacon, and Matt was slicing bread.

And then came to us a sensation we hadn't had for many days — an odor that tops all odors — the smell of frying bacon in the open. The saliva began to gather in my mouth, and a sharp pang hit the pit of my stomach.

Son yelled, "Come and get it!"

What a treat, what a thrill! The bacon was almost raw, even though great quantities of fat had broiled out of it. It would never cook through at that altitude, but it didn't matter. Between jagged, thick slabs of soft, fresh bread went the half-cooked bacon, a chef-d'oeuvre if there ever was one. We sopped up the bacon grease with our crusts, and laughed at each other's greasy faces as we stood there, dunking bread into the sizzling fat. We carried bread, bacon, and hot tea into the cabin for Folsom and the Colonel. We found ourselves slapping each other on the back and saying, "We don't want to be rescued — we're having a wonderful time."

With a roar and a swish, over the peaks came several small white fighter planes, Swiss. They, too, had the shield painted on their little white bellies. They darted in and out of the smaller peaks, swooped down into the valley like bees in a hatbox. They darted around so fast and so low that at times we would lose sight of them against the snow. Then, just as we began to fear they might have cracked up on the side of a mountain, they would puckishly rise into the blue sky and flit around again. It was a private air circus.

About eleven o'clock the American planes began to arrive. After the quiet efficiency of the Swiss planes, they were very noisy and boisterous, like a crowd of boys heading for the ball park. One by one, they peeled off and came over us, dropping bag after bag, box after box. They were pinpoint bombing now. The stuff was coming too close for comfort. Occasionally a bag hit the fuselage of the plane and bounced off. We wondered why they didn't go right through the top. The Hayneses returned to the plane and settled them-

selves quietly in their chairs. Alice went in and took Alice Mary with her. Alberta and I stayed out.

At first this was just another thrilling bit of excitement for us, but it wasn't long before we, too, were running for cover. We didn't get all the way in the plane — we just stuck our heads inside the door like silly ostriches, with our *derrières* making very good targets.

Then we heard a roar in the distance. Four or five planes nosed over the ridge and came at us again. This time it was the British.

As each plane lost altitude to drop its offerings, it would begin to wobble and waver like a little boy walking a fence rail. We could see the first bag as it left the bomb bay, and in a few seconds a parachute to which the bag was attached, opened and began to drift in. The chute was bright crimson, a beautiful sight against the cobalt sky. Alberta screamed as we watched it drift down, "I've got dibbs on that one. I'll make a housecoat of it!"

Down came another, this time a bright green. "Okay!" I yelled back at her, trying to make myself heard above the roar of the planes, "you can have the red. I'll take the green!"

Down came the bags with their brilliant couriers — blues, greens, reds, and yellows — but alas, we never got them. As the planes came almost over us and released the chutes, they would open and start right down toward us. About five hundred feet up they'd begin to shift their directions, then float far off course like soap bubbles, coming to rest on the snow much too far away to be retrieved. We stood there, disconsolate, and watched them go off at a tangent as though some imp of fortune had laid in wait for them and puffed them out of reach. It was a tantalizing disappointment.

Not long after the British had gone away, a new group of American planes barged in on the scene. Flying in formation, they stormed at us where we lay so helplessly in our mountain pocket, came low, then pointed their noses up, skimmed the top of the mountain back of us, and went away. When they circled short and came back like a March gale, and no objects fell, the boys knew they were getting aerial pictures of our situation.

Supplies were now stacked around us like a warehouse. We wondered if they thought we expected to spend the winter here. We had enough food for a regiment.

10

AT LAST we could have a good fire from the packing cases in which the supplies had been sent. The water the boys were preparing now wouldn't taste of oil. I announced my intentions of washing my teeth, so Hill ploughed down the incline and brought me a can of warm water. I could hardly

wait to get over to one side and start scrubbing my teeth. I was going great guns, thrilling to the taste and feel of the clean tooth paste, when Harvey let out a yell that almost sent me headfirst into a snowbank: "Look! God Almighty, look!"

My arm stopped in the middle of a jab. Everyone was running toward the tail of the plane. Without rinsing my mouth, I joined them. There, silhouetted against the westering sky, like two cherubim, stood the first of our rescuers. They sighted us, lifted their arms in salute, and swept gracefully down the long, high slope, their skis leaving tiny trails behind them in the snow.

Everybody was yelling his head off. The two Swiss skiers hugged us, kissed us, slapped our backs, then hugged us again. I must have looked as though I were frothing at the mouth, for I had forgotten to wipe the tooth paste off. The words *Grüss Gott* were repeated time after time. I hugged Hill, then turned and hit Harvey a whack on the back that almost knocked him over. He hit me back, then we hugged each other. We were stark raving mad. Everyone was talking at the same time, but it didn't matter.

As the two Swiss sipped happily on the whiskey we had jealously saved for just this occasion, the boys quickly opened some cans of stew and got it on to heat. The skiers hadn't eaten since four that morning, when they started out. It had taken them eleven hours to reach us. Eleven hours to traverse fifteen miles. No small wonder they looked haggard and fatigued. While they were eating, they told us that eighty more men were on their way. Eighty! Great balls of fire, where would we put them? Oh, well, that was of minor importance now.

Not long after, they started coming, following the ski trails marked out by the first two. They came in groups of perhaps twenty. We went back into the plane, and as each group arrived, they all filed through the plane in a circle, and solemnly shook hands and *Grüss Gott*-ed every one of us. Each wore the same incredulous expression in his eyes as he bent low and greeted us. Later, when we were conversing with the Swiss doctor, a handsome fellow who spoke very precise English, he explained it to us. They had never seen anything like this before. They were all highly trained for just this sort of thing, but never before had arrived at the scene of a crash to find not only the plane intact, but all its occupants alive. Nor could they, or the doctor, understand how we had withstood the days and nights of extreme cold, or how we had avoided frostbite, at least. We were given a cursory physical examination, mostly questioning. He shook his head in disbelief at our general condition. As he examined Folsom's leg, he complimented Harvey very highly, saying that, under the circumstances, he had given the very best of first aid, and had done a splendid job of setting

the shattered limb. We were all so very proud of Harvey.

All eighty men were fed as they arrived. Now we knew why such great quantities of food had been dropped: supper that night and breakfast the next morning for almost a hundred people. They weren't taking any chances on the Loaves and Fishes sequence, even though we had survived only by a series of miracles. The boys worked frantically for hours, opening boxes of food and trying to heat it on our little cookers. Finally, they gave up trying to play host and turned the Swiss loose on the supplies to let each man take care of himself.

11

DESPITE their fatigue after their long day's trek the Swiss fell to making preparations for the night. One group scooped out a large area in the snow under the left wing, lined it with paper, and even had a little door on it. In a jiffy they had a dugout that was as snug as a kangaroo's pouch.

The luggage compartment was stripped of its contents, which were placed in an orderly pile near-by, and as many Swiss as possible jammed themselves inside.

Others preferred to remain in the open, standing or sitting around the four huge charcoal fires built at intervals on the down slope. These they kept burning brightly by throwing on bits of wood from packing cases. The firelight played on their white wind-resistant jumpers which they wore over their uniforms, pant legs stuffed down inside their ski boots. A hood attached was pulled snugly down around their faces, which shone red not only from the firelight but from the day's exposure to wind and sun.

Inside the plane we all sat around in a stupor. Light from the fires outside came through the frosty windows and cast an eerie glow throughout the cabin. There was too much noise outside and too much confusion inside to allow for sleep. We moved around sluggishly, trying either to sit up or lie down.

Each of us had been given a warm outfit, padded trousers and a parka, to wear down the mountain the next morning. I had jacked myself into a pair of football jobs that were much too long and bunglesome for my short legs. Over these I had a pair of fur-lined flying boots. I felt like a fat man at a potato race as I waddled around and shifted position. My back and head were aching and I was tired enough to die. Finally, I knew there was just one thing to do, and I did it. I crept over and lodged myself alongside Folsom's bed. I didn't care who stepped on my face.

Sometime during that night, when I came out of a doze, I overheard Son talking to Matt about the plans for the morning.

"I'm staying behind and will follow you down."

My heart skipped a beat. What was he talking about? Staying behind! And why? I rolled over and reached out to him.

"What are you talking about?" I queried. "Why should you stay behind?"

"Take it easy, Mom. I won't be alone. Some of the guides will be with me. I just want to check out here after everyone is out, and see that everything is all right before I leave the ship."

For a sharp moment bitter tears welled up. I remembered the tradition: the Captain is the last one to leave his ship.

I watched him as he lay there in a half-reclining position, supporting himself on one elbow, talking seriously to Matt, who had assumed the same position facing him. In the half-light I could see the outline of his face, looking so like his father. The dirty bandage that encircled his head, and a five-day growth of beard, made him look older than his twenty-five years. In that quarter century he had experienced more than most men do in a lifetime. Mothers have a universal and common weakness: they never see their sons grown up — they see only little boys running around, busy and enchanted with their countless occupations of youth. Was this man-child the little boy who had run to me once, his grubby little hand outstretched, ecstatic with wonder at a tiny iridescent feather from a nameless bird lying upon it? Was he the one who had wept unconsolably when one of his baby rabbits died?

"No," I told myself, "that was yesterday. Today is today. I must accept that thought. He is big — far bigger than I ever can hope to become. I can keep and cherish my memories, but him I must release. Those memories are mine, not his. I have finished my work; now he must finish his." At that very moment, deep in the night, I relinquished him to the world.

Chapters and chapters more could be written concerning our ultimate rescue, the chief credit for which goes to the valiant Swiss. In the choice of words, one feels beggared. Vainly I have sought for the ones which will convey, in utter simplicity, the valor, the complete lack of self-aggrandizement, the strength of endeavor that brought these dauntless souls out of their warm homes, sent them out into the biting cold of a winter morning, to give succor to us twelve. I know what cold they faced, what terrain they traversed, what risks they ran. For them there was no profit, no reward, except what they earned in knowing they were going out to save twelve lives. None was urged, or even asked, to join the searching party. The distress signal was sounded, and eighty heroes responded to the call. They came of their own volition. Greater love hath no man. To each of those eighty men we twelve owe our lives.



Art critic and writer, DANIEL CATTON RICH has been Director of the Art Institute of Chicago and Curator of Painting since 1938. For the 58th Annual Exhibition, the Institute arranged a series of exhibits on dominant themes in American Art. The showing which opened last November was made up of 256 paintings and sculptures by American abstract and surrealist artists, and in collecting them Mr. Rich and his staff were impressed by the vitality and scope of this new movement.

FREEDOM OF THE BRUSH

by DANIEL CATTON RICH

I

THOUGH few of us suspect the fact, American painting is facing a major change. Up to the beginning of the Second World War, our tradition could be called a broadly realistic one; the American artist, from Copley to Hopper, had been chiefly concerned with recording the objective facts of nature. When he occasionally colored fact with romanticism, as in the landscapes of the Hudson River School, he still rooted his vision in precise observation.

Today this tradition is being challenged by the growth of a new American school of non-representational painting. By non-representation I mean the various abstract modes as well as the irrational and automatic picture-writing of the surrealists. A typical studio of the moment in Eighth Street, or for that matter in Laramie, Wyoming, is apt to disclose canvases full of "geometric" or "bimorphic" forms. These may be brightly, placidly, or violently painted and labeled "Composition," "Motion in Space," or "Lunar Madness." What is happening to American painting, and what are some of the reasons behind this shift from the real world to the more private world of forms and dreams?

It has been evident for some time that non-realistic approaches to painting have been greatly on the increase. Abstract and surrealist canvases have invaded the large annual exhibitions of American art at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia; and in 1946, Carnegie Institute awarded its first prize to Karl Knaths for an abstraction, "Gear." The latest annual exhibition of the Whitney Museum of American Art — always a sensitive barometer of advanced taste — turned out to be a triumph for non-representational forms.

Two years ago when the Art Institute of Chicago decided to arrange an exhibition of abstraction and surrealism in America, it was uncertain how widespread these movements were. Conservative critics

had called them the "dabbings of a tiny minority" and had prophesied their quick death on American soil. It was necessary to explore the field, so the Institute sent two of its curators, Frederick A. Sweet and Mrs. Katharine Kuh, throughout the country to study the problem and to bring back an exhibition of typical works.

These curators traveled over 25,000 miles. They started with a fairly small list of artists but they soon discovered more and more painters working in these modes, until finally the trail led them into every section of the United States. They attended exhibitions, huge and small; they delved into college and university art departments; they sat for hours in the more advanced sales galleries on 57th Street and knocked on the studio doors of hundreds of painters.

They found that where, ten years ago, one or two artists in a community were experimenting with non-representation, today the number has doubled or trebled. Hundreds of men and women throughout America are working vigorously with abstract means, attempting to convey their personal emotion through lines, colors, effects of light and texture, rather than through transcriptions of nature. As for American artists under thirty, abstraction, together with a moody form of expressionism, has become one of the two most popular approaches to painting.

The curators expected to find the greatest number of artists in the large cities but were surprised to run across them in Walnut Creek, California, Muscoda, Wisconsin, or Lincoln, Nebraska. They were interested to note that at least three out of every four painters working in these modes were native-born Americans, contradicting the often repeated statement that art of this sort is the work of "foreigners." Most of all, they were impressed by the wide variety of styles and expression. They felt

that the non-realistic approach was gathering momentum and had largely taken over the progressive wing of American art.

The exhibition which opened in Chicago in November allows a few generalizations on the main drives of the movement. It is clear that orthodox surrealism is on the wane. Some of its leaders, Max Ernst, Tchelitchew, and the ubiquitous Salvador Dali, are at present in America, but their work has lost the power to shock which distinguished the early phases. Gone are the savage paranoia and decadent nostalgias. Perhaps surrealism, as an art movement, ended with the outbreak of the war. No surrealist could imagine monsters to compete with Hitler and Göring or invent sadisms to equal those of Buchenwald or Lidice.

By far the greater proportion of the Chicago exhibition fell into that baffling class called "abstract." In fact — and this is significant — most American work cannot be pigeonholed in one of the many convenient European isms of which the twentieth century has furnished us so long and complicated a list. There is practically no cubism, in the sense of reducing and recombining aspects of solid form into a new pattern. Such experiment belongs to the past and evidently no self-respecting abstractionist would paint a cubist picture today any more than he would go out and do an impressionist sunset.

Curiously enough the chief influence at work here does not seem to be Picasso. American painters of this type seem wary of Picasso's tremendous virtuosity. They glance away from open competition with the Spanish prestidigitator, preferring to lean on the rarefied textures and muted palette of Braque. The spidery handwriting of Klee, the flowing color jottings of Miró, have broadened the American vocabulary of form. Fantastic and surrealist elements in both Klee and Miró have sometimes joined with the austere shapes of Russian and German constructivism. One of the favorite American modes, expressionism, has furnished heightened color and rhythmic distortions.

The result is a stimulating crossing of styles from which emerge several distinct native types. There is evolving a dynamic American picture, built on sensations of speed, movement, and kaleidoscopic change. Some of these elements may be found in the paintings of Stuart Davis, long an influence in American abstraction. But younger artists like John Seenhauser, Seymour Franks, and Oscar Fischinger more consciously reflect the pace and tension of American life. They have consulted the air view and the air map. In other abstractions of this class it is not uncommon to find echoes of futurism, a long-dead Italian movement, which stressed velocity and dynamics. Other devices, such as the multiple or split image, are clearly inspired by the contemporary motion picture.

It has been said by its critics that abstraction is created in a vacuum and has no connection with the life or environment of the artist. Worth noting is the fact that Americans are developing certain regional themes within the broader national framework. The city is a constant source of inspiration to artists like Robert Jay Wolff and Rudolph Weisenborn; it invades the fantastic forms of Charles Howard's neon-lighted world as well as the kinetic cityscapes by Nan Lurie.

Far in the Northwest, artists like Mark Tobey and Morris Graves of Washington reflect, in their work, the subaqueous light and mystery of that region. Consulting Chinese calligraphy and Sung landscape painting, they have developed their own styles, which in turn have had considerable influence on artists of this area.

In Oregon the veteran cowpuncher C. S. Price has long been painting abstractions in thick, heavy pigment which suggests the earth, while the low tones and deep colors relate to the heavy forests of the North.

Boston, with its circle of artists round Karl Zerbe, has produced a full-scale expressionist movement. But in the work of certain Boston contemporaries rich, fantastic color is employed to suggest the decaying moods of surrealism or used abstractly.

Various artists, of which Steve Wheeler is perhaps the best known, have turned to American Indian motifs, much as the French cubists once consulted African sculpture. Another group of painters is exploring the Indian pictograph. Ellwood Graham and Adolph Gottlieb manage to suggest an ancient and ambiguous world in their painted symbolism.

Quite as characteristically American is a new lyric approach found in works by William Baziotas and Robert Motherwell. Paintings like theirs, large in scale, broad and sweeping in their forms, and often brilliant in color, make up a well-marked department of native abstraction. Many artists remain unclassifiable. The abstract movement in America cannot be subdivided into a few schools. Above all, our painters in this mode are strong individualists. They are attempting to forge a personal language, create their own particular poetry. Many of them are extremely able technicians and have been trained in academic and realistic practices. There is little of the amateur about their designing or color control. They have adopted this way of working because it suits them; with Georgia O'Keeffe, one of the pioneers of abstraction in America, they can remark: "I found that I could say things with colors and shapes that I couldn't say in any other way — things that I had no words for."

2

WHAT lies behind this sudden extension of abstract and surrealist modes in America? There are several apparent causes. One is the fact that since the end

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of the WPA Art Project in 1943 the artist is again on his own, and painting has once more become his private affair. During the period of government patronage, artists tended to adopt social themes and work in a manner easily grasped by the mass audience. The program of mural painting, sponsored by the Treasury Department as well as by the WPA, stressed popularity of subject matter and legibility of form. At no time in the history of American art had so many painters grappled with the problem of how to remain individualists and at the same time communicate with the widest public.

Today all this is changed. The artist pleases himself, not a WPA foreman or a panel of experts in the Treasury. As Milton Brown has noted in a recent survey of contemporary art, this situation is "driving the artist further into himself." Whether this is good or bad depends wholly on the result. The fact that artists employ abstract rather than realistic modes does not make them necessarily "escapists." A great deal of American abstraction is clearly bound up with the worlds of contemporary science and higher mathematics. And it is no accident that three recent abstractions, violently effective in their means, were inspired by and called "Hiroshima."

Though non-representational painting has been spreading rapidly, we must not forget, too, that it has had a lengthy history in the United States — almost as long as in France, where it was conceived. Our first experiences with abstraction go back more than forty years, to the shock and inspiration of the "Armory Show," where in 1913 Americans saw the experiments of the cubist and laughed, just a little uneasily, at Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Staircase." The abstract section of this huge international exhibit, according to one thoughtful painter who was present at the time, "created a real sensation" and "there was no American artist who saw this show but was forced to revalue his artistic concepts."

The result was a brief flurry in which many Americans "tried on" the new styles but soon put them aside. A few like Joseph Stella, Alfred Maurer, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Arthur B. Dove persisted. In the thirties, abstraction was in a sharp decline. Always a movement with strong international affiliations, it was threatened by two native reactions: the strident "American Scene," which documented the ruin of our cities and the bleakness of our farms; and a smaller but highly publicized trend towards Social Protest. For the moment, non-representation seemed doomed and Stuart Davis, one of our ablest painters in this manner, writing in 1935, had to look back to the years 1915-1927 to discover the golden age of abstraction in the United States.

There were vigorous counterforces, however, working for its preservation. The Museum of Modern Art, opening in 1929, included all types of twentieth-century expression and crystallized a number of earlier efforts of which the Société

Anonyme, founded in 1920 by Katherine S. Dreier and the artists Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray, was probably the most notable. Through its striking exhibitions which circulated round the country and through its brilliant publications which became known the world over, the Modern Museum vastly strengthened the case for vanguard painting. A whole Museum of Non-Objective Painting, including work by Americans, was founded in New York in 1939 by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation. Three years later Peggy Guggenheim opened her highly controversial gallery, "Art of this Century," where amid fantastic installations were shown abstract and surrealist exhibits, including the work of many young and unknown American artists.

The arrival of practically a boatload of famous European modernists, just before the war, also vastly stimulated the non-representationalists. Just as abstraction in 1915 had been given a forward spurt by the lively presence in America of three well-known French artists — Duchamp, Picabia, and Gleizes — the present group of refugees met and influenced American painters and were in turn influenced, often to advantage, by their own changed environment. Léger, Masson, Ernst, and Tanguy did some of their most striking work in the United States, and their presence here added enormous prestige to abstract and surrealist movements. The austere Mondriaan, who worked in lines and rectangles and primary colors, actually modified some of the elements of his style and produced two paintings called "Broadway Boogie Woogie" and "Victory Boogie Woogie." During the war these European leaders practically moved the center of the art world from Paris to New York, and there were many Americans anxious to participate.

Other modernists, fleeing Nazi persecution, had already landed in American universities and art schools, where they set to work busily teaching the precepts of advanced European expression. Especially popular have been the theories of the German Bauhaus, with its fusion of industrial and fine arts. Josef Albers at Black Mountain College and the late Moholy-Nagy at the Chicago Bauhaus (later the Institute of Design) trained a number of young artists in constructivist practice, while here and there throughout the country, as in Boston at the Museum School, or at Brooklyn College, or at Washington University in St. Louis, a most advanced curriculum has been set up, as a result of the appointment of some European modernist. These artists and teachers have helped to diffuse non-representational ways of working, and now their students are spreading the same ideas in state universities and public schools. This fact helps to explain the appearance of non-realistic painting throughout the nation in so relatively short a time, and identifies the source of German elements in American abstraction.

In addition we must never discount the world-wide fame of such artists as Picasso and Braque, who by the example of a lifetime devoted to experimental painting have rallied many artists to their side. Increased buying of European and American abstractions by our collectors, and the more or less permanent exhibitions of such paintings in the museums of Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and Buffalo — to name only a few — have had the effect of interesting hundreds of young, potential artists and, at the same time, of lending a cloak of respectability to what once was regarded as a period of scandalous anarchy.

3

WITH all its present vitality and broad sponsorship, the non-realistic movement in America faces a major struggle. So far it has largely been in the protecting hands of its friends and devotees. The real test will come when it goes before a wider public.

It is more than possible that the different kinds of abstraction which make up the dynamic part of the movement are running head on into collision with a growing conservatism in all fields of American taste. In this connection the sharp and hysterical reaction of Congress to the exhibit of modern American painting bought and circulated by the State Department is a heavy straw in the wind. Called "Advancing American Art," this exhibition was formed at the request of several foreign governments whose citizens were genuinely curious to see what the United States had been producing in modern art. A group of seventy-nine paintings, it was composed, according to the critic of the *New York Times*, "of extreme expressionism, fantasy, surrealism and abstraction." The exhibit produced a smear campaign in the Hearst press to which were soon joined the protests of various conservative artists' organizations. So violent did the fight become that Secretary Marshall halted the very successful showings of the exhibit in Prague and Haiti and ordered the paintings home in disgrace.

Meanwhile, Americans were regaled by the spectacle of a Congressional committee baiting the Assistant Secretary of State, William Benton, as he tried to explain the purpose of the exhibit and submitted evidence to prove that most of these artists were not only nationally known but represented in our major museums. Feeling against the exhibit ran so high that appropriations for the cultural program of the State Department were endangered. When Mr. Benton wrote a letter to President Truman setting forth the facts, he received the following sharp reply as quoted in the press of June 4: —

"I do not pretend to be an artist or a judge of art, but I am of the opinion that so-called modern art is merely the vaporings of half-baked, lazy people. An

artistic production is one that shows infinite ability for taking pains and if any of these so-called modern paintings show any such infinite ability, I am very much mistaken. There are a great many American artists who still believe that the ability to make things look as they are is the first requisite of a great artist — they do not belong to the so-called modern school. There is no art at all in connection with modernism, in my opinion."

While it would be easy to refute the President on his knowledge of art, and to demonstrate that many modernists work harder and take considerably more "pains" than their traditionalist contemporaries, and that Mr. Truman's test of verisimilitude as the requisite of great art is incredibly naïve as well as historically wrong, his reply is significant. The fact that the head of our government has gone on record with such a statement has alarmed certain critics who remember that the leaders of totalitarian regimes have not hesitated to order what and how their artists should paint. They detect in America a growing pressure from reactionary sources to obstruct the freedom of the brush, and regard the case of the State Department exhibition as a serious defeat for liberalism. It is in such uncertain atmosphere that abstract American art appears for the first time as a major movement.

Painters of non-representational canvases may expect, as a matter of course, opposition not only from the Academy, one of whose immemorial duties is to denounce new ideas in art as heresy, but also from certain former friends. Typical is the case of Eugene Speicher, the well-known portrait and figure painter. For years Mr. Speicher has been identified with the more progressive tendencies in American art and has been an understanding follower of new inventions, whether or not he employed them in his own painting. But when questioned by a Hearst reporter on the State Department exhibit, he replied: —

"Abstraction is in every great work of art; but it is the skeleton around which warmth and color and beauty are added. Modern art — that is, the phase of it which you are talking about — insists on showing just the skeleton, which belongs in the classroom, not in a gallery." Significantly enough, while the exhibition of abstraction and surrealism was being planned for Chicago, the strongest objections to the idea came not from the ultraconservative painters but from those who stand on middle ground.

There is another element in the national picture which helps to obstruct public acceptance of non-realistic modes. That is the sometimes artless, and more often artful, confusion of advanced art with the political Left. In the recent State Department case certain Congressmen laid great stress on the fact that a number of the artists represented in the exhibition had once belonged to Communist-front organizations. The logic of politics is inescapable:

therefore all modern artists are Communists. During a period when loyalties are under painful scrutiny, it is easy to dismiss what one does not like, or understand, as subversive. Even the editor of a prominent American art magazine has hopelessly muddled the problem by solemnly announcing: "Art in America is continuing to bear left of center, in direct opposition to the rightist trend in national politics."

As a matter of fact, these newer tendencies in American art are apt to suffer an even more bitter attack from the Left than from the Right. The Communist party line has long been established in regard to abstract painting. As early as 1921, Lenin, in a famous manifesto, denounced the futurists, constructivists, and suprematists and stated that "art belongs to the people. It must have its deepest roots in the very depths of the wide working masses. It must be understood and liked by them." Stalin ordered art in contemporary Russia to become "Socialist Realism," and the present Soviet school of uninspired illustration and tiresome propaganda has been the result.

It is ironic that at the very moment when our abstractionists and surrealists are being attacked as

Communists, the Communists themselves are accusing such artists of serving "the selfish interest of the bourgeoisie" and "catering to their decadent and perverted tastes."

The chief hope for acceptance of the American abstract modes may lie in another direction. While the public remains unaware of these trends in painting, or potentially hostile towards them, it has already met and approved them in other spheres. Modern architecture, modern furniture and design, not only use many of the same elements found in pictures of the non-representational school but rest on the same basic principles. Unless we confront a typical piece of today's printing with a page done twenty years ago, we can hardly realize the revolution which has taken place in typography and layout — a revolution closely paralleling changes in twentieth-century painting.

Meanwhile advertising, always on the lookout for new visual and psychological excitement, has discovered the dynamic core in abstraction and surrealism. Perhaps mass America is even now being favorably conditioned for advanced art through the medium of our railway posters and perfume advertisements.

"I PERSONALLY" AWARDS

OVER the years the *Atlantic* has established the claim of publishing the work of more new writers than any other national magazine in the country. This is particularly true in the field of nonfiction: here, the *Atlantic* has brought into print a succession of autobiographical narratives, the true stories of men and women who have shared with the reader the truth, the humor — and the difficulties — of a singular experience.

Remember Mary Antin, the impassioned immigrant, who spoke for millions in her touching account of "The Promised Land"; Lucy Furman, who wrote so tellingly of the Kentucky mountaineers; Eleanor Risley, operating — on a shoestring — her apple orchard in the Ozarks; and far north, Hilda Rose on her Stump Farm. Bill Adams and Hugo Johanson sent us their salty stories of the sea.

There were Nora Waln in the House of Exile, Agnes Newton Keith in North Borneo, and Betty MacDonald on her incomparable Egg Farm. Every one of them broke into print in the *Atlantic*.

To encourage more of such stories we have set up three awards of \$1000 for the three best autobiographical narratives submitted before June 1, 1948. The stories must be drawn from experience and be veritable in detail. The awards are not intended for war material, and fiction will be disqualified. The length is for each writer to determine, but we suggest manuscripts of not less than 2000 words or more than 25,000 words. The narratives may be written by an amateur or by a professional writer. On page 1 the contestant should write "For the I Personally Award"; and postage, we hope, will be enclosed. — THE EDITORS



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



After one year at the University of Alabama, JOHN CRAIG STEWART sampled a wide variety of jobs. The war pulled him out of mercantile life; he served in the Army for four years, three of them in the Pacific as Supply Officer for an Air Corps fighter group. After the war he returned to college to study creative writing. His first stories have been written under Professor Hudson Strode at the University of Alabama, and when he has taken his degree he plans to retire to a fifty-acre farm which he owns near Montgomery and write.

THE LAST DAY

by JOHN CRAIG STEWART

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning the mill whistle sent its long moan into the dark still winter air. It blew just as it had every morning except Sundays for the past thirty years, starting with a shrill falsetto and expanding its volume with a sudden crescendo to a deep, reverberating musical blast. It blew for almost a minute and then the sound died away slowly until it faded into its own echo across the lake and in the swamp below the old dirt dam.

Ben opened his eyes in the cold darkness of his room and listened to the whistle just as he had done every day except Sundays for the past thirty years. He took a deep breath, leaned over the side of the bed and coughed. Slowly he lifted the cotton quilts back off his heavy body; slowly he drew his legs up, twisted around, and let his feet down onto the chill board floor. He reached for the big brogan, sliced open on the sides to relieve the pressure on his injured foot. He forced his sick foot down into the shoe and grunted as the pain shot through his leg. Fully awake now, he put his sock and shoe on the other foot hurriedly, the cold of the dark room beginning to penetrate his body. Then he pulled his crutch from beneath the bed, got up, and hobbled into the kitchen.

The light was on, a fire was roaring in the big iron cookstove. His wife Nancy, withered and small, looked aged in her gray flannel robe as she went about getting his breakfast. She always had his breakfast started by the time the whistle blew. Ben had never been late to work.

"Mornin', Ben," she said.

"It sho' is cold this mornin', ain't it?" he said.

"It sho' is, and you with that foot ain't got no business goin' to the mill. The doctor tol' you to stay off'n it."

"And I done tol' you to quit botherin' me about it, too. I reckon I know what I kin do and what I can't." He paused a moment, sniffing the odor of bacon frying on the stove. "I ain't missed a day since the mill opened, and it's gonna take more'n a sick foot to make me miss it. There ain't another man in the mill Mr. Cabe kin put his dependence in, and with them damn convicts gittin' meaner every day, I reckon I gotta be there. Like I tol' you, yestiddy, three of 'em jumped on Dave Wilson down in the weave room and dang nigh kilt him. The warden locked 'em up on bread and water, but I tell you, if it hadda been me they jumped on he'da locked 'em up in the hospital." Ben drew his big frame up erect and pulled his shoulders back. There was an intonation of triumph in his voice and a proud glint in his blue eyes. "Mr. Cabe tol' me last night in his office that he wisht hit hadda been me in the weave room steada Dave. Ay God, he knows what I'da done."

Nancy was shuffling about the kitchen nervously.

"You gittin' mighty old fer them kinda doin's, Ben," she said.

"Damn it, go on and git my clothes, and quit talkin' foolish," he answered.

Nancy went into the bedroom and came back with his lint-dusty blue work shirt and trousers.

"Now put yer clothes on, Ben, and set down. I'll pour you some coffee."

Ben took the clothes from her and laboriously began to draw them on. He pulled the green galluses up over his shoulders. Hobbling over to the wash pan in the corner, he washed his face and hands, then came back and sat down to the table. Ben ate slowly the breakfast of bacon, fried eggs, grits, and the big biscuits he called "humpers." He drank two cups of strong hot coffee.

Nancy sat across the table and sipped a cup of coffee. Ben noticed her gray hair and the pallor of her skin in the bright light. Her eyes looked weak and tired. They did not have the sparkle they once had, but still they reminded Ben of Shelton, their youngest son. A faint smile touched his lips as he watched her. He remembered when Nancy was right pretty.

"Shelton still sleep?" he asked.

"Yes, he's still sleep, Ben," she said.

"How's he doin' in school? By golly, I believe that kid is smart as they come." He wiped his mouth with the back of his sleeve and smiled. "We sho' picked the right one to name for Mr. Cabe. He's always asking me about him. Damn if I don't think he's proud of him as we are."

"He's doin' good jest like he always has," she answered. "He wants to go to work in the evenin' to make some spendin' money. I tol' him I'd ask you about it."

Ben looked up irritably. He felt a faint flush almost like the sting of embarrassment spread over his face.

"He's too young to go to work," he said.

"It'd only be two hours in the evenin', Ben, jest clerkin' in Thornton's store. I think it'd do 'im good."

"Shelton ain't goin' to work till he's through school, Nancy. If he needs spendin' money, I'll find out what it's fer and give 'im what I kin."

2

BEN drained his cup, set it down with an air of finality, pushed himself back from the table and got up. She helped him on with the big black overcoat, the same he had worn every winter for fifteen years. He placed the blue cotton cap squarely on his head and pulled the bill down at an exact angle over his eyes. He would not take it off until he got home for dinner unless he had occasion to go into the office of his boss, Mr. Shelton Cabe, the manager of the mill.

When Nancy handed him his crutch, he bent down and kissed her, the same brief kiss on the same cheek, as in their many thousand previous dawns after the mill whistle blew. Ben limped into the "company room," which Nancy kept shining clean. He always went through this "company room" blindly and hurriedly. Today he paused there

without knowing why. It depressed him; it was lifeless and unused and unchanging. None of his daughters had ever learned to play the old upright piano.

He went out the door into the cold dawn. The mill was just east of the house and behind it he could see the first faint light of day bleaching the horizon. The great black smokestack of the mill stood against the morning sky, and the smoke which rose slowly out of it coiled into the upper sky and was lost in the lingering darkness. The lights in the mill were on but the workers had not yet come in and the massive brick building was as silent as the dark frosty earth about it. Ben felt the sting of the cold air on his face, he could see his breath come out like puffs of steam. He turned his coat collar up, rammed his left hand in his pocket, and limped off toward the mill.

Damp warm breath against the dark cold air; so many years, so many times on the same path worn bare across the field. A man must wear many paths in the earth. This is my path; the white sand of it shows well in the dark of morning and the dark of evening. How many steps across it on how many days? It leads from home to the mill and from the mill back home. Four daughters, three sons, all gone from home but Shelton. None of the others like him. Proud of that son, proud of that name — the smile on Mr. Cabe's face when he heard about his namesake. How much longer will Mr. Cabe feel proud of me, how much longer can I stand off the men who are stronger than me? They obey me for what I used to be, not for what I am; the new ones coming in don't seem to know.

Many years, it must be many years ago that mean, murdering Jack Malburn came begging to me, "For God's sake, Cap'm Ben, don't take me in to Mr. Cabe. Take me back to the prison and tell 'em to lock me in the doghouse, but don't take me in to Mr. Cabe." How long ago — that blond-headed bastard, Conway, nobody could tame him, said he was born in Hell and wasn't scared to go back. I took him into Mr. Cabe's office once. Black eyes looking him up and down, words lashing out at him, he just stood there and shriveled up. Never had to have him locked in solitary. Fifteen years ago when power for the electric lights came from the lake back of my house; lights out suddenly on the night shift; convicts yelling, throwing weights, breaking windows; guards and overseers hiding behind machinery — then Mr. Cabe with a lantern swinging in his left hand, a pistol in his right, striding down between the spinning frames. The feeling of his presence, then the silence. Yes, Mr. Cabe could always handle them by just being there. He's the only man besides me that could stop them riots; he's the only man besides me been with the mill ever since the State bought it and started to work convicts in it thirty years ago.

Ben braced himself on his crutch and rattled the

steel wire gate leading into the mill yard. The guard inside opened the door to his round wooden shack and came out hunched down in his overcoat.

"Good mornin', Ben," he said.

"Good mornin', Rufus," Ben answered.

"Sho' is cold this mornin'."

"It's mighty cold; sho' is, mighty cold," Ben said.

"How's yuh foot, Ben?"

"It's not doin' so bad, Rufus, not so bad."

He moved on across the cinder-covered mill yard. The shafts of light from the front windows in the mill slanted down and made pale rectangles on the black ground. A steampipe jutting from beneath the boiler room sent out rhythmical puffs of steam.

Ben entered the mill through the machine room, used now for tool repair. In the center of it there still was fixed the giant drive wheel. The big wheel had been used in the days when the mill was run by steam power. But it had never been removed. The great spokes, wider than two spans of a man's hand, extended from the thick hub just above the floor to within a foot of the ceiling. In its day it had done the work of a giant, driving with its long heavy leather belt every wheel, every shaft, every machine in the whole mill. Now it was still and quiet, covered over with the oily dust of many years. Ben paused; there was no one else in the room and he could hear nothing but the faint puffing of steam from beneath the boiler room.

Faint weak puffs of steam now, but ay God, it had the sizzle and hiss of real steam that day thirty years ago when I reached out with one hand and pulled back the lever nobody else could move, the lever that started this old wheel turning. Everybody standing around looking silly and Mr. Cabe said, "Come here, Ben, you pull the damn thing back." And a big grin spreading all over his face when the piston rods began to move in and out and you could hear the machinery. It was grinding slow at first, then you could hear it start to roar.

3

BEN started up; someone had pulled back the sliding door leading into the spinning room. He heard voices and the familiar grinding of the machinery, slow at first, picking up with a whining strain, gathering speed and then settling down to a steady roar. He limped through the open door, past the ends of the long rows of spinning frames, and mounted the little landing which led into his office at the north end of the spinning room. He took off his overcoat, pulled a straw-bottomed chair from the office onto the platform which overlooked the whole room, and sat down on it heavily. The door closed behind the last man in the line. The two guards by the door who counted the incoming men walked away. The convicts spread out and scattered among the machines. The mill whistle gave two short blasts, the workday had begun.

The long rows of clattering, twisting machines stretched away from where Ben sat to the far end of the room. The spinners walked slowly up and down in front of their frames, reaching in now and then, tying a piece of broken yarn. The heads and shoulders of the roving boys bounced up and down as they ran through the alleys pushing their loaded spool trucks before them. On the east side of the room the heavy, squat card machines forced out their gossamer film of lap which oozed slowly through narrow rings and coiled itself into tall red roving cans. The slubbers clanked and banged; the speeders and spinning frames hummed steadily with a constant, half-musical tone.

Over it all Ben was watching. Now and then he put two fingers into his mouth and let out a shrill piercing whistle which penetrated the deafening roar of the machinery, and waved a lagging worker on to a machine which needed tending, or motioned another to come to him for directions. The bright lights from the steel beams overhead shone down with white brilliance through the vibrating, lint-dusty air. Every machine, every spindle, every wheel and shaft in the room moved in rhythm with the rest of the ceaseless, roaring, yarn-webbed, belt-flapping, wheel-grinding labyrinth of seeming confusion in the cotton mill.

It was warm inside the mill and Ben felt a slight drowsiness creeping over him. His foot was throbbing; he lifted it to the wooden banister and let it rest there. Outside, the bright light of day was in the sky. The white-clad convicts moved back and forth before him. A man came down the alley, paused in front of the platform, went over to a west window and sat down on the sill. He gazed for a long time through the bars out across the fields and the blue lake in the distance. Ben watched him through eyes that were half closed.

The barred windows and the lake beyond; always lookin' out acrost that lake; a thousand men before you done it jest that same way. Never stop lookin' out on the free world, do you? Well, ay God, you may be better off lookin' out than lookin' in. It ain't easy on tether side. It was a long time ago that ol' Steve Sanders, serving his third hitch for highway robbery, sat in that same window with a raft of papers in his hand.

"What you got there, Steve?"

"It's a book I wrote, Cap'm Jackson."

"A book, ay God. I didn't know you could write a-tall."

"It's my life story, a autobiography. A fellow in the prison office put it on the typewriter for me. I'm sellin' it for two bits a copy. Don't you want one, Cap'm Jackson, it's mighty interestin' readin'?"

"Ay God, I bet it's interestin'. How many you done sold, Steve?"

"Two copies."

And all day long Steve peddlin' his life story. He sold all five copies and then went to settin' in that

window agin. Guess Steve was smart in a way. He always got his work done, but he sho' couldn't stay out'n the penitentiary. Convicts always tryin' to peddle somethin' when they ain't tryin' to steal somethin'.

Twenty years ago, this same room, this same straw-bottom chair, but no crutch. Just lean hard muscle and bone, two hundred pounds of it that could take on any six of the meanest devils in the mill. Royce Angelli, that big black-headed scoundrel and his convict rebellion somewhere back in the years. The line had just come in at six o'clock for the day shift. "Mr. Jackson," he said, "I want to talk to you." Four men standin' behind him, the knife blade flashin' in the bright light, the feel of his soft greasy face against my knuckles, the crash of his body against the spinnin' frame, the others backin' off tryin' to look innocent. Ay God, those were the days; I could drink a quart of corn whiskey, play poker all night, and run this damn spinnin' room next day like a kid spinnin' a top.

Kid spinnin' a top — Shelton, thirteen years old last month; three more years and he ought to be gettin' a diploma from high school. Ay God, that'll be a big day, he'll walk up on that stage jest like Mr. Cabe's boy done and take his diploma from the principal. And I'll be there to see it. None of the others finished school; Tom would have, but Tom got killed. Shelton will finish though; ay God, that boy's smart.

The white spools spinnin' dizzily down the long rows of frames. The many faces lookin' up out of the past from between those frames. The convicts come and go; their faces change but the number of 'em don't ever git no smaller. And all the time it seems they git younger and huskier. I wonder how many of 'em have looked up here and wish't they could kill me. Some of 'em real fightin' men, convicts or not; some of 'em jest plain, no good, low-down bastards; some of 'em so slick they could steal the lard out'n a biscuit; some of 'em always quiet and sad-like. But all of 'em was always plottin' to git out one way or another. Always plottin', that's what I been lookin' out fer all these years, and how many million yards of yarn was spun off them frames while I was settin' here lookin' and waitin'. They've tried to burn the mill down, they've tried to wreck it; they've kilt guards and kilt each other, but ay God, ain't none of 'em put anything acrost on me. Mr. Cabe knows that.

4

A MAN walked past and turned into the alley in front of Ben. He could see the outline of his figure plainly from the back. He was young and strong-looking. The shoulders were broad, sloping, and muscular; the head, round and well-shaped, seemed poised and alert in his erect posture.

Somethin' familiar-lookin' about those shoulders

and the shape of that head. Where in the years was it once before I seen 'em? A summer day, sometimes in summer long ago, those shoulders and that head movin' away from me — Tom! It was Tom, I remember; I remember my boy Tom walkin' out the front door that summer day he got kilt by the train. He was jest about the age of that boy yonder. Ben straightened up from his slouched position in the chair. The man had turned and was pushing a spool truck back down the alley toward the platform. Ben looked at him for a moment. "No, 'tain't no resemblance in the face a-tall," he said aloud.

He stood up and put his crutch under his arm. He looked at his watch. The morning half gone. He felt a faint sag in his muscles; a sudden wave of weakness spread through his whole body. He remembered what Nancy had said that morning. Hit's the first time she ever tol' me I was gittin' old. The roar of the machinery and the ancient scene before him were irritating.

"Ay God, I better git down and walk about some," he said to himself.

He descended the steps to the mill floor and hobbled off down the alley nearest to him. He paused occasionally as he made his way between the machines. Halfway down the alley he stopped and bent over an empty spool turning uselessly on its spindle. It was not easy to come back to the present with the assurance and vigorous ease of the past. Some of the convicts looked at him and it seemed to Ben they grinned as they turned away. He pulled his shoulders back and couched his limp under a strained, erect posture. Better not go all the way to the end, too fer, I'll turn around here. He paused and with his head held high, his lips compressed, surveyed the men and machines about him.

"Look out, Cap'm Ben, look out!" The voice sounded hollow and distant in the noise of the mill. Involuntarily he stepped back as from a blow and moved his upper body quickly sideways and down, dropping his crutch on the machine back of him. Then he heard the splintering crash and felt the jar and the quick puff of air by his face as the great steel shaft hit the floor beside him.

Out of the corner of his eye Ben saw the convict across the alley go down beneath the shaft. He saw him now, his shoulders pinned under it, his face against the floor. Those were the same muscular shoulders, the same handsome head — the same, but they looked different now, twisted and still. The muscles in Ben's face tightened.

The stunned convicts gathered around. He seized the shaft in both hands and tried to lift it, but it did not move. Some of the convicts were trying to get in between the frame and the broken shaft to help him, but he did not wait. Ben leaned over and cupped his arms beneath the shaft just above the fallen man's shoulders. Slowly, he drew himself up. Inch by inch his back and shoulders straightened.

The shaft, cradled in his arms, moved up with him, and the thick floor boards splintered loudly as the weight was drawn off them. The wrecked spinning frame cracked and popped as pieces of metal broke off and fell to the floor.

"Ay God, pull him out easy now, easy," Ben said.

Two men squeezed under the shaft and lifted the injured man out. When they were clear of the wreckage, Ben snapped his arms straight and the heavy weight thundered against the floor. He was breathing rapidly and reached back for his crutch. Slowly he climbed over the wreckage into the open alley beyond.

"Roy, go git the doctor, and don't nobody move that man any more till he gits here." Ben spoke jerkily between his hoarse, panting breaths. The throbbing, darting pains in his right foot and leg seemed to have set off a sudden new pain within his chest.

Someone had cut the power switch and the machinery was still. A strange silence filled the long room. Ben leaned forward on his crutch and watched the quick breathing of the injured man. His head drooped a little as he stood there. Then suddenly he straightened up and looked into the eyes of Mr. Shelton Cabe.

"I was jest comin' out to git you, Mr. Cabe, you musta heard the machinery stop."

Mr. Cabe was looking up at the broken beams and steel braces from which the shaft had fallen.

"God damn it, the engineers just checked those shafts two days ago. Now we'll lose a week getting it put back up there."

Ben nodded his head vaguely. For the first time in his life he felt helpless. He did not know what to say to Mr. Cabe. The crutch dug into his armpit sharply. The accident was not his fault, but he felt somehow the wrecked spinning frame, the still machinery, the injured boy, were all connected with this strange weakness in his body. He felt a sense of guilt as though he had torn the shaft down with his own hands.

"Who's the man that got hurt, Ben?" Mr. Cabe's voice sounded like a far echo to Ben.

"I — I don't know, sir — he was a doffer —"

The strength in his legs was suddenly gone. He tried to straighten up on his crutch but his body sagged forward heavily. He reached out. Mr. Cabe caught him as he fell.

5

THEY took Ben home and the doctor came. He put a stethoscope over Ben's heart and listened. He talked quietly to Nancy for a while, gave her some pills for Ben out of his black case, and left the house.

Ben lay quietly staring at the ceiling or with his eyes closed until midafternoon. Then he heard footsteps on the front porch, and a knock. Nancy came through the room wiping her hands on her apron

and went to the door. Ben heard the deep voice of Mr. Cabe. Nancy brought the tall man into the room. She gave him a chair beside the bed and went back into the kitchen.

"How you feeling now, Ben?" Mr. Cabe asked.

"Played out," Ben said weakly.

"Course, but tomorrow you'll feel better. Just rest and take it easy."

"For good, I mean, played out for good."

"You're going to be all right, Ben. A lot of men our age get over these attacks." Ben shook his head almost imperceptibly.

"How's that boy, the one that got hurt?"

"He died, Ben."

Ben looked up at the ceiling for a moment without speaking. Wonder how he got in prison, he thought, wonder what his life was like. He sho' did look like Tom. Then he spoke without turning his head.

"Mr. Cabe, I sho' want Shelton to finish his schoolin'."

"That boy'll finish school all right. He's doing mighty fine work I've heard."

"But if somethin' was to happen to me he might want to quit and go to work. I want him to finish his schoolin' —" He looked at Mr. Cabe hesitantly. "I don't never want him to work in that cotton mill," he said with sudden firmness. "He kin do better!"

"Nothing's going to happen to you. You just stop worrying."

Ben closed his eyes.

"I'm going on home now and let you get some sleep." Mr. Cabe got up from his chair.

"Don't go yit awhile, Mr. Cabe." Ben's voice was husky. "You know, this is the first time you ever come here to see me." He raised his hand in a feeble gesture of restraint. Mr. Cabe leaned over the bed.

"Can I get you something, Ben?" he asked.

"No, sir," Ben said, and after a pause added, "I — I'm sorry about the shaft, Mr. Cabe."

"Don't worry about that, they're putting a new shaft in now. Forget the mill until you're well again."

"I'll never git back in the mill," Ben said. Mr. Cabe sat down on the edge of the chair and leaned forward.

"Wait and see what the doctor says, Ben. Hell, we couldn't run that mill without you."

Ben smiled and opened his eyes. The shadows of bare branches danced across a golden patch of sunlight on the far wall.

"Mr. Cabe —" Ben's voice was almost a whisper and he turned his face back to his old boss.

"Yes, Ben, what is it?"

"I want to be buried a long way from here."

Mr. Cabe put his hand on Ben's arm.

"I don't want to rise amongst these convicts," Ben said simply. "Ay God, I want to sleep where I can't hear that mill whistle blow."

Church Rivalry

Statistics showing the growth of Protestant Church membership are impressive. But has there been a corresponding increase in the influence of Protestantism on the life of the nation? Or has the Church succumbed to the secularism which is the great enemy of religion today? For the answer to these imperative questions we turn to REINHOLD NIEBUHR, who was ordained to the ministry in 1915, served as a pastor in Detroit, and was then called to Union Theological Seminary, where he has been a Professor of Applied Christianity since 1930.

THE IMPACT OF PROTESTANTISM TODAY

by REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

A PURELY statistical study of the life and growth of Protestantism in the United States during the last hundred years does not support a very widely held conviction that Protestantism is losing its influence in the nation or that it is being worsted in the competitive struggle with Catholicism. A merely quantitative survey may be, of course, very misleading. No statistical table can measure the degree of devotion or the moral vitality of those who are counted as members of a church. Nor can it give any indication of the relation of the organized religious community to the vitalities of the total community, or measure the relevance of Christian ideas to the cultural interests of an age. It is nevertheless important to record that since the middle of the last century, Protestant Church membership in America has increased from 3½ million to 42 million. In the same period Catholicism has advanced from 1½ million members to approximately 24 million.

Naturally this marked advance is primarily due to the tremendous increase in the population of the country, the great waves of immigration at the end of the last century and in the first part of this century being responsible for the growth of our population from 23 million to about 140 million. What is surprising, however, is that several times in the past hundred years church membership increased much more rapidly than the population of the country, despite the fact that religion seems to have had a less creative and potent role in American life in this period than in the epoch which ended with the Civil War.

This pronounced growth is true particularly of two periods. Between 1850 and 1870, Protestant Church membership increased 91 per cent and Catholic Church membership increased 300 per cent, while the total population was increasing 65 per cent. The second period of marked increase was between 1890 and 1906: while the population of the nation increased 21 per cent, Protestant Church

membership increased 75 per cent and Catholic Church membership increased 93 per cent.

It is difficult to account for the special rate of increase for all types of church membership in these periods. There is nothing in our political or religious history which would suggest an obvious spiritual reason for this upsurge. One might well therefore hazard the guess that it is related to the history of immigration. These were the periods when a great number of immigrants were coming to our shores. These immigrants tended to be more loyal to the church than were the older Americans. This was true not only because the ties to the church in the country of origin were in some cases closer than they are here (in others they were not); the primary reason for the close relation of the immigrant to the church was that the church became the nexus between the Old World and the New.

The immigrant brought his own type of church along with him. It was a community in which he could speak and hear his native tongue and preserve some of the characteristic customs and folklore of his motherland. The processes of assimilation in America have been rapid enough to obviate criticism of the church for performing such a function. It has probably been wholesome that this bridge between the Old and the New World could be maintained. But if this was the cause of the marked strength of the church during these periods, the non-religious nature of the motives of allegiance might well refute the complacency with which the church has usually regarded the increases in membership.

Furthermore this special relation between the church and immigrant groups aggravated the most serious problem of American Protestantism: the multiplicity of its denominations and the confusion arising from this pluralism. It is a paradox of the religious life that although ideally the Christian faith transcends national and ethnic loyalties, in

actual practice it frequently becomes a special vehicle for such loyalties. If one cause of the dividedness of American Protestantism is to be found in the ethnic and cultural distinctions brought here from various European nations, the other cause is the fact that the sects of Europe, which originally expressed a radical religious protest against the conventional and established church, tend to grow in America into separate and powerful churches. American church life is, in fact, dominated by the sect type of church, which emphasizes religious spontaneity, exclusive rather than inclusive church membership, non-liturgical worship, and non-theological religious faith.

Since the immigrants to America came from predominantly Catholic countries in the period between the Civil War and the First World War, while they came from Britain or at least northern Europe in an earlier period, there is nothing phenomenal in the growth of Catholic Church membership. There is no statistical evidence that Catholicism is achieving large gains through conversion. The rate of increase in recent decades is practically identical for both Protestantism and Catholicism. Furthermore, neither communion reveals a heavier increase in membership since 1930 than the general rate of increase in population.

This equality in the rate of increase, which one authority places at about 23 per cent for both communions in the decade 1930-1940, is the more surprising since it is generally believed that the Catholic prohibition of birth control makes for a larger rate of increase through births. We have no statistics in this country to throw light upon this question. It is significant that in Holland the two-thirds Protestant majority of the nation feels itself challenged because the Catholic third of the nation is giving birth to 52 per cent of all the children being born in Holland. A similar situation prevails in Canada.

There is no evidence that it prevails in this country, probably because the Catholic population is largely urban while Protestantism is still strongest in the countryside. This sociological fact outweighs dogmatic influences. No religious dogma is powerful enough to counteract the fact that children are financial liabilities in the city and financial assets on the farm.

A merely quantitative analysis of the religious life of this country in the past nine or ten decades can, in short, give us no significant light on the relation of Christianity to the culture of our nation in this period. It can only clear up misconceptions. The numerical growth of Protestantism refutes the apprehensions of those who think that Protestantism has suffered a catastrophic decline, either in relation to Catholicism or in relation to the nation as a whole. The special reasons for this growth, on the other hand, refute the complacency of Christian leaders who imagine that Christianity in general,

and Protestant Christianity in particular, has been winning phenomenal triumphs in the past century.

2

THE greatest religious vitality in America developed in the first half of the nineteenth century and began to wane after 1850. During the past hundred years the relation between the church and the people has remained fairly broad but it has also become thin. It is broad enough, compared with European countries, to prompt so acute an observer as the Swedish social scientist, Gunnar Myrdal, to conclude that the church is more influential in America than in any European nation. It is thin because the church has frequently become merely a traditional and conventional loyalty, in which even devout members do not pretend to find a unique source of strength or a distinctive approach to the vicissitudes of our age.

The breadth of its influence may well be due to the fact that the sects of Europe have become the dominant churches of America. The sectarian church emphasizes exclusive membership based on conversion. Its resources are provided by voluntary gifts. The separation of church and state in this country (and the consequent absence of tax support for religious institutions) has given even the more traditional or established churches of Europe — Episcopal, Lutheran, and Presbyterian — a sectarian ethos in this country. Lay activity is encouraged to a much larger degree than in Europe, and the local congregation is much more of a fellowship and community than in Europe. The fact that the state is not, as in most nations of Europe, responsible for religious education in the schools has also strengthened the self-reliance of the local congregation and enlarged its weekday program, as compared with the exclusive Sunday program of most European churches.

But the total impact of Protestant Christianity upon the life of the nation is not so great as the breadth of its contacts with the people might lead the casual observer to suppose. The thinness of this influence is due to many causes, which may be roughly divided into those which American Protestantism shares with Protestantism in general and those which are characteristically American. The two causes of loss of influence which American Protestantism shares with Protestantism in general are, first, the general growth of secularism in our age, and secondly, the increasing tendency of Protestantism to become middle-class and to lose contact with the industrial workers.

The secular movement in Western culture began in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and flowered in the nineteenth. It did not, however, seriously affect American life until the middle of the nineteenth century. The Evangelical revival, which expressed itself organizationally in the rise

of Methodism but which influenced other denominations as well, was the antidote to secularism in the final decades of the eighteenth century and in the first half of the nineteenth.

It was a particularly potent antidote in America because the advancing frontier and the pioneer conditions under which the people of the frontier lived were particularly propitious for the development of the Evangelical movement. Its emphasis upon religious spontaneity, upon the personal experience of religion as against concern for theology, liturgy, and tradition, was especially suited to the people of the frontier. Furthermore, its explicit or implicit equalitarianism and libertarianism seemed to support, and in turn to be supported by, the new democracy of the frontier, in which the necessity of self-reliance bred individualism, and the wealth of opportunity for all destroyed class consciousness.

While the social histories of America frequently emphasize the anti-Jeffersonian and the anti-Jacksonian conservatism of the more traditional churches, they usually fail to do justice to the intimate and even organic relation between the Jacksonian political radicalism of the frontier and the spirit of Evangelical Christianity, particularly as expressed in the Methodist and Baptist churches, which moved with, and religiously conquered, the frontier. It was the affinity between Evangelical Christianity and frontier democracy which made churches of sectarian origin, notably the Methodist and the Baptist, the most powerful churches of our nation. In all European nations sectarian churches represent a minor movement of protest against traditional and established churches.

But the Evangelical antidote against secularism was not to prove permanently effective. The turn of the tide came in the middle of the last century. The nine or ten decades since 1850 have been characterized by the gradual recession of the influence of Evangelical Christianity before the advance of the secular spirit. Evangelical Christianity reached its height just before the Civil War, or about 1840. Some of its influence was lost for reasons which are not related to the rise of secularism. The question of slavery presented Evangelical Christianity in the South with a moral issue which it could not master in terms of its rather too sentimental equalitarianism. Evangelicalism in the North contributed potently to the antislavery impulse. The best symbol of this relationship is the contribution made by the revival movement under the famed evangelist Finney, and centering in Oberlin, Ohio, to the antislavery sentiment. But Evangelicalism in the South could not rise to the point of challenging the "peculiar" institution of slavery, even as it has had subsequent difficulty with the task of challenging race prejudice by the authority of a faith which declares that "in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek" and that therefore all race distinctions are transcended. Unable to deal with these issues

creatively, Evangelicalism in the South sought to do justice to the impulse toward moral perfection by a scrupulous legalism, expressed in extravagant rules of Sabbath observance and a prurient attitude toward sex problems. A loveless legalism is always the mark of a dying Evangelicalism.

But Evangelicalism in the North had only a slightly longer lease on creative life. As the frontier grew in stability and prosperity and as frontiersmen became the solid middle class of the American commonwealth, the "first fine careless rapture" of Evangelical Christianity was lost. The impulse of the movement to bring the whole of life under the spirit of Christ degenerated into that mixture of religious sentiment and the worship of prosperity, success, and comfort which inevitably produces a sentimentality that obscures, rather than clarifies, the real issues of life.

3

MEANWHILE the whole of Christian life and thought was challenged in both Europe and America by the power of secular idealism. In America secularism was usually not so explicitly anti-Christian as in Europe. It nevertheless seemed to make the Christian faith irrelevant. The Christian message of repentance seemed to have no place in a culture which thought it could cure every form of evil by the achievement of "scientific objectivity." The Christian idea of the rebirth of life through the death of an old sinful self and the growth of a new and more charitable self seemed to have no place in a culture which believed that all good things in life were subject to indeterminate growth. The religious symbols in which the Christian faith was embodied seemed, moreover, thoroughly discredited by the power and prestige of the more exact scientific symbols.

Catholicism has had no great difficulty in maintaining itself in a secular age. Its religious authoritarianism became a haven for all who feared the confusion of ideals in a secular age, or perhaps sought to evade the responsibilities of freedom which a possibly too consistent individualism forced upon men. Its highly integrated ecclesiastical institution, transcending nations and classes, claiming an unqualified divine sanctity, and rooted deeply in history, became a kind of spiritual fortress where all could seek refuge who found the spiritual climate of modernity either too challenging or too confusing.

Catholicism no longer dominates Western culture, as it did before the Renaissance and Reformation, but it has been remarkably successful in marshaling its adherents into a highly cohesive and self-assured religious community. Protestantism, on the other hand, has steadily lost influence in the past hundred years. In Europe the conflict between a secular and a Christian culture has been, on the whole, more explicit than in America. On the Con-

continent at least, the old churches of the Reformation have something of the same self-assurance as Roman Catholicism; but they have lost a greater number of their adherents.

Even in those nations in which the state and the culture are officially Protestant, as in Holland and in the Scandinavian countries, it is doubtful whether more than 20 per cent of the population is active in the church. Everyone is baptized and confirmed; but in many of these officially Christian, but unofficially secular, national cultures the rite of confirmation, by a curious inversion of its original intent, frequently marks the end of a child's relation to the church. He celebrates his adolescence in a puberty rite which seems to entitle him henceforth to be independent of all religious influence.

The reaction of Protestantism in America to a secular age has been different from the reaction of Protestantism in Europe, but the total consequences cannot be said to be more fortunate. The Protestant reaction to secularism in this country took two primary forms. One section of the church, usually identified as "fundamentalist," has sought to preserve the Christian heritage by denying the validity of every achievement of science which modern culture boasts, and by wrapping the essential truths of the Christian faith in obscurantism. The excessive Biblicism of orthodox Protestantism is — contrary to popular impression — considerably more obscurantist, culturally, than Catholicism. For Catholicism incorporates the best in the humanistic tradition of Western culture, while Protestant obscurantism turns its back on every insight not directly derived from Scripture. In this strategy it manages to give many a scriptural truth an invalid, literalistic meaning.

The other section of the church, usually defined as "liberal" or as "modernist," has been pathetically eager to relate itself creatively to the achievements of a secular age — so eager, in fact, that it has made the opposite mistake and has been inclined to sacrifice every characteristic Christian insight if only it could thereby prove itself intellectually respectable.

The usual charge of European Christians against American Christianity is that it has secularized the church. The charge is justified in so far as liberal Christianity has yielded to the false conclusions of modern culture as well as to its indubitably true ones. Modern secularism believes, for instance, that it is easy to apply the methods of science, particularly the attitude of objectivity, first acquired in the study of nature, to the complex affairs of human nature. Actually the analogy has only limited validity. Man is a unity of reason and passion. All his social and moral viewpoints represent a combination of interest and disinterestedness. The elimination of the taint of interest and egotism from the attitude of the self in competition with foe or neighbor is a moral and spiritual, rather than an intellectual,

achievement. It requires that the self should, as a personality and not primarily as mind, bring excessive self-interest under control. On this point liberal Christianity has unwisely yielded to an extreme rationalism in modern culture.

The other cherished article in the creed of a secular culture is its belief in moral progress as an inevitable concomitant of the development of human freedom and power. This article of faith is, in fact, the primary religious conviction of modern man. It endows his life with meaning and enables him to meet every present catastrophe by the hope that history is in the process of eliminating the cause of such catastrophes, being a movement toward wider and more inclusive community, toward greater human intelligence and sympathy, and toward more and more scientific solutions of human problems.

Actually the increase in human power, which is an indisputable fact of historical development, does not seem to solve any basic human problems. It merely presents them in a larger and larger frame. History is creative but not redemptive. Modern Christianity was pathetically eager to disavow the most characteristic and distinctive insights of Biblical faith for the sake of sharing the faith of secular culture in the idea of progress. The Biblical faith must be distinguished from mystic otherworldliness which can find no meaning in historical existence. But it must also be distinguished from any secular faith which finds history too simply meaningful and always ends with utopian hopes for the achievement of some perfect good in history.

Modern man's faith in progress is at such complete variance with a history which presents him with ever more perplexing issues of human togetherness that the faith is becoming discredited, and disillusion and despair follow in its wake. Liberal Christianity is involved in this disillusionment. Having sought to make a success story of the Biblical history of a Crucified Saviour, who is for Biblical faith the principle of meaning at the edge of life's seeming meaninglessness, it finds itself unable to cope with the tragic experiences of our day. The disrespect in which liberal Christianity is widely held is sometimes expressed by the very secularists who share its illusions but who see no reason why their faith should be expressed in historic religious symbols. Perhaps they have a shrewd suspicion that Christianity ought to present a more genuine alternative to the sentimentalities of our age.

4

THE second general tendency which American Protestantism shares with that of Europe and which places it at a disadvantage in comparison with Catholicism is its inability to preserve the allegiance of the industrial workers of modern civilization. In Europe the industrial workers, prompted by a

Marxist creed, have usually explicitly disavowed their inherited Christian faith.

In America no powerful Marxist movement has ever challenged the historic culture; but this has aggravated rather than mitigated the tendency of Protestantism to give an uncritical religious sanction to the rather excessive individualism of middle-class life. The pietistic forms of Protestantism actually express a type of spirituality which seems totally irrelevant to the problems of modern man's aggregate existence, and which becomes doubly irrelevant as modern man faces the problems of economic and political justice under the new conditions created by a technical society. Protestantism was the religion of the common man in the days of the American frontier. But as frontiersmen graduated into the middle class, the Protestant Church tended to move up one rung in the social ladder and to step down one rung from prophetic vitality to the complacency of the established order.

Catholicism, on the other hand, has never lost sight of the social character of man's existence. In America its more intimate relation with the working classes is partly an accident of our history. The earlier migrations to this country were primarily North European and Protestant. The later migrations came from predominantly Catholic nations. This distinctive American history increased the comparative numerical strength of Catholicism in the past century. But it also tended to identify Protestantism with the earlier and economically more established ethnic groups and to make Catholicism and the Jewish faith the religions of the industrial workers, in so far as they hold to a religious creed. The Catholic and the Jewish faith are to this day more widely represented in the trade-union movement than is Protestantism.

This special bit of social history, rather than a basic fault of Protestantism, accounts partly for the intimate and exclusive relation of Protestantism with middle-class life. The fact that innumerable Protestant clergymen do not wholeheartedly embrace the purely laissez-faire political creed of their laymen proves that the clerical leadership of the church has not capitulated uncritically to the prejudices of middle-class life.

On the other hand, it must be recorded that in Europe, where these special conditions do not apply, the Protestant churches have also lost the workingman to a larger degree than has the Catholic Church. We must therefore consider the probability of a general incompatibility between a religiously sanctified middle-class individualism and the political and moral necessities of an industrial age. European Catholicism has preserved the allegiance of the workers partly by organizing them in its own trade-unions and in Catholic political parties — a strategy which we should not find acceptable here, and which is beginning to break down in Europe, at least as far as trade-unions are concerned.

But even beyond these special political strategies Catholicism, which at its worst expresses political convictions having their origin in a feudal-agrarian order and subject to fascist distortions under modern industrial conditions, is able at its best to establish the spiritual meaning of man's collective life more successfully than Protestantism. It is the industrial worker who has a special sense for this problem. If the Catholicism of Spain and Latin America is typical of the reactionary tendencies in Catholic politics, the Catholic movements of the German Rhineland and, more recently, of France prove a creative relation between the church and the problems of an industrial society, which Protestantism has not yet achieved. American Catholicism is neither as conservative nor as creative as European Catholicism. In any event, it is a religion for the common people to a larger degree than Protestantism in this country.

5

BOTH sectarian and Evangelical Christianity are usually indifferent toward theology, regarding it as an unnecessary rationalization of religious faith or even as inimical to such a faith. This indifference has a short-run efficacy. But ultimately it leads to a religious obscurantism which refuses to deal seriously with the problems of the relation of religious faith to the general truths of a culture. Or it leads to a simple capitulation to the prevailing temper of an age. Many an Evangelical church of yesterday, where a Gospel of repentance and faith was preached with power, has become today a kind of community center where a simple moralism is preached, not much higher than the prudential virtues which constitute the creed of a Rotary club.

If the effort is made to pitch the content of the moral teachings at a higher level the church is frequently embarrassed because the facts of life do not conform to its simple faith in the immediate success of Christlike love. Thus a devitalized Evangelical church preached pacifism in an age in which men faced the peril of terrible tyrannies, and our liberties were defended only because the common sense of ordinary and uninspired men saved us from the sentimental illusions of religious and intellectual leaders. The true Christ of historic Christianity is both the example and the despair of all historic goodness. If the goodness of Christ is regarded as a simple possibility, religion degenerates into sentimentality. The truths of the Christian faith must be explicated theologically and related effectively to the problems of each age. Theology is one of the conduits of faith without which the water which rises in the springs of Evangelicalism runs into the sand.

Another such conduit is an adequate liturgy. The spontaneous prayers of the church of the frontier have long since degenerated into the "opening ex-

ercises" of Protestantism, usually devoid of any beauty and even more devoid of the forms of devotion in which the traditions of the ages supplement the religious insights and the power of expression of a single individual. Without such supports the spontaneous prayer of yesterday degenerates into a chatty conversation with God, bordering either on the vulgar or on the sentimental.

We have reached the point where the more traditional and historic churches, with their theological and liturgical disciplines, are more successful in evoking a genuinely Christian and religious atmosphere and in preserving the true meaning of the Christian faith than the churches which have dispensed with these disciplines. American Protestantism cannot regain its spiritual vitality without seeking for a better synthesis between religious spontaneity and religious tradition and discipline.

Perhaps the most serious weakness of the Protestant Church of America is the anarchy of denominational rivalries. The growing movement toward a united Protestantism in the world unfortunately touches the churches only on the world level. It is, as a Christian layman recently observed, the organization of united general headquarters staff, which does not greatly affect the separate and competing armies in the field. When that field is an American village, the multiplicity of overlapping churches robs the church of its dignity, of its unifying force in the community, and of its effectiveness. Some heroic efforts to federate churches in smaller communities are being made. But only the fringes of the problem have been touched. How small and ineffective Protestant parishes are, and how wasteful in the resources of religious leadership, may be gathered from the fact that the average Catholic parish numbers nearly 1000 souls while the average Methodist or Baptist congregation numbers 150 and the general average in Protestantism apparently does not exceed 200.

One of the many evils of a divided Protestantism is the multiplication of small and ineffective churches in the villages and the countryside, usually served only by part-time ministers. The extent of this weakness is proved by the fact that in 1940 there were 140,000 Protestant ministers in the nation and they served 244,000 churches. This means that over 100,000 churches were served by part-time men. If we assume that a church ought to serve about a thousand souls (which is the rough average of the Catholic parish) then Protestantism has an excess of 115,000 churches, a figure which is comparable with the excess of congregations over the number of ministers.

Of the two basic causes of excessive denominationalism in America one — the relation of denominations to unassimilated immigrant groups — will probably yield slowly to the processes of assimilation. At the present moment, for instance, every

national variety of Lutheran church is still separately organized. The other main cause of the multiplicity of denominations lies in the old conflict between the traditional church and the churches which had their origin in European sectarian protests against the church. This protest belongs inside the church. If it is made the basis of separate church organizations, the traditional churches lose the periodic revitalization of Evangelical passion; and the sectarian churches atrophy when the period of spontaneity is past.

If church union on a wider scale than the mere reunion of similar bodies is to succeed, this problem must be dealt with much more fundamentally. It represents the tension between classicism and romanticism in a religious form. The tension between form and vitality exists in the whole of life. It is a necessary tension periodically preventing forms from becoming lifeless, and vitality from becoming formless. Complementary forces should not be institutionalized in religion any more than they are, for instance, in literature. When institutionalized the tension degenerates into competition and ceases to be creative interpenetration.

Perhaps this problem has not been taken seriously by American Protestantism because the portion of the church most alive intellectually was so apologetic and defensive in presenting the treasures of its faith, and so rationalistic in its approach, that it had no interest in the task of finding the proper earthen vessels in which the treasures of faith must be borne. Religious symbolism, liturgical forms, theological formulations, and ecclesiastical polity are all such earthen vessels which are required for the preservation of the treasures of faith but which may also become the substitutes for faith.

If the Protestant Church of America rewins confidence in the truth and relevance of its Gospel, it may also find the resource for a creative unity of the now fragmented portions of its total truth. The impetus to solve the many particular problems of the forms of its faith and of its relation to the particular issues of our age must come from a new confidence in the validity of the truth of the Gospel for the condition of man in any age.

Mankind is always progressing, but the essential needs of man remain the same. Life continues to be fragmentary and to be challenged by death no matter how powerful men become. The fear of death prompts men to complete life falsely and to express their frustration in lust for power, envy of one another, and a sense of false security in material comfort and power. These corruptions are rooted in the very center of personality and can therefore be uprooted only by a radical change at the heart of personality. The renewal of life through repentance is therefore a message of hope and judgment for every age. It will yet prove its relevance and power to an age which imagined that intellectual progress would obviate the necessity of religious renewal.



An American philosopher who writes as skillfully as he talks, IRWIN EDMAN has been teaching at Columbia University for thirty years. To his books (Philosopher's Holiday and Philosopher's Quest), as to his lectures and table talk, he brings the wise detachment of a bachelor, the urbanity of a sensitive New Yorker, and the penetration of a disciple of George Santayana and John Dewey.

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

by IRWIN EDMAN

1

CHARLES LAMB's "Dream Children" has become a classic text for wistful bachelors. But I have no need to indulge in reverie to have some of the pleasures, if few of the responsibilities, of parenthood. For many years now I have known its joys vicariously. I have had the special and touching pleasure of being a close friend to other people's children, very often children of my own close friends or children whose parents were and remained strangers to me.

I realize well enough what an unearned increment of satisfaction I have derived from other people's children. It has cost me very little financially or physically. Nothing more than a fair amount of books and phonograph records, if I were to count them up, that I have given away on birthdays and at Christmases and graduations. I have not had to suffer through these semi-foster-children's childhood diseases, or childhood tantrums. I have known them at their most attractive best, for many of them I have come to know first as pupils in my college classes, and they have had a warmheartedness, a responsiveness at once good-humored and deferential that they have not always, I suspect, shown at home.

I have indeed developed without realizing it a feeling that other people's children are born about sixteen or seventeen years old. For that is the age when I have come to be acquainted with most of them. I am vaguely aware that they had earlier existences, that they were once crying babies, obstreperous brats. Even when I have been a visitor in households where there were attractive small children I have, however well I might get along with them, not really felt they were my friends. I was rather their extracurricular uncle and definitely to them one of their parents' generation and essentially one of their parents' allies. There have, it is true, been occasions when I have come to know other people's children from their

earliest days and been astonished suddenly to find standing in my study a young man whom I could not identify with the infant I first remembered.

There is Carl, for instance, whom I definitely recall from the time now twenty-three years ago when, invited to do so, I gingerly took his six-week-old self into my arms. I've known Carl ever since and I am happy to say he has grown in grace and truth as compared with the squalling infant who burst into shrieks the moment I picked him up. I have all my adult life been a *Hausfreund* of Carl's parents, so I have seen Carl, for the most part on Sunday afternoons, at all the stages of his life.

I think we first really came to know each other because I remember a good deal of children's verse and like to retell children's stories. There was a period when Carl made visits somewhat uncomfortable by demanding a story the moment I entered, or insisting on or objecting to the repetition of one I had already told, or rebelling particularly at a repetition with any detail varied. There is the Carl of the raucous twelve-year-old stage when he did not know the difference between a shout and a whisper and despite an earlier enthusiasm for *The Wind in the Willows* had developed a fantastic addiction to westerns and crime programs on the radio and, for music, variations on "Your Hit Parade." By the time he was about fourteen or fifteen, the gangling Carl seemed to me to have become a perfect stranger. Only his vitality remained attractive, though the things that caused his large eyes to open wide with admiration were not those with which I had much sympathy or patience. And at that time I think Carl had practically no interest in me at all.

Suddenly, at sixteen, Carl and I became friends again. It seemed gradually to have dawned upon Carl that a bachelor was a rather different category of human being from the married friends of his parents. I seemed younger to him than I was,

simply because "older" people were, as a rule, married. I was not in his eyes committed to the conventional prejudices of family men. He had apparently formed the conclusion that I did not regard him simply as part of his family, and certainly not as part of my own. He was clear that I did not think of him as someone to be adjured, scolded, even persuaded.

I noticed when Carl was about sixteen that he began to greet me as if we were buddies, I a rather more lucky buddy than others of his. I had more money to spend and my movements were freer, I could travel and I had traveled. He would drop a remark here and there that indicated that he thought he and I were pleasantly leagued against the absurd demands and injunctions of his own family — their requirements that he do not go out week nights, that he be home by a certain time on week-ends, that he maintain a certain standing in his grades, that he practice on the piano a certain number of hours a day. He would recite these fantastic requirements of his family to me as to one who would merely have to hear such parental insanities to understand how weird and unjust they were.

He knew his father and I were devoted friends. But he would tell me in confidence things about his father that he felt perhaps I had not realized or known: "Dad is really so old-fashioned in his view, he simply doesn't keep up with modern ideas; he's another generation." And then Carl would look at me sheepishly and say, "But then, you are, too, aren't you? Another generation, I mean. But I guess it's because you're not so settled and married; you understand modern improvements."

Carl went away to college and he'd drop in to see me on his visits back to town on holiday. I would notice that he would pick up books on my study table that had been so much Greek to him only two or three years before. And he would of his own volition raise questions about *laissez faire* and collectivism, war and peace, and the nature of good and evil itself that I had a hard time realizing issued from his mouth. The war came and the next time I saw Carl he was a naval officer. The peace came. Carl is a veteran and, though young, grave. I realize I think of him no longer as somebody's child, but as a grown man.

Carl is only one of many. Carl has always been almost pure pleasure to see, for he has, so far as I know, escaped the more feverish crises of adolescence and young manhood or they have left him unscathed.

2

THE visits of other people's children are not always so sunny. Sometimes another person's child comes to me in some moment of crisis. This is perhaps less surprising than it seems, that he should come to me rather than to his parents. But it is astonishing

the number of things a child will not confess to his parents, quite innocent things, too, such as the fact that he has changed his mind about a profession he has decided to go into. Sometimes the memory of several young men merges into one. And I am not sure whether it was Tom or Frederick who came to tell me he had decided not to go into law (or was it engineering?) as his father had hoped for him or intended because *he* was a lawyer or engineer. Let's say for simplicity that it was Tom and that it was a lawyer he had intended to be. Suddenly in his eighteenth year Tom had discovered poetry and literature in general, and while he was by no means sure he wanted to be a man of letters, or that he could be one, he was quite sure he was not cut out by talent or temperament to be a lawyer.

There were several reasons he felt diffident about explaining that to his father, a successful lawyer who had looked forward to his son's carrying on his practice. I had known the father a long time, and found him a competent if not too imaginative man. Tom found it hard, as I note youngsters often find it hard, to communicate a new-found enthusiasm, especially in art or letters, to a practical parent with practical hopes for his son's career. Moreover, Tom had awakened not only to poetry but to politics and economics and he found it hard to tell his father, though his father and I were close friends, what he somehow didn't mind telling me — that he did not think much of the legal profession and that it was a parasitic growth (Tom, though far from being extreme left had picked up the Marxist vocabulary) on the capitalist economy.

A good many youngsters discover what they take to be the facts of life, and not only the sexual facts of life, and they hesitate to tell their parents about them. They feel they would be laughed at at home if they told their burning aesthetic or social zeals. Tom, among others, felt he could tell me these things. After all, I was a teacher and therefore among the underprivileged, he thought. I was a humanist and therefore would not laugh at his poetic enthusiasms. I was a professional mentor and friend of youth and would not mind if he were a little vague about what he wished to do.

"I've known your father for years," I said. "You can talk to him about all these matters. I can and do."

"I can't," said Tom. "Perhaps you can explain these things for me." I have sometimes been enabled to help explain their sons to their fathers, although often the fathers, as I well knew, did not require much explanation. Hearing the confidences of other people's children has made me realize how pathetic, in some cases how tragic, it is that parents and children are separated by the barriers of shyness on both sides and mutual illusions of obstinacy or ignorance.

Occasionally I have seen other people's children in the midst of more intense crises. I have been

alarmed sometimes by being expected to be what one of my friends has called an academic baby-sitter. It is perfectly clear that some of the young men I have known have turned to me at moments when they ought to have turned to a psychiatrist, and I have told them so and they have often known it. But there are things that trouble them, not major or upsetting enough to drive them to psychiatry or analysis and yet too urgent and private and delicate to discuss with their own parents. An older friend seems the ideal confidant. For they are aware that their sudden falling in love will at home too likely be dismissed as calf love; their sudden moral or social or even religious enthusiasm will be treated as something humorously incidental to adolescence. Those I have known have turned to me as they have turned, I know, to others, because they could count on not being treated simply as a child in the house and on not having their conflicts and problems dismissed as mere growing pains.

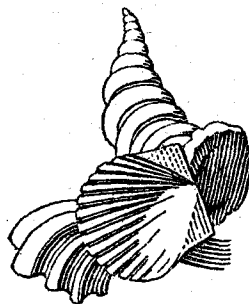
As for myself, I have most enjoyed other people's children when I have shared with them the companionship of ideas. For on that level, time and age do not matter much to either them or me. They know that I am of their parents' generation. But they do not feel the need or the occasion, when we are conversing in terms of the mind, of treating me as if they and I were of different vintages. I am for them in a pleasant no-age land between their own and that paleolithic era when their parents were at college. They note that I remember further back than they do and have had a vaguely longer chance to observe life. But Plato is not much further away from them than he is from me. In the realm of art and thought we can speak something like a common contemporary language.

It is true, as Santayana says, that our devotions in the arts come from our first masters and our first loves. The young men and women I know will never feel as my contemporaries and I once felt about

Galsworthy and H. G. Wells. I cannot pretend to feel quite the enthusiasm some of them seem to have about abstract art or melodyless music, or hard-boiled, lusterless prose. But one of the things other people's children do for me is to remind me that the world of creativeness and freshness did not end a generation ago. One of the things I seem to do for them is to remind them that the world of originality and directness did not begin the day they began to discover the world.

For myself as for others who are interested in other people's children, the experience of knowing and being interested in them is itself, in addition to being a delight, a peculiar discipline for the emotions. I can only imagine from the observation of an outsider the possessiveness in parental love. I, too, have become attached to the children of other people by bonds of affection, and often deeply concerned for their future. But I no more feel a special possessiveness about them than one feels about the birds, never the same twice, that turn up in the spring. The birds leave in the fall, and to a warmer South.

Other people's children pass out of one's life, too. For a time some of them retain and show evidences of retaining a special affection for one who was perhaps the first adult to take them seriously as adults. They "come back" as to a place they had once known in childhood, as to a landmark in their past. But their social world enlarges, soon they are grown-up themselves and know many other adults. The older friend becomes one among many personal memories for them, notes in their biography. But if it is foolish of parents to demand filial piety from their own children, it is certainly absurd for any outsider to expect it. One learns to enjoy them for the promise and charm and hope they embody so freshly while one knows them, and to further as best one can, while they are still within one's orbit, what is best in them.



Atlantic Portrait

That college students could be taught to write and produce for the stage seemed absurd to Broadway and the professional theatre when George Pierce Baker was developing his "47 Workshop" in Cambridge. His teaching, his wise encouragement, guided to early success the talents of Eugene O'Neill, Edward Sheldon, Philip Barry, Sidney Howard, Donald Oenslager, S. N. Behrman, and George Abbott, to name a few. We have called on ROLLO WALTER BROWN, one of his students, for this picture of G.P.B. in action.

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

I

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER stands as a complete instance of the way a serious man's life may enter into a specific humanizing institution and quicken it and increase its reach until he comes to be accepted history.

Nature could not have done better in the making of a man to champion the theatre arts. He looked every inch the part of a distinguished tragic actor.

Perhaps he was not any actor that one could name, though some said Booth. But when he came briskly into his Harvard classroom with his eyes modestly not looking toward anybody in particular, and took his place at his desk and began to arrange his materials from his green bookbag, some total of his pleasantly serious face and spare lips, his dark hair smoothly parted in the middle, and the flowing ribbon on his eyeglasses suggested that he must have just come from rehearsing in a very important play. Strangely enough, when he did attempt a part, he did not seem so much the tragic actor as when he was not acting; he was too evidently the serious George Pierce Baker. But whatever the circumstances, one could not be in his presence for ten minutes without being aware that he was a man whose great passion, whose life, was the living theatre.

He had to sit back a little from his desk, from any lecture notes that he might have before him, and assure us that the theatre had not died with Shakespeare. Dramatists kept coming on. Sometimes he had to stand up at the end of the desk and read to us from Henry Arthur Jones's *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, or Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Second Mrs.*

Tanqueray or *The Princess and the Butterfly*, or Bernard Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* — it was then "Mr. George Bernard Shaw" — and consider what these men were trying to do, and whether or not they had succeeded. The chief thing for us to remember was that here were writers at the very moment trying to say something through the drama.

It is not easy today to see how great an innovation he was making. For at the turn of the century it was not quite respectable in academic communities to let oneself think of a writer who still walked the earth as an "author" who might be writing "literature" or "drama." Courses in English — one need only to look at old catalogues and see — ended abruptly with "the death of Tennyson." For years in the nineties the Radcliffe College girls petitioned annually for courses that dealt with living authors. They declared that college helped them to feel a little at home in every world except their own.

And here was a man who not only offered a course in which he dealt with living dramatists, but declared that universities ought to offer courses in the writing of plays. This was more of a jolt to the academic world — or the part of it that bothered to note what he said — than the study of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* had been. But he had been trying out the idea with an unofficial little group known as Baker's Dozen, who very quietly — almost surreptitiously — wrote away at plays as they had time until he felt sure of his ground.

So he made his open declaration. The American theatre seemed unable to provide itself with a body



of competent playwrights; it was complaining about a waning supply of well-grounded young actors; and it was beginning to point out the mounting difficulties of maintaining the theatre on the road. Why should not institutions of learning give aid to the extent of providing a new source of somewhat disciplined vitality? For the drama was nothing trivial; it was established deep in the human spirit. It vivified and enlarged life by revealing life's heights and depths and forgotten joys and unnoticed tragedies and amusing peccadilloes and fantastic dreamings. How could anyone interested in the humane tradition say that the making of drama — good drama — did not fall within the scope of a university's legitimate concern?

Harvard at first withheld permission for such a course as he proposed. But Radcliffe College invited him (1903) to give it over there, and then after a year or two Harvard authorized him to proceed with it in the Yard.

Now he had the wide horizon that he required. Earlier, in developing new kinds of courses in argumentation and the history of the drama, he had known something of the waybreaker's experience. That, however, was but premonitory. Now he knew that he was where he belonged, and where he meant to stay. He could see with a clairvoyant's confidence how what he planned to do in the writing of plays might some day reach far and be in fact an influence in the American theatre and, in consequence, in American artistic and social life. So he worked ahead day and night, exploringly, happily, enthusiastically.

2

ALMOST immediately one of his students wrote a play that had a deserved and fortunate success — fortunate for the professor as well as for the student. For Edward Sheldon's *Salvation Nell* enlisted the genius of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and the theatrical world suddenly knew that somebody at Harvard University was offering a course in play-writing.

Quickly also Professor Baker himself had news of what he was doing. The young were excited; here was a new world in which to do great things. Their elders, well grooved in their notions, found in the fact that an acceptable play had been written in a college course a phenomenon almost beyond hope of explanation. Yet they did not hesitate to try. The play was not much good; it was only the brilliant Mrs. Fiske who had given it the appearance of success. The play simply could not have been written "just as a college theme." The professor had written the play himself. In order to make everything fit into their logic, certain persons for years after Edward Sheldon became famous very neatly refrained from any mention of the fact that he had once worked with Professor Baker. Others

generously said that it was true that the play had been written under Professor Baker's guidance, but that it had been a fluke, and nothing further need be expected. Some of the Harvard faculty dismissed the whole matter as "pretty small potatoes" for an institution devoted to higher learning.

Professor Baker heard, too, from the press — for several years he heard from the press. Generously, he gave time for interviews. What he was attempting, he knew well enough, was something that lent itself to easy misrepresentation. He was careful; he went into great detail to show how he was not trying to develop genius that did not exist, and how he had no formula, but was trying to shorten and clear the way for the potential playwright who had an idea in his head. He begged reporters to publish only what he had actually said, and in its context. But since too frequently they were out to write a story with plenty of scream in it about this "Ha'va'd professor," instead of trying to understand subtle nuances in the making of a play, he sometimes had to suffer the agony of reading that he had said things which no one could have induced him to say under threat of death.

He was not happy when he knew that he was misunderstood. And he was a good crusader. So from time to time he took to the road. He spoke all over the East and as far westward as Indiana and Illinois on "The Drama as a Social Force," and incidentally let his audiences know what he was trying to do in his course in play-writing. He said: "'The dramatist is born, not made.' This common saying grants the dramatist at least one experience of other artists, namely, birth, but seeks to deny him the instruction in art granted the architect, the painter, the sculptor, the musician." Very graciously he told them that he was only seeking in a modest way to give a few young playwrights the important second half of the complete artistic experience.

When he stood before an audience to tell them of the possibilities of the theatre, he delighted them with his very evident respect for them, his charm of manner, his enriched acquaintance with the whole field of the drama. He was full of bright asides, but always they expressed the humor of a man who was on a serious mission. In a small college town in Indiana where he was the first known person ever to speak to a public gathering in behalf of the theatre, a Civil War veteran much occupied with banking said: "I had never thought much about the theatre, but after I heard what he had to say I felt as if I ought to close up the bank and join forces with him."

All the while, the gloomy predictions concerning the road theatre were coming true. Towns in Ohio or Wisconsin that had counted on Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan, for instance, or Viola Allen, or two or three other stars of some brilliancy each season, were being left wholly without drama of any substantial kind. It was not yet evident that the screen was to play such an important role in these towns, but it

was evident that some kind of shift was taking place.

Professor Baker saw in all this a greater importance for the university and college theatre. Community dramatic clubs and little theatres and all such adult enterprises might spring up and pass through strange evolutions and slumps and deaths — and they did — but at the colleges there would always be a steady stream of young life arriving to make possible year after year all necessary experimenting in the interest of better plays, better producing and acting, and better audiences.

He decided that he must add to his courses in play-writing until he had a complete experimental laboratory in the drama. The final test of any play was on the stage. But he had no theatre. Worse still, official Harvard seemed to have no interest whatever in providing him with one. Eventually he and his students were using Lower Massachusetts Hall — the gaunt first floor of Harvard's oldest building that sightseers always came to look at — for designing and painting sets, reading plays, holding preliminary rehearsals, and talking things over. In an office in one corner he carried on a heavy correspondence and held conferences with men and women — including the usual percentage of pachyderm cranks — who came from everywhere to seek his counsel. When a play was about ready for production everything had to be moved up the street to the very inadequate auditorium in Agassiz House, Radcliffe College. It was an awkward, time-consuming arrangement, but there was no choice.

He went to Germany, to France, to England, to Ireland, to learn as much as possible about anything that had evolved in stage construction, in lighting, in the relation of the players to the audience and of the theatre to the community. And how could his Workshop in the drama be kept going when there was no available money for its support? Lady Gregory in her *Journals* quotes a note from him in which he told her that had it not been for his knowledge of what the Abbey Theatre had been able to do with so little, the 47 Workshop might not have existed at all.

All the while his students were contributing very directly to the theatre as it was. Edward Sheldon's first play had not been a fluke; he was now a figure that the American theatre and the human species might well be proud of. Frederick Ballard came along, too, with *Believe Me*, *Xantippe*, and George Abbott with a head full of ideas, and Cleves Kinkead with *Common Clay*. One day, too, Eugene O'Neill came to town to learn what he could in the Workshop, and soon was giving the American theatre such a stirring as it had never before known. Since he was most appreciative of what Professor Baker was doing, he added numerous to the body of Americans who were aware of the Workshop. And then came S. N. Behrman and Sidney Howard — Sidney Howard who wrote in one of his prefaces many years later: "I went to school, once upon a

time, to George Pierce Baker, at Harvard, in the 47 Workshop, and learned from him what little I have ever learned about the craft of writing plays."

There was a nation-wide demand for the places in the Workshop. Colleges were asking for Professor Baker's students to teach drama, and these in turn were sending out their students to teach in high schools, and spreading the news farther and farther. Professional producers had become more and more appreciative. It was time for him to have a halfway usable theatre in which to carry on his work.

He knew the kind of theatre he could use to great advantage. But it was not forthcoming. The dramatic awakening that had spread so far had not reached the Harvard Corporation.

3

THUS he came into the first half of what was to be the great ironic chapter of his life.

Because of his wider recognition he was a busy man. On every hand he was besought by somebody. Could he create and produce a great pageant — and he did — in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing at Plymouth — since he had already done other important pageants? Could he read the manuscript of a play written by a woman in London who had read in the British newspapers about his work? Could he come to New York and act as toastmaster at a very distinguished dinner in honor of David Belasco, since Mr. Belasco had said that Mr. Baker knew the theatre better than anyone else in America, and that he would feel specially honored if Mr. Baker could accept? Could he write an article on stage-lighting in Germany for the *Boston Transcript*? Could he come to St. Louis and lecture for \$200, and when? Could he find time for a conference with a boy who undoubtedly was close on the heels of William Shakespeare? Could he find two tickets — since nobody else could — for the forthcoming production of Philip Barry's *A Punch for Judy*? Could he not bring his Workshop players to Worcester — or somewhere else — for a few performances?

Within the Workshop, too, there was a bulge of new life. It is always unfair to single out a few when all the members of a group deserve mention, but no one could deny the vitality of such students as Philip Barry, John Mason Brown, Donald Oenslager, Thomas Wolfe, Dorothy Kuhns Heyward. Lower Massachusetts was busy all day long and often into the night past midnight. In this period "G. P." — or "G. P. B." — worked with such energy that he exhausted anyone who tried to keep up with him. He read plays, decided which ones were to be produced, cast the parts, coached the rehearsals, and when the leading lady fell ill the night before the show, or the whole cast suddenly seemed to forget everything they had ever known about a play or a performance, he was grave but usually

patient beyond words, and made the best of a bad situation. Once — at least once — he threatened to walk out on them and let them shift for themselves. But usually he got everything done through patience and the irresistible charm of a personality that had a deep respect for other personalities.

In his criticism of plays and playwrights he was always very honest. He could not fail to see that the gigantic young Thomas Wolfe was a genius of some kind. But genius alone would not make him a playwright. He enjoyed too much the experience of letting himself go, of pouring himself out unrestrainedly. The Workshop office was presided over by a young woman of great understanding and enthusiasm, and when the weather was warm and the window by her desk was up, Thomas Wolfe would stand outside — his stature enabled him to do so — and pour into her ears whatever was on his mind. And always he was thinking about something interesting. Much later, when *Of Time and the River* was published, she said, "Why, I got all of that long ago by word of mouth through the office window." Eventually the director of the Workshop told him that nature had not designed him to be a playwright, and advised him — very wisely — to be a novelist, since a novel can have as much spread as readers will stand, and a play, after all, must be kept within the limits of one evening. "Your gift is not selection, but profusion."

There was something pleasantly feverish in the Workshop atmosphere of those years. The experienced director somehow had more enthusiasm for what his students were doing than they themselves had — though at times they had much. "He helped us to hope," said Eugene O'Neill in his deep gratitude, and summarized the whole spirit of the Workshop. Students learned how to come out of disappointment. "Now," Professor Baker said to the young woman who had traveled far to bring him the manuscript of a play that was not good, and that he dropped into the wastebasket with a bit of formality, "now we are ready for a fresh start." They could always count on that; so they worked ahead. "We would have worked our eyes out for him, for he was always working his eyes out for us." To one who had been interested in the enterprise since its beginning, and who now had to stop and linger daily where the work was going on, here was activity that in truth must be called creative. It grew; it reached out; it went on multiplying itself in minds all over the country.

Yet Professor Baker was obliged to struggle along without anything that approached adequate facilities. Each year he had to raise money to carry on the play production, and then produce the plays in a "theatre" that was not a theatre at all. There were community high schools in remote places, in the sparsely settled parts of the country, that had incomparably better theatres to work in than he had in the oldest university in the United States.

When he once again approached President Lowell about the matter, he was told that no funds were available for such purposes. When he asked if the University could not find the money, he was told that the University had other projects — vast projects — in mind. When he offered to raise the money himself if the Harvard Corporation would permit him to do so, President Lowell asked him to submit the names of possible donors so that the Corporation could feel sure that he would not be approaching potential donors already in mind for other projects.

At one time it seemed as if a Harvard Theatre might be included in the drive for a new Graduate School of Business Administration — since the Business School had revealed interest in moving pictures. But eventually it was decided — by somebody — that anything so lightweight as a theatre did not belong in the campaign. Professor Baker received the amazing news that one member of the Corporation had said that the inclusion of the appeal for a Harvard Theatre would kill the whole project.

President Lowell explained — to the writer of this paragraph one morning — that the Corporation believed the enthusiasm for the drama at Harvard might be chiefly enthusiasm for Professor Baker, who was due to retire in less than ten years. If the Corporation put six or seven hundred thousand dollars into a Harvard Theatre, who knew but that the University might be left with such another white elephant on its hands as Memorial Hall?

He insisted that there had been no personal animosity in the case, although he imagined Professor Baker's friends were saying so. And they were, after they learned that Massachusetts Hall was to be made fireproof — there had been a fire — and restored to its early use as a dormitory, without providing for Professor Baker's Workshop.

The situation, then, had come to be this: Countless people over the United States looked with deep appreciation to Harvard as a source of light in the field of the drama, and the man who had created the light was left without facilities for carrying on his work.

While an atmosphere of suspense and near-explosion hovered over Cambridge, a graduate of Yale who was a heavy donor to the institution and was thinking of building a Yale Theatre came with a member of the Yale Corporation to study the vast things Harvard had done in the drama, and to get useful suggestions. Since Professor Baker now had nothing to work with at Harvard, they rightly judged that the assurance of everything to work with at Yale would bring him to New Haven. And one day in the autumn of 1924 the *New York Times* carried the news.

4

THUS he entered the second half of the great ironic chapter in his brilliantly useful life.

It was not that he was unwelcome at New Haven. The Yale official attitude was "generous and cordially appreciative." In the faculty there were spots of emotional resistance — as when one well-known teacher at Yale accompanied an out-of-town friend to the entrance of the theatre and then explained that he meant never to cross the threshold. And men of football mind asked a bit petulantly if Yale could not find a director for the new theatre without going to Harvard for him — to which certain Harvard men replied, "Of course not!" These school-boy tauntings, however, were not understood by anyone as meaning that Professor Baker was not well received at Yale.

Nevertheless, he was sacrificing much. Cambridge was home. He would soon be sixty, and no man of that age uproots himself from where he has spent his working life and brought up his family, and where he and his wife have endeared themselves to their neighbors, and transplants himself somewhere else for a new start without experiencing a certain spiritual dislocation. Specifically, too, he was leaving behind his Cambridge Workshop audience, who constituted a kind of sympathetic, stimulating atmosphere in which he and his students could work and feel the rebound of collaboration. An audience of that kind cannot be developed in a day — anywhere. When he received President Lowell's telegram accepting his resignation, he knew well enough how much he was giving up, and had to turn away to read.

But handicaps were no novelty to him, and soon he was as busily at work as ever — in his brand-new environment. When he made up his staff of helpers he was able to draw upon former students who knew his aims and practices. Some of his students at Harvard and Radcliffe became his students at Yale. In a few years people over the United States learned to say "Professor Baker of Yale" instead of "Professor Baker of Harvard." In a few years, too, he was well settled in at Yale, his Workshop audience was developing, and his students were going out from Yale to make their contribution, very much as they had gone out from Harvard.

By the time he was forced by a serious malady to retire after eight years at Yale, it was becoming easy to see specifically how his influence had touched American life. The *Theatre Arts Monthly* published two maps of the United States that showed just where his former students in two universities were now at work. The playwrights, the actors, the stage designers, the believers in the repertory theatre, the believers in the little theatre, the believers in a portable country theatre, the teachers in charge of college dramatic workshops, were numerous enough and active enough to constitute a satisfying life record for any man.

His most immediate, most obvious contribution was to the theatre as it existed. His students who

became playwrights were a substantial company, and their names were much in the air. Certain others who did not turn to the writing of plays sought nevertheless to quicken or perfect the existing theatre from within — men and women represented by Donald Oenslager, John Mason Brown, Maurice Wertheim, Theresa Helburn. Broadway producers in the end almost forgot that they had ever spoken disdainfully about "the professor." For now they were much occupied with producing plays that "the professor's" students had written. And often they turned to "the professor" for counsel. When Sidney Howard reported Professor Baker one night on Broadway in dress clothes with a shovel on his shoulder after one of Philip Barry's plays had closed — the shovel was one of the properties — he recorded what had come to be very true: Professor Baker was a familiar and accepted figure on Broadway. He had brought to the commercial theatre a gust of life.

Yet it is just possible that his students who went out and became teachers may in the end carry his influence to the more basic depths — the great body of men and women represented by Frederick Koch, who through his Carolina Playmakers awakened the South and the entire country so thoroughly to the potentialities of folk drama that one critic in New York declared he was "probably doing more to develop an American drama than all the producers and importers in this city"; or Allen Crafton, who in the Prairie Playhouse — an abandoned saloon in Galesburg, Illinois — and in the University of Kansas Theatre set a new standard in amateur dramatic interpretation, and provided a source of supply for both professional producers and institutions in search of teachers.

Professor Baker became a kind of grand old man in American drama. In New York when he could still go about a little he appeared one evening where many of his former students had gathered together in happy remembrance of one of his intimate friends. There was a flutter of admiration when he came in — his face touched by a smile, his eyes bright, his hair gray but as smoothly parted as ever, his flowing eyeglass ribbon looking just as it always had.

When he had very graciously said good night, they had to talk him over. Someone said, "The way he always treated us as if we were somebodies about to do something important!" "Yes, and do you suppose there ever was another man so completely devoted to the theatre?" And someone whose thought ran far afield said: "A man out west was showing me his perfectly swell new theatre and remarked, 'I never worked with George Pierce Baker, but there's a good deal of him in this building you're looking at.'"

That was how it was. That was how he had entered unobtrusively into the life of his time until he became history.

HOUSE AND HOME

HERE is my house and home; next door the neighbors
Live in another landscape over frontier,
Their washing waves on a foreign line, their children
Chatter away and laugh in a strange language
Across another world where they are native.

I smile and pass them by, less than their shadows
Barely perceived in my preoccupation:
How shall I ask for knowledge of my neighbors
When I am here, not there? This is heart's hiding
Bricked all around me, house well built for winter.

Who is my neighbor? Each man working blindfold
Builds his own home beside the next man's building;
Unmatched the paints and patterns hit the housetops
With none to care; each sees his own house only
Until the eyes are opened, seldom, seldom.

We're all anonymous even to ourselves here,
And I've made prison for myself, pretending
To help me dream myself known and at home here
Locked solitary in, till my free spirit jibbing
Broke out of that dream to be awake, much wiser.

Now through the four hard walls of my belonging
Altered I will go out and see my landscape,
These little bricks, toy house huddled around me,
Myself in middle of me hibernating,
And all too small — I have a better birthright:

Let me be one among these living others,
Their homes and mine must make one pattern of persons
Living and loved, in each of them my neighbor
Living beside me, loved vivid and sacred,
And all his children laughing in my language.

GEORGE ALLEN

I Personally

Over the years, the Atlantic has taken special pleasure in introducing the work of new writers. In the field of non-fiction we have published a succession of autobiographical narratives, the true stories of men and women who have shared with the reader the truth, the humor — and the difficulties — of a singular experience. Occasionally, as in this instance, the author prefers to remain anonymous. It is sufficient to say that he is a New Yorker who once taught school and who has been the assistant editor of an industrial newspaper for some years.

I CHANGED MY NAME

ANONYMOUS

I

TOWARD July of 1945 my kid brother's V-mail began coming home scrawled all over with odd pseudonyms. If I knew David, he was after something — just what, it wasn't impossible to guess, even before the final letter that rounded out his campaign. He wanted to change his name.

We are Jews, and our name was forthrightly Jewish. As his letter gingerly put it, the decision to take a new name was related to a taste for travel he had picked up in the Air Force. He had seen New Orleans, the Rockies, the Pacific, Manila; he wanted to see more after the war, and now he sought this means of assuring pleasant globe-trotting.

I think I knocked him out of his cockpit when I wrote that the step he contemplated had been on my mind a good while, and that it appeared advantageous from most angles. Somehow, half-way around the world, and busy with a B-29, he had arrived at my own well-matured conclusion as to one *sine qua non* of the good life in the twentieth century.

When David came home we got out our Manhattan phone directory, pored through the section of names with our initial, and compiled a list of three hundred choice surnames. When it came to making a decision, when we uttered those unfamiliar syllables aloud after our own given names, the project faltered; mutual embarrassment turned us cold. Without our old name we felt as anonymous as a couple of blades of grass.

But at last, having winnowed our sizable list, testing and rejecting, we settled on a name both neutral and euphonious. It might be Protestant or Catholic, it might be French, English, American. It might be anything. Crusaders had borne our name; street sweepers no doubt still do.

Good enough. The less your name says, the louder your actions speak. We hoped ours would do us credit.

Our idea was to find a name soothing to the greatest possible number of preconceptions and preju-

dices we were likely to meet. Our choice, we had agreed, was not to be pure Anglo-Saxon (although that's such a marketable strain) because we are both dark, resembling our father rather than our mother, a blue-eyed blonde. No telling what shade our children might decide to assume. So, clasping hands in enthusiasm over our own shrewdness, we steered clear of a number of British pitfalls.

Then we paid a lawyer (funny how you always pay for what the court of justice decides is yours by right) and became legal owners of the name of our choice. Incidentally — a tip for careful shoppers — the fee was about the same for both as it would have been for one. Entire families may enjoy this wholesale arrangement.

The required thirty days passed. We put a fine bright new name plate under our letter box and went out curiously into a world that had now and then turned a suspiciously stony face to our efforts. Immediate results were gratifying. For those who hesitate, the answer to "Can I get away with it?" is "You'd be surprised." In my case, though I'm dark, I got the benefit of the doubt. Events showed that most Christians accepted me as just another guy — extended their cordiality without misgivings or reservations.

The right name, I congratulated myself, is a great buy at only sixty dollars.

Later I found that not everybody was fooled, that a small, militant minority penetrated my human disguise and were not averse to showing it; but on various counts these were mostly obnoxious birds anyway, with whom it would have been small thrill to deal — not the impressive people in my field, which happens to be journalism. Make things smooth and comfortable for the latter, and they don't give your origins a second thought.

It was the more bigoted who were apt to spot me. Seemingly they nourish a psychological "set" to which large portions of their waking time are dedicated: eternal, nervous separation of sheep from

goats. Such specialists appear condemned to an unsleeping *qui vive*, like Argus. Even among the specialists, however, there were many who took me and my sixty-dollar name into blood brotherhood, confiding how the continued existence of Jews (and/or Negroes, Italians, etc., etc.) added considerably to their burdens. Well, I didn't have to live with them. I just wanted to fool them into the impression that I was human, and I was succeeding.

But while I went around aglow at having joined the human race, fire and brimstone were storing up for me in an unexpected quarter. It was my friends' calling me a coward and deserter — literally, with just not quite enough humor to make it casual — that wiped the grin off my face. Surely there was nothing cowardly about invading what might reasonably be set down as hostile territory? But my accusers were drawing on centuries of stored-up polemic; I was groping an uncharted way to new ground.

Weeks went by before the vague complex of annoyance, logic, and intuition that had been my motivation settled into words. Then my muttering friends found themselves pinned by the lapels and flailed with my rationale of name-changing.

Those very friends who decried my change of name are in the main agnostics; the supernatural has long since departed from their world. Yes, they do sometimes attend services. To worship? The idea would embarrass them. And they were honestly angry with me. Why? What made their eyeteeth show?

I think I know. They have reacted passionately to injustice. They feel passionately that as an Irishman may have his reel, his green, his St. Patrick's Day parade, as each national group in America is entitled to its history, costumes, dishes, songs, colors, so Jews as a matter of simple justice have the right to their traditions. And they will in self-respect defend that right, to the last drop of blood. I am determined to keep my blood, every drop, for more personal ends.

2

In giving up my old name I had nothing but a headache to lose. My education was entirely secular. I went to school with a generation largely of the opinion that any man who transmits God's desires to you is probably only guessing. My heritage comes to about the same thing as that of any of my college friends whose tastes were academic. The classical tradition satisfied our cultural needs. To the extent that we were not occupied with co-eds, Greece and Rome and Florence were the playground of our young imaginations. There was a period that I shall never forget when, the impetus of my studies upon me, I burrowed through our library and communed, positively communed, with

the Middle Ages. Maybe the past, to the scholarly tribe, holds an attraction not fully justified by all of its products. At any rate we got a fund of old art and literature; and the best of *that* was part of, or intimately bound up with, the Christian tradition. Such was the shape Creation took. The culture in which I live springs from twenty centuries of Christianity.

In every field it was the same. Weekly organ recitals in chapel culminated in the liturgical and semi-liturgical works of Bach. Take anything; take architecture. Before my mind's eye the gradual soaring of Early Christian, Romanesque, and Gothic comes unmatched for fascination by the most be-Oscared of Hollywood's 180-minute masterpieces. Now recently I found, scattered throughout New York City, little replicas, little echoes, of ancient basilica and cloister — poor, aspiring imitations at best, yet in continuity with the dreams of those strange, cruel, unsanitary, devout, and lovely days. A faded church in Greenwich Village can harbor a stone column that remembers Constantinople and Ravenna.

If someone says, Jewish tradition is equally exciting, I shall have to confess, Not to me; it wasn't in the curriculum. — Then what do you know about it? — Almost as little as I do of Sanskrit. Like my classmates, I feel well-rounded despite ignorance of both Sanskrit and Hebrew. Given my choice, I'd take Sanskrit to study, for reasons obvious to philologists. However, neither is important to the enjoyment of the great heritage running through Homer, Dante, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Proust. Of course if I had nine or ten lives to live I'd definitely, in the ninth, find time for Hebrew, which is, in America, at least as valuable as Chinese ceramics or Polynesian ethnology.

But don't you bleed, I've been asked, for the Jews trying to get to Palestine?

Yes, but that's another matter. I am appalled by all of man's inhumanity to man, everywhere. The tide of injustice rises, and no one does anything about it, and sometimes one would like to resign not alone from the Jews, but from the universe as well.

The Jews of the Old World all have my sympathy. For one thing, I distrust frontiers; instinct assures me that everyone has the right to go where he wants to go. But I am equally concerned with the plight of the Chinese, and the violence between Hindu and Moslem; and the bell that tolls for Republicans murdered in Java, and Negroes murdered in Georgia, tolls for me.

Today Charity, lovely lady, is denominational. Charity is Methodist and Roman Catholic, she is Scandinavian, Negroid, and Gallic. Greeks contribute scrupulously to Greek relief, Poles carefully earmark shipments to Poland, Jews scientifically raise funds for Jews. Call me naïve or perverse, but I generally feel as bad about a dying Hindu

as about a dying Jew. What does that make me — a kind of Christian?

At this or some other point, when a relative begins to look reflectively at me in a withdrawn sort of way, I emphasize the aesthetic and humanitarian nature of my sentiments. I will not join a church. People with sincere beliefs have my respect. They are fortunate. But I like best to describe myself simply as a human being. I am a man, and not easy to classify.

The form of family discussion has become as standard as that of a Quonset hut. Names are paraded of brilliant, eminent, important, rich, respected Jews. "Look at Baruch, Frankfurter, Spinoza, the Twelve Apostles, the Rothschilds, Irving Berlin, Matisse, Freud, Einstein, Louis B. Mayer. They weren't handicapped."

Mournfully I point out that I am, alas, no Einstein, no Irving Berlin, no Bernard Baruch. I'm an ordinary guy, young, with a taste for security and the amenities of life. Perhaps I could serve as the composite portrait of all undistinguished college grads. And you may want to believe, I add, that the wrong name is no handicap, and you may actually kid yourself into believing it, but you're not kidding me, since I've already found things easier, my entrée smoothed, the new way.

I have a special fondness for the Bright Horizons gambit. "Kindly hold out a while longer. Education will spread the notion that each strain may have something peculiar and original and irreplaceable to contribute. Progress will teach Americans to judge each man fairly on his merits."

There is something to that. Indeed, some day folks may love others for being *different*. Nevertheless, while Education and Progress receive my hearty endorsement, we have only one life to live, and that's pretty brief. Pending the civilization of America, I propose to make mine easier.

3

So, while the millennium makes its slow way hither, I let my new name open doors. Today I am at the point where background doesn't count, which gives me a pleasant feeling of universality. I once had occasion to visit West Virginia. What sort of people would chance and altered environment send my way? Hillbillies, miners, farmers, moonshiners? I was frankly ignorant, and just as frankly eager. What my considerate hosts arranged was a series of introductions within the Jewish community. Swell folk — but for me it was like accepting an invitation to a restaurant in Chinatown and finding an American dinner ordered. That determined my attitude: Never again; I'm off the merry-go-round. A pox on parochialism.

"How do you like being a liar?" a tough friend will insinuatingly demand, eyeing me as though he had just connected with a haymaker and was now waiting for me to drop. Well, I think we should be only too pleased to misinform those gentlemen who like to know how to put their finger on Jews. Lies are too good for them, these lovers of an orderly world where each sect and breed comes plainly labeled and Jews good-naturedly make their living at pawnbroking, clothes manufacturing, or junk dealing. Such gentlemen may not always be deceived, but if enough names are changed, they will certainly be confused. Therefore to hypocritical universities, polluted employment agencies, churchgoers ignorant of Christianity, canting business leaders, haters of people they haven't met, it seems a good idea to say: I won't make your dirty work easier, like a sheep considerately running up the plank into the slaughterhouse. Try and find me.

As for the vast majority of folks, decent and kind, this little deception robs them of nothing and makes everybody more comfortable. Actually, there's no need to deceive my Christian friends. I can rely on the sympathy and good sense of those I normally choose as associates. But in a pinch I am exempted from a senseless struggle for my rights.

So far I have glossed over the experience of my younger brother, who was the one to set our experiment in motion. David's story is the story of a bit of cartilage. Now and then my brother comes up against someone so keen and infallible that by looking at the tip of David's nose he recognizes the disguised pawnbroker. My brother may invest still further in his own humanity. He may decide to pay a surgeon to remove enough of that tiny but fatal cartilage to haul him up out of the pawnbroker race — washed sinless in the modern equivalent of baptism of the heathen — up to the shining precincts of individuality, honor, good breeding, ability, personality, talent, and ethics. We don't know — it's a question of percentages; and each month the offending cartilage loses some of its treacherous power. It may stay.

Meanwhile my brother rejoices in the new name on our letter box. He says it brings a sense of freedom as bracing as a good salt wind from the ocean. We can at our ease go anywhere, travel, work, play. Set us down at any crossroads in America, in the world, and we are integrated units, going concerns, operating on about the same basis as anyone else, given, as a matter of course, the same three strikes as other Americans. It isn't anything of heroic proportions to have done, but we have adjusted to environment. And that, if I recall my elementary psychology, conforms to one common, workable definition of intelligence.



An Atlantic Story



Of English parentage, MONICA STIRLING spent ten years of her girlhood in Paris. There she became a close friend of Colette and Colette's daughter. In the early years of the war she worked in General de Gaulle's headquarters, where her mastery of the two languages served her in good stead. After the Allied invasion she returned to France for eighteen months as the Atlantic's correspondent. We regard her articles and her short stories as sure promise of her longer work to come.

THE BRACELET

by MONICA STIRLING

HAVING changed into her best clothes, Claude prepared to leave the room. But as she was feeling in her jacket pocket for Métro tickets, the telephone on the landing below began to ring. After a second's indecision Claude stood still and listened. Whoever was calling was persistent. Ring, ring, ring: the urgent futility of the sound reminded Claude of distant voices heard during air raids. Convinced at last that she was the only person in the house, she opened the door. As she did so she heard the clip-clap of the concierge's downtrodden slippers. Not daring to move, Claude held her breath.

The shrill clamor of the telephone was replaced by the gruff voice of the concierge. Yes, this was the number; no, Monsieur had not made a mistake — but it takes time to get upstairs, doesn't it? Very well then; who? A pause, followed by a shout: "Mademoiselle Claude!" Claude remained silent, immobile. The shout was repeated, three times. Then the caller was told Mademoiselle Claude was out, the receiver was slammed down, and ruminative grumbles accompanied the clip-clap of the slippers downstairs.

Uneasily, Claude took a deep breath. She was an obliging girl and had never before refused herself to a telephone. She would not have done so now had it not suddenly occurred to her that the call might be an attempt to put her off on the part of the man with whom she was on her way to dine. Not that André ever had put her off at the last moment — he was polite, in a careless way — but

it had once or twice lately occurred to Claude that he might have liked to do so.

Claude was very much in love with André; André was not, to her belief, at all in love with Claude. Nevertheless, he appeared to enjoy her company and was at pains to obtain it. He was, thought Claude, difficult to understand. André was a painter, and though absorbed in his work — unlike most of his contemporaries he managed, by book illustrating and other exercises in diligence, to earn his living — he seldom mentioned it, and would sit among their friends at the Café de Flore enclosed in a silence so good-humored that no one but Claude was aware of it. Being young enough to expect love to produce comprehension, Claude often worried over the contrast between the placidity of André's manners and the ferocity of his paintings. His imagination moved naturally among the fantastic and, when they were alone, he sometimes offered Claude specimens of his thoughts that disturbed her but increased her love.

The concierge must be back in the kitchen now, busy with the *haricots verts* that formed the common denominator of her interminable meals. Claude looked at her watch. It was earlier than she had supposed. Lacking the coquetry that would have led her to keep André waiting, she had enough sense not to make a ritual of waiting for him. Five more minutes, she thought — and began to fidget around the room, adjusting the paper-covered books on the mantelpiece into a neater line and shaking out the blue checked curtains.

No matter how preoccupied she was, Claude seldom failed to derive pleasure from her room. Three months in a Spanish prison, two years in English barracks and Nissen huts, had made her excessively place-conscious. And the room that her cousin Pierre had found for her was far from unattractive. Its whitewashed walls and russet tiled floor were as provincial as the house of which it formed a part: a three-storied, creeper-grown house separated from the narrow street that gave it its address by a semi-tended garden, an uneven flight of stone steps, a grass-grown passage, and a courtyard with a pump that attracted black-overalled boys from the near-by École Communale to indulge in water fights that ended in the gruff-voiced concierge's appearing with threats that varied from a good whipping to the guillotine.

Having finished her unnecessary tour of inspection, Claude looked at her reflection in the strip of mirror beside the washbasin. She took a long look, then smiled — not at her looks, to which she was accustomed, but at her clothes and hair. Plaid skirt, open-necked white shirt, belted jacket of scarlet corduroy, short brown curls outlining her head — all these made Claude look like half the girls in Paris. But as she had become accustomed to looking sallow in khaki, she thought her present appearance not only colorful but original.

Perhaps her telephone call had not been from André. Or, if it had, perhaps he had only wanted to change the place of meeting. In which case she might be disturbing his plans. So alarmed was Claude at this notion that she forgot to leave quietly. She clattered downstairs and was aware, as she ran across the untended lawn, of the concierge's head at the window, shaking like that of a molting cormorant. "There is the youth of today for you," the concierge was muttering. Not that she disliked Claude; but unless she affirmed her pessimism by phrases such as this, or "With this government one may expect anything," someone might think she was being duped.

The street outside was a-shimmer with heat. Shirt-sleeved café proprietors dozed over stale newspapers or games of piquet that would never be finished; concierges had brought campstools to their doorsteps, where they sat knitting. Fruit and vegetables, left on barrows, looked warm. Half the shops had Annual Closing scrawled across the shutters, and traffic was so scarce that small children played in the street, disturbed only by bigger children swooping around on bicycles. Having pulled the strap of her bag higher on her shoulder, Claude thrust her hands in her pockets and began to walk more slowly, thinking happily that nothing but war would ever persuade her to leave Paris again in the summer.

At the street corner an old woman was selling papers, their edges already curled by the heat. The smudged black headlines of the dailies were in-

terspersed with the immaculate faces of the film or fashion worlds. Mechanically, Claude bought a daily. The immorality of the Atom Age, the incompetence of the Occupation, the antagonism of the Allies: not one of the words in big print was followed by favorable comments in small. Suddenly as aware of exasperation as if it had been sweat breaking out all over her body, Claude hurried into the Métro.

No matter how empty the streets of Paris appear to be, the Métro is always full. Absent-mindedly, but with method, Claude fought her way down long warm passages and in and out of short hot trains, her love for her fellow creatures suffering in the process. But when she emerged, shaking herself as a dog does after a bath, at the corner where the Boulevard Raspail meets the Boulevard Saint-Germain, it was to find herself once again in a semi-deserted city. Not even a ubiquitous roadmender disturbed the silence. Tall gray houses were shuttered, small bright shops closed, and the sunlight that flittered through the leaves of the trees was green. For a moment Claude thought of London summers she had known: the dust with which bombing seemed to have powdered the whole town; the big red buses with their windows papered against blast; and the houses in Carlton Gardens with the Cross of Lorraine painted over the entrance.

2

EVERY moment happier, Claude crossed the boulevard and turned down a side street and into the Montana Bar. It was half empty and she was able to have her favorite table, which was in a corner where one could both escape notice and watch the door. Unfolding her newspaper she began to read an account of the black-market operations of some schoolboys. It was so funny that she forgot it was deplorable, and was still smiling when a pleasant voice said, "At last I've caught you." Looking up, she saw a good-looking young man in army uniform.

Her attempt to hide vexation was gallant rather than successful. But the fact she had made it was enough for Pierre, whose tender heart was protected by a thick skin.

"May one join you?"

"Why — yes. Certainly."

"Thank you. What will you drink? Oh come, you must drink something." He called a waiter, gave an order, asked if they had any American cigarettes — managing, as he did so, to put Claude in the position of a spoiled woman surrounded by service. This was deliberate. Pierre was full of theories as to the behavior women prefer, and had not yet noticed that none of his theories had stood him in good stead. Claude sighed. Already she felt guilty.

All their relatives and many of their friends

thought that Pierre and Claude would make an admirable couple. Pierre shared this view. Claude did not. She had made this clear, more than once, and it was with resentment as well as distaste that she now realized that Pierre was determined to make her repeat herself. If only, she thought, pressing her hands together and glancing anxiously at the door, if only he won't ask me whom I'm waiting for. Pierre did not allow the fact that he was barely acquainted with André to prevent him from professing dislike for the latter. Claude would have resented this less had Pierre refrained from adding, fatuously, that it wasn't a question of jealousy.

"I thought you might be here," said Pierre after raising his glass to her. "St. Anthony of Padua must be on my side, after all. I was beginning to think he wasn't. Because I called you up and —"

"Oh? When?" Her tone was eager.

Pierre's tanned face darkened with pleasure. "About half an hour ago."

"Oh, that's all right then." Relief made her give him a delightful smile.

"What's all right about it?"

"Well, I wasn't in."

"Which was all wrong, from my point of view. However. Aren't you going to ask me what I wanted?"

"Of course!" Disposed by relief to feel remorse, Claude's acquiescence was friendly. "What did you want, Pierre?"

"To know if you would have dinner with me."

"When?"

Tonight."

"I'm so sorry, old thing. I'm already taken."

"Less of the 'old thing,' if you don't mind." Bitterness crept into Pierre's voice. He knew that using slang that dated from their childhood was one of Claude's ways of keeping him at a distance.

"You couldn't possibly cancel your dinner? You see, I've got to go back to Germany sooner than I'd hoped." He despised himself for this plea — and realized as he uttered it that he was making a mistake. Claude's war experiences had been too extensive for soldiering — particularly the soldiering of the Occupation — to have any erotic appeal to her.

"Oh, then I'm sorry," said Claude, but destroyed the value of her sympathy by adding, "for you."

"But you can't cancel your dinner?"

"I'm afraid not." She hesitated. Then, unable to bear the disappointment in his face because it reminded her of the dread with which she had heard the telephone ringing, she added, "Because it's with people who may have work for me. The Americans won't stay forever, and when they go, I shall have to get another job."

Aware that she was lying in order to spare his pride, Pierre refrained from observing that if she married him she need not work. Supposing him

incapable of this kind of forbearance, and realizing that her last remark was dangerous, Claude began to chatter, describing detail after detail of the household of her imaginary friends. Her chicanery made little impression upon Pierre, for he was not listening. Despite his eagerness to possess his cousin, he seldom attended to what she said. Neither of them was aware that this was one of the reasons why she despised his love. Smiling at her as though she were a small child, Pierre busied himself with thoughts of his financial prospects, colored by the assumption that two can live as cheaply as one. As soon as he had finished, he interrupted her.

"Oh well, in that case — it'll have to be for another time."

Relief at Pierre's not having made a scene combined in Claude's mind with the knowledge that on the following day André was to dine with his editor.

"What about tomorrow night?" she asked dutifully.

"Tomorrow?"

"Perhaps you're not free?" Painstakingly, she kept hope from her voice.

"But of course I'm free. I'm always free for you." He was so happy that her expression — which suddenly resembled that of an overworked nurse confronted by serious illness — only made him laugh. "All right," he concluded lamely, but with good humor. "All right, let's pretend I didn't say it. Waiter, two more Martinis."

Against her will, Claude was touched. "You are a dear," she said.

Pierre groaned, but could not help smiling. Claude smiled back. For a few seconds they knew tranquillity in each other's company.

"I mean it," said Claude, who liked clarification. "You are a dear. If only —"

"I know, I know. But need that stop us amusing ourselves together occasionally? It isn't as though I expected much and, after all, we are cousins."

"Of course it needn't." Moved by a sudden impulse, Claude leaned across, took Pierre's hand and patted it.

"Now it's my turn to say you're a dear," he murmured, retaining her hand.

"Indeed I'm not."

There was a short pause, during which Claude wondered how soon she might take her hand away without giving offense, and Pierre watched her more thoughtfully than usual. Then: —

"Claude — I don't want to annoy you but — is there anyone else?"

She hesitated, then shook her head: no use adding to Pierre's unhappiness while her love was unrequited. "When there is — if there is — I'll tell you, Pierre."

"I'm sure you will." Again his tone was resentful.

"Don't you want me to?" For a second she detested her cousin.

"I suppose I do really. In any case, you will. Your worst enemy couldn't say you weren't honest. Look, Claude, I don't care much for this conversation, do you?"

His smile seemed to her so pitiful that her detestation vanished, leaving her weak and ashamed.

"Then let's change it. As a matter of fact I didn't really come here to talk to you, or anything of that kind — but it happens to be your birthday on Sunday."

"So it is. How sweet of you to remember."

"It isn't sweet of me, and you know it. But the thing is, I shan't be here on Sunday — so I want to give you my present now. No, wait — it puts you under no obligation, it didn't cost me anything, and if you don't accept it, I shall throw it away, in the Seine probably. It's something that belonged to Mother." He took a small, worn leather box from his pocket and slid it across the table.

"Shall I open it now?"

"I should like it if you would."

Uneasily, she did so and found a bracelet: a curved plaque of dark blue enamel, chased with gold, encrusted with brilliants, and held on either side by a pair of serpentine chains of dull gold. Old-fashioned and pretty, Claude thought it.

"Oh Pierre, it's sweet of you, but I can't —"

"My God, can't you even do that for me? You know you really are a selfish little devil at times, Claude. When I told you I'd throw it away if you didn't accept it, I meant it. If you can't bear anything that comes from me, think of it as a present from my mother — your aunt. Here —" Having destroyed his pleasure in making the gift, and any possibility that she might have enjoyed receiving it, Pierre laid hold of Claude's wrist and put the bracelet round it.

The clasp was an unusual one and he fumbled with it, swearing under his breath as he did so. Unable to speak, Claude watched in an agony of distaste. She did not want the bracelet, but still less did she want a scene, and she had enough experience of Pierre to know that another refusal would provoke a scene. Fortunately, the bracelet meant nothing to her. Had she wanted it she would have felt compelled to provoke the scene she dreaded. Her head was aching and she wished she need never see Pierre again.

"There!" he said, smiling proudly and without a trace of self-consciousness. "See how nice it looks, you silly little thing."

3

FOR the second time that evening she detested him. The fact that she must now display gratitude did nothing to lessen this feeling. On the contrary. But Pierre was looking expectant. With an effort, she parted her lips for speech. As she did so a waiter came hastening towards them. Mademoiselle

was wanted on the telephone. Claude stood up with alacrity.

The bracelet was cool and heavy on her wrist. Consciousness of this, and gratitude for the interruption, prevented her wondering who was calling her.

"Hullo, dopey."

"Oh —" At the sound of André's voice she wanted to cry.

"Claude — are you still there?"

"Yes."

"There must be something the matter with the telephone. For a change. Listen, dear, I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting."

"It's of no importance."

"Yes it is. You hate waiting. But I couldn't help it." He sounded happy, triumphant. "Guess what's just happened."

"I don't think I can," said Claude, matching the happiness of his tones with her own. But she was trembling: he is going to put me off; he is, but I won't behave like Pierre.

"Then I'll tell you. I've sold the picture of you."

"No!" Now her happiness was unfeigned.

"Yes. To the South American."

"No!"

"Stop dealing me out negatives. He's given me a couple more orders — and he's paying in dollars."

"Oh André. Oh darling. You'll be a capitalist yet."

"It's an idea. Though, as the English aviators say, I'm afraid there's no future to it."

"I can't tell you how glad I am."

"You are a dear."

Remembering her own words to Pierre, Claude shuddered.

"Claude — are you there?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter with this telephone? The thing is, all this took longer than I expected, what with sales talk and sorties for drink. My patron has, in fact, only just left. So I thought, unless you're set on eating in the Quarter, why don't we spend some of the money I haven't yet laid hands on and go to that place in the Bois? It'll look much better if we confront the revolution with debts rather than assets. Hi! You still there?"

"Of course," said Claude, who was crying with pleasure.

"What about it?"

"I'll pick you up at the studio as fast as may be."

"Sure you wouldn't rather meet me there?"

"Oh no, the studio's on the way. See you in ten minutes."

While she was drying her eyes, Claude caught sight of her bracelet. The scene with Pierre seemed to her to belong to a far-distant past and she wondered, idly, why she had allowed anything so unimportant to upset her. Now that she looked at the bracelet objectively she saw that it was more than

pretty: it was beautiful. Smiling, she stretched her fingers. Pierre had often said her hands were lovely, and she had dismissed the compliment as inaccurate. Now the brilliant blue of the enamel, the dull gold of the chains, threw into relief the pale brown of her skin. She pulled up her sleeve and, holding out her arm, looked at it with surprised pleasure. The light from the naked bulb over the telephone made the brilliants wink. Confidence flowing into her, Claude powdered her face and ran out to give Pierre more pain by her absent-minded gratitude, her animated farewell, than she had yet done by recalcitrance.

4

SILVERY green in the summer twilight, the Boulevard Saint-Germain had never looked to Claude more beautiful than it did now. Ignoring the Métro station, she walked until she found a taxi. She had to repeat the address twice, and as she did so laughed without knowing why. "*Ah, la jeunesse,*" said the driver, shaking his head. But he did not say it as Claude's concierge would have done, and when he looked into the mirror in front of him and saw Claude's curly head bent in contemplation of her bracelet, he smiled. At the corner of the Rue de Vaugirard, he nearly collided with another taxi. Both drivers leaned out and abused each other with energy and variety. Neither was angry, each enjoyed the noise. More aware of this than of the fact she had narrowly escaped death, Claude felt she loved them both, that she loved everyone — except Pierre.

At last the taxi drew up beneath the acacias that lined André's sidewalk. She tipped exorbitantly, pushed open the red wooden door, and ran down the cobbled yard lined by the half-glass walls of studios. André was standing in his open doorway. He was not, Claude suddenly realized with amused surprise, nearly so good-looking as Pierre; but it was clear that of the two, André found living the more natural. He had brown hair and gray eyes; his gestures were habitually quiet, and he seldom appeared hurried.

"If you go on like this," he was saying, looking at her affectionately, "you'll end up in the newsreels as an Olympic runner."

The whitewashed studio was cool and fresh. In an unobtrusive way, André was fastidious. Painting materials and books were stacked tidily; a kitchen cupboard was protected by a shabby screen on which faded pink parrots disported themselves; the bedroom was a small gallery at the top of the ladderlike wooden staircase. Half a dozen drawings by contemporaries, a couple of political posters, and a map of Mexico were pinned to the walls. André had a great many maps and pinned up a different one every few weeks.

Claude's gaze wandered contentedly from the

branches of the tree that grew immediately outside the window to the empty easel that had held her portrait.

"What good news!" she said. Then she remembered the sittings during which she had ached with longing for André to stop looking at her and begin to think about her. But not even this memory had the power to disperse her present contentment.

In fact, André often thought about her and was doing so at this moment. The violence of her excitement at his good fortune surprised as well as touched him. Usually, he reflected, she was so quiet. André was not obtuse but as he rarely questioned his friends about their feelings, supposing they would tell him anything they wished him to know, he was as ignorant of Claude's unfortunate relations with her cousin as of the fact that the subdued amiability of her manner towards himself was the unnatural result of Claude's determination to spare André what Pierre inflicted upon her.

"Why, I believe you're even more pleased than I am."

"Nonsense." Claude smiled. "But, after all, it was my picture."

"True." He smiled back. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, delight flickered between them. Neither spoke. Each was astonished.

André's character was not, as Pierre supposed, an irresponsible or exploiting one. The complicated parts of his nature found a direct outlet in his work, and for practical purposes he was on the simple side and inclined to take things for granted with friendly indifference. Because she had fallen in love with him at their first meeting, Claude had subsequently behaved towards him as a very quiet and mildly affectionate friend — and had continued to do so with so much determination that he had ended by accepting her as such and dismissing from his mind his first impression of her as a turbulent and exciting girl. But this evening she seemed to him to have recaptured her former manner. He accepted the second change as he had the first. It did not occur to him to ask her whom she had come from. And had he done so her answer would have told neither of them anything relevant. For Claude was as unaware as was André of the fact that her present glittering animation was the result of the battle of nerves to which Pierre had subjected her.

"I shall do another picture of you," said André, trying unsuccessfully to look at her and pour out drinks. "May I?"

"Yes, you may." She would have liked to add, "You may do anything you like with me," but refrained because the remark savored to her of Pierre. Avoiding André's gaze, she looked around the studio, comparing its colored lightness, its branch-filled windows, with the dark apartment, apparently all sideboards, with which Pierre had been provided by his father. For a moment, ir-

resistible malice gave a touch of piquancy to her expression.

"Won't you take your jacket off?" André helped her to do so, then handed her a drink and continued to stare at her. Her hair and her clothes were much as usual, but her expression was not and it was at Claude's expression that André now stared. As he did so, her face became paler, her eyes more brilliant. But in losing composure she gained authority. Now it was André's turn to look down. For the first time he noticed her bracelet. Old-fashioned and sophisticated, glowing in the last of the evening light, it emphasized the beauty of Claude's hands and suggested both maturity and exoticism. "What a lovely object!" he murmured.

Following his gaze, Claude too looked down at the bracelet. For a moment they stood, close together but not touching, their heads bent. Then Claude began to tremble. She was afraid André was going to ask her how she had acquired the bracelet. It no more occurred to her to lie than it did to him to question her. Unconsciously, she put the fingers of her left hand over the bracelet, swallowing as she did so. André looked at her thoughtfully. But his thoughts were not, as she supposed, of the bracelet.

"Do we have to go and eat in the Bois?" he asked, and the gravity of his tone would have been appropriate to a far more serious question.

Had André asked her this before her meeting with Pierre, Claude would have replied firmly, "Not necessarily in the Bois, but we have to eat somewhere," her view of André's feeding being primarily maternal. But Pierre and three Martinis having temporarily uncivilized her, she merely smiled and shook her head.

"You're so beautiful," said André, in the tone of one making a belated discovery.

"Well I'm not" — in her old manner. "But" — returning to her new one — "I like to hear you say so."

"Do you?" André sounded dreamy. He had joked about the South American's dollars, but the South American's discernment had provided him with his first moment of worldly success, and the part of André that was steady and anxious to justify its existence was wildly exhilarated.

"Yes I do," said Claude, scarcely recognizing the sound of her own voice. All sense of individuality, as she had hitherto known it, was slipping away from her. If one could become in a few hours as different from the self with which one was familiar as she now felt herself from the girl who had stood in her room, listening fearfully to a ringing telephone, how could one assume one had a self? Uncovering her bracelet, she smiled down at it. It was so beautiful that, having some instincts of self-preservation, she had almost forgotten how she came by it.

"Claude."

"Yes."

"Look at me."

She did so.

"Oh my darling, I have been such an imbecile."

"Have you?"

"Most certainly."

"Why?"

"Because, I think — I love you."

For a second Claude shut her eyes. Passionately, but anxiously, André put his arms round her.

"Do you — do you think that you —"

"Yes," she whispered, "oh yes."

He kissed her. Her reaction was the one she had expected. As soon as her happiness allowed her to speak she asked, "Shall I stay with you?"

Her tone was so businesslike that, despite the gravity of his mood, André could not help smiling. "Yes, please," he said, then hesitated. Unlike Pierre, he respected the prejudices of those for whom he cared. "Yes, please," he repeated, "but not just for tonight. I meant, would you marry me?"

Incredulously, Claude watched her room fade, alter, become André's studio; heard her own voice whispering fervent affirmatives.

They kissed again, growing every moment more conscious of what they were doing and more gratified by it.

Neither of them referred to the bracelet: André because he had already forgotten its existence, Claude because she wished to do so now that it had, as she thought, served its purpose. But the kindness with which she subsequently treated Pierre led her cousin, eventually, to dislike her.

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Meddling with the subject of pets is a touchy business. If an editorial door opens for a house cat, in streak all the passengers of Noah's Ark. Dogs, caviars, gibbons, crowd the incoming-mail baskets. More cats arrive ready to make themselves at home. It would not be difficult, one gathers, to set up a regular department on skunks or English bull terriers, ocelots or the rose-breasted grosbeak. Fond proprietors would all come forward and a fancy running into the thousands would be disclosed.

No companion has turned up so far for John Moore's pet hedgehog (November), and it is hard to foresee how many snake charmers will run down the aisle to wring the hand of A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (page 87) — possibly a mamba-lover or two and a comradely greeting from The Water Moccasin Club of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Others — the people who cry oogh! faugh! ee-e-ee! when anyone mentions snakes — will object: they don't believe in snakes and snakes are not a good subject at all. We rejoin that reading about pets is one of the inescapable disciplines of life and that a sinuous, bead-eyed, horrible, disgusting snake is no less prepossessing than some of the animals paraded on a leash in the city of Boston.

The pet story is a highly stylized job of writing: its beginning is prescribed by long custom; its mid-section is drawn from enthusiastic anecdote; it ends like a Greek tragedy — John Moore found his analogy in *Macbeth* — with death, murder, and destruction (although some parrots and the Galapagos tortoise are said to live for years and years). No matter what kind of pet is the subject, the stories themselves are remarkably interchangeable. One simply leaves a blank for the given species of pet, be it platypus or puff adder, and ho for a quire of foolscap and a three-cent stamp!

"My Pet Blank" naturally begins with the very first arrival of the blank. No one in the family had dreamed it was coming and they were all thinking

about something else — Father about the bills, Sis her dress for the Freshman Prom, and Junior his bubble gum — when suddenly they were all aware of a faint scratching that had been going on at the back door (never the front door). The pros and cons of whether it was really a noise or just something they imagined are good for about a page of manuscript, and Dad finally settles it by stamping out to the back door and flinging it open.

At first, he sees nothing — looking out into the dark from the brightly lighted room. Dad is usually the bumbler in "My Pet Blank." He has no idea, at this stage, of a manuscript in the making. Dad can build a certain amount of low-grade suspense by slamming the door and going back to his checkbook, but you and I know that the faint scratching noise will recur. It has to. Twice is enough for this sort of filler and

Dad had better strike pay dirt without too much fooling around.

"Mamma! Sis! Junior!" he calls, and they go tearing out to look. What they find is a tiny, bedraggled, half-starved blank that can't be a day over six weeks old. It looks up at them appealingly.

The next major hubbub has to do with the baby blank's physical condition; the little thing is in bad shape; something broken, perhaps, with implications of cruel neighborhood boys or heartless motorists. Family uproar follows when Dad proposes to put the blank out of its misery. But it looks up at them appealingly. Not a chance. Outvoted, Dad is soon carrying on the classic medicine-dropper and warm-milk routine while the others make a bed of cotton in a candy box where the blank will be snug behind the stove. (The family must always keep a spare candy box on hand because they're going to need another to bury the blank in — save for parrots and tortoises as noted above — at the final curtain.)

They worry about it all night and when they come



down the next morning the blank is not there. Hub-bub, lamentations, tearful search. They discover the blank suddenly: it has climbed into a saucepan and can't get out. The blank is chipper, merry, hardly the pathetic foundling they rescued from the storm the night before. (I forgot to say that these visitations are always accompanied by snow or rain and winds of gale strength.) "It wants to play!" screams Sis. And right here let's pin it down: there is nothing *quite* so playful as a six-week-old blank. It looks up at them appealingly.

Even Dad comes to love the blank. He sat up

with it half the night when it ate whatever it is that blanks should not eat. At the end, when the spare candy box makes its inexorable appearance — those cruel neighborhood boys again — Dad tries to cheer everybody up. "Never mind," says he. "We'll all miss the blank, but I saw a mighty fine hyena pup in a pet shop yesterday."

And that, the pet story concludes — or is it the next one just beginning? — is how the family got Robby, the winsome young hyena. Soon after, he was lost for a whole month, but one night there was a faint scratching at the back door. . . . C. W. M.

TRAVEL

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK is widely known as an author, world traveler, and radio commentator.

OLDEST INHABITANTS

by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THE habitation of Achille Beynac, a Frenchman by nationality, a small farmer by vocation, overlooks the valley of a good-tempered little river called the Vézère in the Department of the Dordogne. As the *famille* Beynac is proudly aware, theirs is no usual dwelling place. It is the oldest in the world.

More pretentious households are ready — frequently too ready — to offer documentary proof their particular piece of property has been in continuous use for generations. It is difficult to take such people seriously. For much more substantial testimony than any faded deed or charter is at hand — indeed, no farther away than an easy slop-toss from the kitchen door — to establish beyond all quibble the Beynac demense has been suitable and pleasant for man's needs, just as it is today, for between one hundred and twenty-five thousand and two hundred and fifty thousand years. Among the district's few hundred shopkeepers and peasants — whose knowledge of the remote past is as extensive as are the minutiae of baseball among American elevatormen — that perhaps not inconsiderable difference is the subject of much discussion. The exact truth may never be established. Local opinion, however, understandably favors the higher figure.

A quarter of a million years, like a quarter of a million francs, are clearly more satisfactory than is merely half that sum.

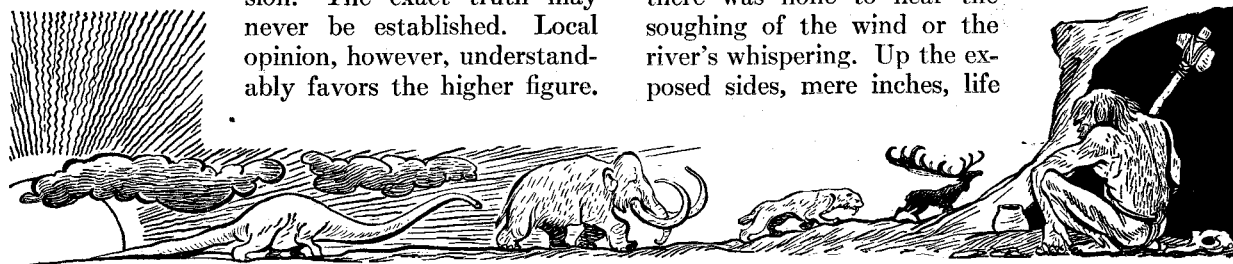
The house is of unpretentious, neatly white-washed masonry. Part of its roof is tiled, and conventional enough. The rest, for convenience, is formed of the jut of one of the low chalk cliffs that typify the region.

The cottage itself, tucked snugly under that vast, protecting shelter, stands some forty feet above the level of the fields, so to reach it one must climb a flight of wooden steps. To the left the gentle river, bordered by willows and flanked by growing crops green under the usual sun, winds out of sight. To the right is the drowsy, red-roofed, white village of Les Eyzies. Off to the northward, far enough away to concern only the adventurous, is Périgueux. And somewhere to the west is Bergerac. The view from the economically small windows of the Beynac homestead is as peaceful as any in all of France.

It is a view which has undergone some monstrous changes. And always, truly always, since spines began to straighten and thumbs, with such tremendous consequence, grew long enough to touch the tips of fingers, human eyes have watched them.

Not far from the back door, under the shadow of the cliff, inquisitive, excited visitors from the pitifully *nouveau* world outside have dug a deep trench. The sides of that trench, cut like the slash of a giant sword through time made visible, index the unimaginably ancient story.

Down at the very bottom there is earth. Void and calm as it waited while the planet spun and the rhythm of the sun marked endless ages, and there was none to hear the sougling of the wind or the river's whispering. Up the exposed sides, mere inches, life



begins. Abruptly. Man had come. That overhang of limestone, even then, gave protection from the rain. None, at first, was needed from the cold. Dawn-beings — Chelleans they call them now — with what must have been heavy casualties, then hunted hippopotami, swaying elephants with beady eyes, and tigers, here in this same valley. There was no winter, which was as well. For those first *ancêtres*, as the inhabitants of Les Eyzies familiarly speak of them, who devoured the bloody meat of their animal antagonists on the Beynac property had not yet discovered fire. The detritus of bones and of roughly shaped flint instruments left behind from some forty thousand years of Chellean banqueting are dusty white in color.

It grew colder. The tigers and the hippopotami went south. Down from the stormy summit of the globe the ice was spreading, with the majestic sloth of wisdom. But man stayed on. Bison and reindeer added their bones to the unmistakable litter under the shelter's shadow. The level of the floor, as anyone can plainly see, was rising. The profusion of flint tools assumed variety and art.

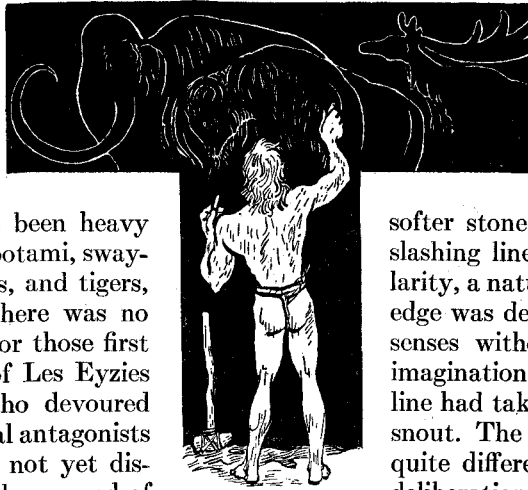
At last the waters of the Vézère grew still. The ever wintry rains pattered, and were caught in steely-blue enchantment where they fell for thrice the time that has galloped by between the rise of Ur and the fall of Nagasaki. Bear, boar, woolly mammoth, and the strangely stubborn tribe of Man were the only creatures who remained.

Halfway up the walls of that revealing trench there is a vivid change. The layers of bones broken for their marrow are all blackened. Stimulated by the fierceness of the Time of Ice, man had discovered fire. His brain was growing. His hands were more agile. Though when the pale sun shone he and his strong women still lived, slept, got their kind, and cooked the prey they had dragged there under the cover of the ancient cliff, other, perhaps cleverer neighbors a few miles away found deeper caves and the courage to penetrate their darkness.

Fire gave light. By that light in the new-found privacy far under the hills they made a new discovery. Alone among all living things, men could, if they chose, create. Life need not be, as it had seemed so long, mere uniform destruction.

In the innermost recess of a low-ceiled, narrow cavern called the Grotto of Combarelles, just outside Les Eyzies, you can, if you are fanciful, recapture the very instant of that discovery.

There is a small ledge of rock on which, twenty, thirty thousand years ago, sat men of a newer race. They were tall now. Their jaws no longer jugged as had those of their predecessors. While the storms raged unheard outside, in the dim glow of little fires



they struck useful shape into the unyielding flint just as men always had. The chips still lie there on the floor. As the instruments took shape, the sharpness of their edges were tried in the softer stone of the cave wall, in careless, slashing lines. Here, there was an irregularity, a natural protuberance. The cutting edge was deflected. The toolmaker — one senses without too much forcing of the imagination — saw that by chance the cut line had taken on a likeness to a reindeer's snout. The image pleased him. With finer, quite different strokes he completed with deliberation what hazard had begun.

His work was emulated. When the race of artists vanished the grotto's walls were left covered with such engravings. In a still deeper cave near-by, the Font de Gaume, are the triumphantly strong and beautiful earth-red and carbon-black paintings of mammoth, of deer, of horses, and of bison which have become famous through the world. They loom there damply in the enormous silence just as they were left eons, eons past.

There are a dozen such "sites." The names of half the divisions and subdivisions of prehistory now in universal use are taken from farms, hills, cliffs within a circle of half a dozen miles.

Some years ago the name of the "Hôtel de la Gare," the best in town, was changed. It is now the "Hotel of the Cro-Magnon and of the Railway Station." And with reason. For it was in process of enlarging the woodshed by the common local practice of digging farther back into the soft lime of the abutting hillside that the five skeletons, of two adult men, an old man, a woman, and a child, were found to which visiting men of science attached the label of Cro-Magnon. It is possibly a shade discouraging for the inhabitants of the valley to realize the brains of that quintet were more capacious than are their own. But it is pleasant at least to have such measurable confirmation of what has been so long suspected: that the Intellect developed first in France.

In times like these to have so much past behind one is comforting. Folk of the Dordogne Department rest upon that past as upon a cushion. Not even Germans are as bad as glaciers. And they go away much sooner. Les Eyzies, one observes, has survived them both.

The Beynac family are of a neat and cleanly habit. The little farmhouse under the cliff is spotless and the ground around the revealing trench is swept with twig brooms. But the occupant of such a property clearly has a duty to Tomorrow.

From time to time, with a hint of ceremony, M. Beynac tosses from his kitchen door, after long service, the blunted blade of a rusty axe, or an old

screwdriver that has lost its handle. In these things there is a tradition to be followed. It would be a pity for the Present to leave no trace.

M. Beynac, however, faces that possibility with a certain philosophic melancholy. The works of man, he knows—for in *Les Eyzies* one is an *amateur* of Man—grow ever less durable. The flints he left are immortal. The tools that next he made of bronze last through millennia. There is even such a thing as truly ancient iron.

But steel? M. Beynac shrugs. Steel is done for in less than that tick of time we count a century.

It would be ironic, would it not, for savants of some future age to conclude that history ended in *Les Eyzies* when the painters of the caves followed the reindeer north?

HOLLYWOOD

ROLAND KIBBEE is a Hollywood screen writer. He spent several years in the field of radio writing and has had considerable experience in commercial and military aviation. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

TWO MEN ON A VEHICLE

by ROLAND KIBBEE

IDARESAY you have no intention of becoming a Hollywood scenarist, but in these days of sudden peril it is wise to be prepared for any catastrophe, however unthinkable. Should disaster ever befall you, console yourself that you may survive very nicely as a movie writer without ever writing a movie.

You may have noticed, with some annoyance, the startling resemblance between a page of the telephone directory and the writers' credits preceding a film. These collaborations are rarely spontaneous with the participants. Rather they are imposed by fate, circumstances, producers, and other unpredictable forces. All that is required to succeed in such a collaboration is a heart of stone, a congenial mien, a flair for larceny, and, of course, a writer—preferably a talented one, trusting, with big, baby-blue, wondering eyes.

Most of your victories will be scored in the story conferences with the producer, but the outcome of these sanguinary tactical engagements is never assured in your favor without sound maneuvering during those long hours when you are alone with your conscience and your partner. It is while his brain is in labor with the deathless prose for which you will eventually take credit, that he can best be prepared for the inevitable insertion of the bodkin.

From the very beginning you must adopt an air of subtle and reluctant superiority. Find out his

background. If, for example, he was at one time a radio writer, simply remark at every opportunity: "Really, old man, that may be all well and good on the wireless, but it's not the way we do it in films." The British affectation is optional, but I believe you'll find it effective. It is consistent with the device itself, which is clearly intended to give the fellow a feeling of inferiority mingled with awe. The fact that you have no idea whatsoever how it's "done" in films is immaterial. Neither has anybody else.

Of course, you may be up against a man who has been writing films for some time and who has no shameful past like radio writing which can be used against him. But the chances are that he *has* written something somewhere sometime that he would rather forget. See to it that he doesn't. In response to one of his suggestions for your project you may say: "Isn't that rather like the scene in your (name of flop)?"

Whatever the case, you will always be able to find a vulnerable spot. Being a talented writer, he will be possessed of such artistic failings as humility and a willingness to accept criticism. These can be used to place him in the pale of your pre-eminence. Once this is accomplished, you are ready to erode his belief in his own craftsmanship while, at the same time, improving his conception of yours. You make him believe that you are contributing more to the story than he is, although he is doing all the writing!

The methodology for achieving this highly desirable confusion can best be illustrated by a dialogue that, in substance, has taken place time and again between film writers in collaboration. Let us take two partners and call them Shrewd and Humble. Humble is the writer. Shrewd is the professional collaborator. The two men are at work in Humble's home.

(NOTE: Always work in the other guy's home. We are all self-conscious about certain intimate details of our family life. Nothing will make your partner more ill at ease, or induce a deeper feeling of apologetic subordination, than to have you see his wife in an old kimono.)

Now, then, Shrewd and Humble are diligently at work—Humble on the story, and Shrewd on Humble.



HUMBLE: Say, Shrewd, I had a notion about the finish yesterday.

SHREWD (*preparatorily*): I phoned you last night but couldn't get an answer.

HUMBLE: That's funny, I was in. But anyway, about the finish. My idea is to break it open for comedy and have the girl play the scene in the boy's pajamas.

SHREWD (*thunderstruck*): Good God!

HUMBLE (*dismayed*): You don't like it?

SHREWD: *Like it!* Man, that's the exact idea I phoned you about last night. It came to me when I was putting on my pajamas. Cripes, it must be Fate!

Whereupon Shrewd, visibly moved by this manifestation of supernatural forces, pours himself a stiff shot of Humble's best Scotch. And Humble, impressed and a little flattered at having stumbled onto the same idea as Shrewd, hurls himself at the typewriter and begins to work the scene into the story.

Needless to say, the accomplished collaborator does not overdo this technique. While not a writer, he is frequently something of an actor. He knows how to underplay. The technique here is to let Humble repeat the new idea over and over again while Shrewd is apparently lost in thought. Nothing sounds deadlier than an unwritten, undeveloped story idea, even to its creator, when he is forced to state it and restate it and state it yet again for a deadpan auditor.

Eventually, Shrewd will nod sagely, vouchsafe a tentative "Could be," make a minor change which "might make it work," and generously permit Humble to incorporate it into the script. When the finished product is admired, this particular item bears such an unpleasant association in Humble's mind that he is not likely to claim its authorship. Psychiatrists know this condition as *oblivescence* — the faculty we have for conveniently forgetting that which we do not wish to remember. Psychiatrists also know Humble.

The whole idea, as you can see, is constantly to discomfit your partner. I know a studio functionary who pretends to be hard of hearing during business negotiations, thus forcing his antagonist to shout and repeat. It is reasonable to suppose that if Shakespeare himself had been forced to shout a synopsis of *Hamlet* over and over again at the Lord Chamberlain he would never have written it.

One further word about your personal conduct with your partner. Don't see him socially. If Mr. and Mrs. Shrewd have dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Humble, then it will become necessary for the Shrewds to have the Humbles over to dinner. As was pointed out earlier, you can't expect to have people nosing about your lodgings and still command their awe. Mrs. Shrewd probably looks just as bad as Mrs. Humble in an old kimono. "Familiarity," as a collaborator once

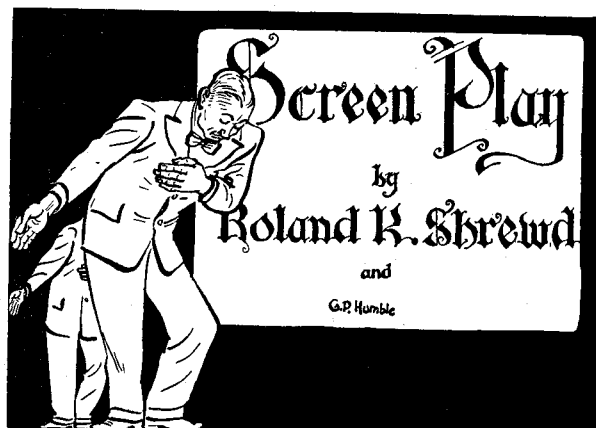
remarked to me, "breeds contempt." He also remarked that it was his own line.

Once Shrewd holds the whip hand over Humble, the rest is easy. Ever more glib than his writer partner, Shrewd will have no trouble persuading friends, colleagues, and columnists that he had more to do with the script than Humble. And a few well-placed blows in story conferences will induce the producer to accept Shrewd as the mainstay of the team. Three sure-fire story conference techniques follow. They have never failed.

1. Arrange to sit side by side with your co-worker so that the producer sees both of you, but neither of you sees the other. Now the producer says that this or that portion of the script is inadmissible. The word usually employed is "stinks." You quickly shoot a look of gentle reproach at Humble. It is not much, but the producer sees it and is left with the ineradicable conviction that your partner is murdering the script in spite of everything you can do to prevent it.

2. This is the same as 1 with reverse English. The producer says that this or that is okay. You instantly beam triumphantly upon your associate and expostulate: "What did I tell you!" You may indeed have told him it was okay when he thought of it. But the effect of your outburst, as will readily be perceived, is to give the producer the impression that the favored writing was yours, and that your associate fought tooth and nail to prevent its inclusion in the script.

3. When the producer is pleased with the way things are going, always refer to the team in the first person singular — "I think," or "I did," or "I will do." When the producer is dubious about the progress being made, always say, "We think," or "We did," or "We will do." It would be dandy if, in the latter instance, we could indicate our partner and say, "He thinks," or "He did," or "He will do," — but that is rather too obvious for practical usage. There's no reason for gambling on a punch in the nose. You'll get along fine if you'll just follow the directives set forth in this article. If they fail, don't blame me. Blame my partner — he wrote it.



EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS was formerly associated with the Office of the Supervising Architect in the Federal government.

BE YOUR OWN ARCHITECT!

by EDWIN B. MORRIS

FOR those who contemplate building a house and wish to feel the joy of individual expression which comes to one from drawing out the house plan and actually seeing it before him as the child of his own brain, a hint or two on methods of procedure may not be amiss. The first thing one needs is a pencil (with a rubber on it); also a rule and a piece of letter-size paper — preferably two pieces held together by Scotch tape.

Clear a space on a more or less convenient table, reasonably free from jarring and shaking. House-creative effort begins with the living room. Therefore, assuming a crouching position, with ruler in right hand, measure your present living room, using index finger of left hand to mark each successive laying down of the ruler. If you run into a piano or davenport, finish the reading on a line parallel to your first try. Then, barring mistakes in counting, you have figures showing the size of the room.

Lay out a rectangle on the paper to represent the living room in the new house, making it twice as large as your present one. It is convenient to let one inch on the ruler represent four feet. Many persons get confused while making hasty computations, with the result that one side of a room becomes a different length from the opposite side, thus causing a vague sense of unreality.

Not that exact right angles in this preliminary thinking are essential. A certain freedom is allowable. Walls and partitions, for instance, may be represented by a single line, as if they had no substance, since creative impulse must not be broken by too great attention to detail.

It is customary for the lay thinker to represent windows and doors in a room as if laid down on the floor. This is wise and sensible if the delineator can keep his head. But if the multiplicity of lines of different representation values perplexes him, causing him to lose the distinction between the frail fantasy of vertical elements reclining horizontally and the stern meaningfulness of lines indicating partitions, he is on the way to minor obfuscation or even hopeless confusion. A window reposing on the floor may become surprisingly alive with plumbing fixtures and show facilities for shower-taking in an embarrassingly public location.

For the stair-hall, lay off an oblong adjoining the living room, about six feet wide, and in it draw a sort of keyboard, about the size of a coffee table, to represent stairs. These may not get you to the upper floor in the space indicated, but they act as a memorandum, tending to prevent the classic error



of a house with no facility for reaching bedroom spaces above.

Then the crux — what to do on the other side of this stair-hall! Instinct, a sort of atavistic impulse, is for a dining room (a space, more or less obsolete, where, as the name implies, meals are served, at a table surrounded by chairs in lieu of the more orthodox counter and stools); but this gives way to the wiser decision to place a garage in this location, on the theory that transportation transcends reflection, if I know what I mean.

To the rear of the living room draw rectangles to represent coat closet, lavatory, and kitchen. Delineation of walls and partitions, having substance, by lines having none has now brought about a hopeless relationship between exterior size and net interior space, so that you are perhaps using area that may not exist. But this must not be allowed to discourage over-all thinking.

Proceed boldly, drawing in stove, refrigerator, and cupboards of sizes that appear reasonable. In an available space indicate counter and stools. Cramped conditions may make draftsmanship show a saucer-wide counter, and stools roughly three or four inches across, an alarming prospect. But that is a matter for further study.

Moisten the pencil before drawing all lines, so that they will be distinct, being careful not to put the rubber end in your mouth, as this by smudge potency may eventually destroy any remaining appearance of clarity or draftsmanship.

Architects are curiously prejudiced in the matter of having the stairway in the same general position at first and second floors — holding, narrowly perhaps, that it is unwise for the steps to move any great distance to right or left halfway up. Minutiae of this sort can be consolidated in the clarifying three-dimensional space that will exist when the house is being built. On the second floor, therefore, the stairs should be located — allowing at least as much space as for a grandfather's clock — in a simplifying place, relying upon natural causes to bring head and foot into smooth juxtaposition.

By careful simplification one can thus in a surprisingly short time lay out a full house plan which can be turned over to an architect (or a builder) with brief instructions to build the house along the lines indicated, thus reducing conferences and eliminating time-consuming discussion.

by R. P. LISTER

reptile books allow for a snake to prove its hunger, and then we all ran for the cage, and I believe we cheered, for there was Mousie, still alive. Suckled thereafter on a medicine dropper, he thrived on the formula compounded for our eight-week-old baby.

We should have known better then, but Nonny insisted on more snakes, and my wife and I remained in the throes of enthusiasm for child guidance, and so we acquired the hog-nosed viper and the gopher snake and the ringneck, and a dozen or more assorted reptiles that Nonny kept bringing in from the fields.

We learned a good deal about snakes. The king and the gopher quickly became friendly, or at any rate accustomed to us. To the last, though, the little cowsucker would coil and vibrate his tail and strike savagely but harmlessly at our hands. Until he lost his fear of us, the toothless viper would swell his neck, cobra-like, and feint at us. That threat failing, he would flop over on his back and play dead. He gave himself away if we righted him, for he always turned back over.

Shedding was a process always interesting and wonderful. We watched as the skin faded and coarsened and the eyes dulled and the sight finally was lost behind a milky cap. One day the old garment would tear, and beneath it we could see the fine, new, colorful sheath. At that point we usually helped, drawing the shedding skin away carefully. Nonny always was delighted when we got a snake peeled out, for then, he said, it was just as if the pet were brand-new.

We might have continued our studies but for the nutrition problem. The situation was acute before the indigo and the viper arrived. Afterwards it was harrowing. I had ordered a small indigo. The one sent us was not an inch under five feet. A constrictor, he was thick and muscular, obviously a heavy eater. As we pulled foot after foot of his handsome, lustrous, purple-black body out of the mailing box, I thought despairingly that nothing less than a shoat would satisfy him. He was a calm and gentle creature, with amber eyes and the habit of hissing softly when we handled him.

The instructions said he fed on gophers or rats or mice, of which last-named he would require quite a number. And, of course, they had to be live gophers and live rats and live mice. To the best of my knowledge, no gopher ever inhabited Kentucky. Later, I was to wonder whether a mouse had. We never tried for rats, feeling that an encounter between rat and snake would be too suggestive of the Roman arena for our household. As for the hog-nosed viper, his tastes were different. His meat was frogs and toads, *live* frogs and toads.

No one who has not awakened morning after morning knowing he

ought to have a live mouse by night, no one who has not driven himself out into the barren grass to look for a toad, can know the burden that settled on our house. We trapped and we searched and we searched and we trapped. We kicked through the fields and set cages in garage and tool house and offered boys ten cents for each mouse or toad delivered alive.

The results were meager. We caught a mouse or two, but always in spring traps that killed them. One was still warm, however, and we managed to get the king snake to take it by agitating it slyly with a stick. Out shopping, my wife snatched a half-dead rodent from a grocery cat. We got one toad, too, a pensive and virtually stationary amphibian which cried so piteously as it started down the viper's eager gullet that we hurriedly rescued it.

At last we wired to Florida: "Ship immediately, two dozen mice, one dozen toads."

The mice arrived a few days later, twenty-four of the most peculiar rodents ever assembled. Some had ticks and some had twitches and some ran crazily in circles. Some were brown, some were black, some were white, and some were parti-colored. You had only to look at them to know they were at the wrong end of a long line of inbreeders and miscegenators. One and all, they won such a tender concern from Nonny that we got only fourteen of them to the snakes, and those only by stealth.

It took the toads much longer to arrive, but up the walk, at last, came the expressman.

"Lady," he said to my wife, holding the parcel away from him, "this here box is for you, but I don't think you want it."

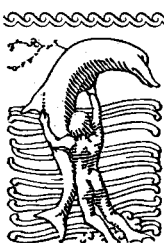
He added: "It like to stunk me off the truck all morning. Something's mighty dead in here."

Our enthusiasm had run out to the last reluctant drop by now — my wife's and mine, that is. Nonny was eager as ever, except that a proposed trip to Montana had given him another and more immediate interest.

Eventually, we decided to give the king and the gopher to the University Zoology Department. The white rat went back to Physiology. Dr. Funkhouser, the hognose, the ringneck, and the garters were turned loose. The last fantastic mouse sickened and died. The toad we set out in the grass and he faded imperceptibly into the yonder. For reminders of our project we have the empty cages, plus the following enduring bits of wisdom from our observations: —

1. Once you can bring yourself to lay hand on a snake, any extravagant fear of it is likely to disappear.
2. There is nothing like a snake in the house to keep callers from interfering with your homework.
3. It is hard to catch a mouse alive.





Books and Men



When W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM was asked to select and edit the ten best novels in world literature, he thought at once of Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski; then the choice became difficult. Finally he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one from America, and four from England, and for each book he wrote an introduction. His appraisal of Flaubert's Madame Bovary we printed in November; his essay on Fielding and Tom Jones in December; and in the January issue, he discussed Balzac and Le Père Goriot. The set of the Ten Best Novels will be published by the John C. Winston Company.

THE TEN BEST NOVELS: WUTHERING HEIGHTS

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I

PATRICK PRUNTY was born in County Down in 1777. His father, a farmer, had ten children to feed on the produce of the few acres of land he owned and Patrick went to work as soon as he was old enough, first as a weaver and then as a teacher in a village school, and after that as tutor in a clergyman's family. He was ambitious and eager to get on in the world; and with the help of the clergyman, his employer, he managed to raise enough money to go to Cambridge. He was then twenty-five, old to enter a university, a tall, very strong young man, handsome and vain of his good looks. When at St. John's College, he changed his plebeian name of Prunty into Brontë, the name of a village in Sicily of which Nelson had been made Duke three years before. Patrick Brontë took his degree, was ordained, and after occupying various curacies settled down for five years in one at Hartshead.

There he married Maria Branwell, the daughter of a Cornish trader. He had two children by her, Maria and Elizabeth. Then he moved to another curacy near Bradford where Mrs. Brontë had four more children. They were named Charlotte, Patrick Branwell, Emily, and Anne. In 1820 the Reverend Patrick Brontë was appointed to the living, a poor living worth £200 a year, of Haworth, a Yorkshire village, and here he remained, his ambition, one must suppose, satisfied, till his death. He never went back to Ireland to see the parents, the brothers and sisters he had left there.

In 1821 his wife died and about a year later, after two or three unsuccessful attempts to marry again, he induced her elder sister, Elizabeth Branwell, to come to look after his children.

Haworth Parsonage was a small stone house near the church on the brow of the steep hill down which the village straggled. There were a parlor, a study for Mr. Brontë, a kitchen, and a storeroom on the first floor and four bedrooms and a lobby on the second. The floors and the stairs were of stone. There were no carpets except in the parlor and the study, and no curtains to the windows because Mr. Brontë dreaded fire. In Mr. Brontë's study there were mahogany tables and chairs covered with horsehair, but the other rooms were sparsely furnished. Back and front of the house was a strip of garden and on the two sides the graveyard. All about, stretching as far as eyes could reach, were the bleak moors.

Over these moors Mr. Brontë walked long and far. He was a man who shunned company and with the exception of a neighboring parson who sometimes came down the hills to pay a visit, saw no one except his churchwardens and his parishioners. Even before his wife's death he had taken to having his meals in his study by himself and this habit he retained for the rest of his life. At eight o'clock at night he read family prayers and at nine locked and barred the front door. As he passed the room in which his children were sitting he told them not to

be late and halfway up the stairs stopped to wind the clock. He was of a violent temper, selfish, "stern and peremptory." He did not like children and was irritable when they interrupted him; his own were delicate, but he wished to make them hardy and indifferent to the pleasures of eating and dress; he would not eat meat himself and did not allow them to eat it, and they were fed, as he had been in his childhood, chiefly on potatoes. He, the son of a poverty-stricken Irish farmer, would not let them associate with the village children and they were driven to sit in the "children's study," the cold little lobby on the second floor, reading or whispering low in order not to disturb their father who, when annoyed or displeased, maintained a sullen silence. He taught them their lessons in the morning and Miss Branwell, after she joined them, taught them sewing and housework.

They amused themselves by wandering about the moors and by writing plays, poems, essays, and romances. In 1824 Maria and Elizabeth, and then Charlotte and Emily were sent to a school at Cowan Bridge which had recently been started to give an education to the daughters of poor clergymen. The place was unhealthy, the food bad, and the administration incompetent. The two elder girls died and Charlotte and Emily, whose health was affected, were, though not immediately, removed.

Branwell was looked upon as the clever one of the family and his father thought more of him than of his three girls. He would not send him to school, but undertook to educate him himself. The boy had a precocious talent and his manners were frank. His friend, F. H. Grundy, thus describes him: "He was insignificantly small — one of his life's trials. He had a mass of red hair, which he wore brushed high off his forehead — to help his height, I fancy — a great, bumpy, intellectual forehead, nearly half the size of the whole facial contour; small ferrety eyes, deep sunk and still farther hidden by the never removed spectacles, prominent nose, but weak lower features. He had a downcast look, which never varied, save for a rapid momentary glance at long intervals. Small and thin of person, he was the reverse of attractive at first sight."

He had parts and his sisters admired him and expected him to do great things. He was a brilliant, eager talker and from some Irish ancestor, for his father was a morose, silent man, he had inherited a gift for social intercourse and an agreeable loquacity. When a traveler putting up for the night at the Black Bull seemed lonely, the landlord would ask him: "Do you want someone to help you with your bottle, Sir? If so, I'll send up for Patrick." Branwell was always glad to be of service.

When Charlotte was fifteen she went to school once more, this time at Roe Head, and was happy there, but after a year she came home again to teach her two younger sisters. The family was very poor and the girls had nothing to look forward to, for

Miss Branwell was leaving the little money she had to her amusing nephew, and so they had decided that the only way they could earn a living was by training themselves to be governesses or school-teachers. Branwell reached the age of eighteen and some decision had to be made on what trade or profession he was to adopt. He had some facility for drawing, as his sisters had too, and he was eager to become a painter. It was settled that he should go to London and study at the Royal Academy. It appears to be uncertain whether he went or not.

2

MEANWHILE Charlotte had returned to the school at Roe Head as a teacher and had taken Emily with her as a pupil. But Emily became so desperately homesick that she fell ill and had to be sent home. Anne, who was of a calmer, more submissive temper, took her place. But Charlotte's health failed after three years — notwithstanding Mr. Brontë's efforts to make his children hardy they all remained delicate — and she went back to Haworth. She was then twenty-two.

Branwell was not only a source of worry, but a source of expense; and Charlotte, as soon as she was well enough, felt herself obliged to take a situation as a nursery governess. It was not work she liked. The fact is that neither she nor her sisters liked children any more than their father did.

She had long been toying with the idea of keeping a school of her own, with her two sisters, and now she took it up again; her employers, who seem to have been very kind, decent people, encouraged her, but suggested that before she could hope to be successful she must acquire certain qualifications. Though she could read French, she could not speak it and knew no German, so she decided that she must go abroad to learn languages. Her aunt advanced money, and accompanied by her sister Emily she went to Brussels where she became a pupil of the Pensionnat Héger.

The two girls were recalled to England after ten months by the illness of Miss Branwell. She died, and having disinherited Branwell owing to his bad behavior, left the little she had to her three nieces. It was enough for them to carry out the plan they had so long discussed of having a school of their own, but since their father was old and his sight failing they made up their minds to set it up at the parsonage. Charlotte did not think she was sufficiently equipped and so accepted Monsieur Héger's offer to go back to Brussels to teach English. On her return to Haworth the three sisters issued prospectuses and Charlotte wrote to her friends asking them to recommend the school they intended to start. No pupils came.

They had been writing off and on since they were children and in 1846 the three of them issued a volume of verse at their own expense under the name

of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. It cost them £50 and two copies were sold. Each of them then wrote a novel: Charlotte's (Currer Bell) was called *The Professor*, Emily's (Ellis Bell) *Wuthering Heights*, and Anne's (Acton Bell) *Agnes Grey*. They were refused by publisher after publisher, but when Smith, Elder & Co., to whom Charlotte's *The Professor* had finally been sent, returned it they wrote to say that they would be glad to consider a longer novel by her. She was finishing one and within a month was able to send it to the publishers. They accepted it. It was called *Jane Eyre*.

Emily's novel and Anne's had also at last been accepted by a publisher, Newby by name, "on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors," and they had corrected the proofs before Charlotte sent *Jane Eyre* to Smith, Elder & Co. Though the reviews of *Jane Eyre* were not particularly good, readers liked it and it turned out to be a best-seller. Mr. Newby upon this tried to persuade the public that *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, which he then published together in three volumes, were by the author of *Jane Eyre*. They made, however, no impression and indeed were regarded by a number of critics as early and immature work by Currer Bell.

This was in 1848. Now to go back a little: in 1842 Branwell was engaged as a tutor by a Mr. Edmund Robinson, a wealthy clergyman, in whose family Anne was at the time employed as a governess. Mr. Robinson was an elderly invalid with a youngish wife, and Branwell, though she was seventeen years older than he, fell in love with her and she with him. Their relations are so delicately alluded to that it is impossible to tell whether or not he became her lover. Anyhow, whatever they were, they were discovered. Branwell was dismissed and Mr. Robinson ordered him "never to see again the mother of his children, never set foot in her home, never write or speak to her."

Branwell had always drunk too much; now in his distress he took to the continual eating of opium. It appears, however, that he was able to communicate with her and some months after his dismissal they met at Harrogate. "It is said that she proposed a flight together, ready to forfeit all her grandeur. It was Branwell who advised patience and a little longer waiting." Suddenly he received a letter to announce the death of Mr. Robinson; "he fair danced down the churchyard as if he were out of his mind; he was so fond of that woman," someone told Emily's biographer.

But the next day he got a message from the widow begging him not to come near her again, for if she saw him once she would lose the care of her children and her fortune. Branwell then proceeded to drink himself to death.

Emily never went out of doors after the Sunday following his death. She was ill. "Her reserved nature occasions me great uneasiness," Charlotte

wrote to her friend. "It is useless to question her; you get no answers. It is still more useless to recommend remedies; they are never adopted." When a doctor was sent for she would not see him. She made no complaints; she wanted neither sympathy nor help. She would let no one do anything for her and when anyone tried resented it. One morning she got up, dressed herself, and began to sew; she was short of breath and her eyes were glazed, but she went on working. She grew steadily worse and at midday asked for a doctor. It was too late. At two she died. Anne died a few months later.

Charlotte had been at work on another novel, *Shirley*, between the death of Branwell and that of Emily, but she put it aside to nurse Anne and did not finish it till after her death. She went to London in 1849 and in 1850 and was made much of. During 1852 she wrote *Villette* and in 1854 she married. She had had several offers of marriage before, mostly from her father's curates, for his failing health had obliged him to have help in his parish; but Emily discouraged suitors, and her father disapproved, so she refused them all.

It was however a curate of her father's whom she at last married. He had been attached to her for several years and, with Emily gone and her father resigned, she at last accepted him. They were married in June and in the following March she died of what is delicately described as an "illness incidental to childbirth."

So the Reverend Patrick Brontë, having buried his wife, her sister, and his six children, was left to eat his meals alone in the solitude he liked, walk on the moors as far as his waning strength permitted, read his books, preach his sermons, and wind up the clock on his way to bed. He died at Haworth at the age of eighty-four.

3

IT is not without intention that in writing about Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* I have said so much about her father, her brother, and her sister Charlotte, for in the books written about the family it is of them that we hear most. Emily and Anne hardly come into the picture; Anne was a gentle, pretty little thing, but insignificant, and her talent was small. Emily was very different. She is a strange, mysterious, and shadowy figure. She is never seen directly but reflected, as it were, in a moorland pool. You have to guess what sort of woman she was from an allusion here and there and from scattered anecdotes. She was aloof, a harsh, uncomfortable creature and when you hear of her giving over to unrestrained gaiety, as she sometimes did on walks over the moors, it makes you uneasy. Charlotte had friends, Anne had friends, Emily had none.

Mary Robinson describes her at fifteen as "a tall, long-armed girl, full grown, elastic as to tread; with

a slight figure that looked queenly in her best dresses, but loose and boyish when she slouched over the moors, whistling to the dogs, and taking long strides over the rough earth. A tall, thin, loose-jointed girl — not ugly, but with irregular features and a pallid thick complexion." Like her father, her brother, and her sisters she wore spectacles. She had an aquiline nose and a large, expressive prominent mouth. She dressed regardless of fashion, with leg-of-mutton sleeves long after they had ceased to be worn; in straight long skirts clinging to her lanky figure.

She hated Brussels and was miserable there. She stayed only by an effort of will. Friends tried to be nice to the two girls and asked them to spend Sundays and holidays with them, but they were so shy that to go was an agony for them, and after a while their hosts thought it kinder not to invite them. It was natural that they should be shy; they had been brought up in seclusion and had had little experience of social life; but shyness is a somewhat complicated state of mind, there is diffidence in it, but also conceit, and from this Emily at least was not free.

During the hours of recreation at school the two sisters always walked together and generally in silence. When they were spoken to, Charlotte answered. Emily rarely spoke to anyone. Monsieur Héger thought her intelligent, but so stubborn that she would listen to no reason when it interfered with her wishes or beliefs. He found her egotistical, exacting, and with Charlotte tyrannical. But he recognized that there was something unusual in her. She should have been a man, he said, "her strong imperious will would never have been daunted by opposition or difficulty; never have given way but with life."

When Emily went back to Haworth after her aunt's death it was for good. She never left it again.

She got up in the morning before anybody else and did the roughest part of the day's work before Tabby, the maid, who was old and frail, came down. She did the household ironing and most of the cooking. She made the bread and the bread was good. While she kneaded the dough she would glance at the book propped up before her. "Those who worked with her in the kitchen, young girls called in to help in stress of business, remember how she would keep a scrap of paper, a pencil at her side, and how when the moment came that she could pause in her cooking or her ironing, she would jot down some impatient thought and then resume her work."

With these girls she was always friendly and hearty — "pleasant, sometimes quite jovial like a boy." "So genial and kind, a little masculine," say my informants, "but of strangers she was exceedingly timid, and if the butcher's boy or the baker's man came to the kitchen door she would be off like a bird into the hall or the parlour till she heard their

hobnails clumping down the path." I think that much in her behavior that was strange to her contemporaries would be clear to a psychiatrist today.

4

It is evident that Charlotte did not quite know what to make of *Wuthering Heights*; she had no notion that her sister had produced a book of astonishing originality and one compared with which her own were commonplace. She felt compelled to apologize for it. When it was proposed to republish it she undertook to edit it. "I am likewise compelling myself to read it over, for the first time of opening the book since my sister's death. Its power fills me with renewed admiration; but yet I am oppressed: the reader is scarcely ever permitted a taste of unalloyed pleasure; every beam of sunshine is poured down through black bars of threatening cloud; every page is surcharged with a sort of moral electricity; and the writer was unconscious of all this — nothing could make her conscious of it."

One is inclined to think that she little knew her sister. *Wuthering Heights* is an extraordinary book. It is a very bad one. It is a very fine one. It is ugly. It has beauty. It is a terrible, an agonizing, a passionate book. Some have thought it impossible that a clergyman's daughter who led a retired, humdrum life and knew few people and nothing of the world could have written it. This seems to me absurd. *Wuthering Heights* is wildly romantic: now romanticism eschews the patient observation of realism; it revels in the unbridled flight of the imagination and indulges, sometimes with gusto, sometimes with gloom, in horror, mystery, fearful passions, and deeds of violence. It is an escape from reality. Given Emily Brontë's character, of which I have tried to give some indication, and fierce, repressed passions, which what we know of her suggests, *Wuthering Heights* is just the sort of book one would have expected her to write. But on the face of it, it is much more the sort of book that her scapegrace brother Branwell might have written and a number of people have been able to persuade themselves that he had either in whole or in part done so.

Some of his friends were convinced of it. Francis Grundy wrote: "Patrick Brontë declared to me, and what his sister said bore out the assertion, that he wrote a great part of *Wuthering Heights* himself. . . . The weird fancies of diseased genius with which he used to entertain me in our long talks at Luddendenfoot, reappear in the pages of the novel, and I am inclined to believe that the very plot was his invention rather than his sister's." On one occasion two of Branwell's friends, Dearden and Leyland by name, arranged to meet him at an inn on the road to Keighley to read their poetical effusions to one another and this is what Dearden some twenty years later wrote to the *Halifax Guardian*: "I read the first act of *The Demon Queen*; but when Branwell

dived into his hat — the usual receptacle of his fugitive scraps — where he supposed he had deposited his manuscript poem, he found he had by mistake placed there a number of stray leaves of a novel on which he had been trying his 'prentice hand.' Chagrined at the disappointment he had caused, he was about to return the papers to his hat, when both friends earnestly pressed him to read them, as they felt a curiosity to see how he could wield the pen of a novelist. After some hesitation, he complied with the request, and riveted our attention for about an hour, dropping each sheet, when read, into his hat. The story broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and he gave us the sequel, *viva voce*, together with the real names of the prototypes of his characters; but, as some of these persons are still living, I refrain from pointing them out to the public. He said he had not yet fixed upon a title for his production, and was afraid he would never be able to meet with a publisher who would have the hardihood to usher it into the world. The scene of the fragment which Branwell read, and the characters introduced in it — so far as they developed — were the same as those in *Wuthering Heights*, which Charlotte Brontë confidently asserts was the production of her sister Emily."

Now this is either a tissue of lies or it is true. Charlotte despised and within the bounds of Christian charity hated her brother, but as we know, Christian charity has always been able to make allowances for a lot of good honest hatred, and Charlotte's unsupported word cannot be accepted. She may, as people often do, have persuaded herself to believe what she wanted to believe. The story is circumstantial and it is odd that anyone for no particular reason should have invented it.

What is the explanation? There is none. It has been suggested that Branwell wrote the first four chapters, and then, drunk and doped as he was, gave it up, whereupon Emily took it over. The argument adduced is that these chapters are written in a more stilted style than the rest of the novel. That I cannot see. The whole book is very badly written in the bogus literary manner that the amateur is apt to affect. When the amateur, and it must be remembered that Emily Brontë had never written a book before, sits down to write he thinks he must use grand words rather than ordinary ones. It is only by practice that he learns to write naturally.

The main part of the story is told by a Yorkshire servant and she expresses herself in a way that no human being could. Emily Brontë was perhaps aware that she was putting words into Mrs. Dean's mouth that she could hardly have known and, to explain it, makes her say that she has in the course of her service had the opportunity to read a number of books, but even at that the pretentiousness of her discourse is appalling. She never *tries* to do a thing, but *endeavors* or *essays*, she never *leaves* a room

but *quits* it, she never *meets* anybody but *encounters* him. I should have said that whoever wrote the first chapters wrote the rest, and if in the early ones there is somewhat more pomposity in the writing I surmise that this is owing to a not unsuccessful attempt on Emily's part to show that Lockwood was a silly, conceited young man.

I have read somewhere the conjecture that if it was Branwell who wrote the beginning of the novel his intention was to make Lockwood take a much greater part in the action. There is indeed a hint that he was attracted by the younger Catherine and it is obvious that if he had fallen in love with her a complication would have been added to the intrigue. As it is, Lockwood is merely a nuisance. The novel is very clumsily constructed. But is this surprising? Emily Brontë had a complicated story to tell dealing with two generations. This is always a difficult thing to do because the author has to give some sort of unity to a narrative that concerns two sets of characters and two sets of events; and he must be careful not to allow the interest of one set to overshadow the interest of the other. He has also to compress the passage of years into a period of time that can be accepted by the reader with a comprehensive glance as one seizes in a single view the whole of a vast fresco.

I do not suppose that Emily Brontë deliberately thought out how to get a unity of impression into a straggling story, but I think she must have wondered how to make it coherent and it occurred to her that she could best do this by making one character narrate the long succession of events to another. It is a convenient way of telling a story and she did not invent it. Its disadvantage is, as I pointed out just now, that it is almost impossible to maintain a conversational manner when the narrator has to tell a number of things, descriptions of scenery for instance, which no sane person would think of doing. An experienced novelist might have found a better way of telling the story of *Wuthering Heights*, but I cannot persuade myself that Emily Brontë was working on a foundation of someone else's invention.

5

I THINK that Emily Brontë's method might have been expected of her when you consider her extreme, her morbid, shyness and reticence. What were the alternatives? One was to write the novel from the standpoint of omniscience, as for instance *Middlemarch* and *Madame Bovary* were written. I think it would have shocked her harsh, uncompromising virtue to tell the outrageous story as a creation of her own; and if she had, moreover, she could hardly have avoided giving some account of Heathcliff during the years he spent away from *Wuthering Heights* when he managed to acquire an education and make money. She couldn't do this

because she simply didn't know how he had done it. The fact the reader is asked to accept is hard to believe and she was content to state it and leave it at that.

Another alternative was to have the story narrated to her by Mrs. Dean, say, and telling it then in the first person, but I suspect that too would have brought her into a contact with the reader too close for her quivering sensibility. By having the story in its beginning told by Lockwood and unfolded to Lockwood by Mrs. Dean she hid herself behind as it were a double mask.

And why did Emily need to hide herself when she wrote this powerful, terrible book? I think because she disclosed in it her innermost instincts. She looked deep into the well of loneliness of her heart and saw there undisclosable secrets which, notwithstanding, her impulse as a writer drove her to unburden herself of. It is said that her imagination was kindled by the weird stories her father used to tell of the Ireland of his youth and by the tales of Hoffmann which she learned to read when she went to school in Belgium and which she continued to read, we are told, back at the parsonage seated on a hearthrug by the fire with her arm round her dog's neck.

Charlotte was at pains to state that Emily, whatever she had heard of them, had no communication with the people round her who might be supposed to have suggested the characters of her novel. I am willing to believe that this is true and I am willing to believe that she found in the stories of mystery and horror of the German romantic writers something that appealed to her own fierce nature; but I think she found Heathcliff and Catherine Earnshaw in the hidden depths of her own soul. It may be that in the lesser characters — Linton and his sister, Earnshaw's wife and Heathcliff's — objects of her disdain for their weakness and frailty, she found hints in persons she had known, but readers seldom give an author credit for a power of invention and it is just as likely that she created them out of her own overbearing and contemptuous imagination.

I think she was herself Catherine Earnshaw, wild, tempestuous, passionate; and I think she was Heathcliff. Is it strange that she should have put herself into the two chief characters of her book? Not at all. We are none of us all of a piece; more than one person dwells within us, often in uneasy companionship with his fellows. And the peculiarity of the writer of fiction is that he has the power to objectify the diverse persons of which he is compounded into individual characters: his misfortune is that he cannot bring to life characters, however necessary to his story they may be, in which there is no part of himself. It is not only not uncommon for an author writing his first novel, as *Wuthering Heights* was, to make himself his principal charac-

ter, it is not uncommon either that in his theme there will be something of wish-fulfillment. It becomes then a confession of the reveries, on solitary walks or in wakeful hours at night, in which he has imagined himself saint or sinner, great lover or great statesman, heroic general or cold-blooded murderer; and it is because there is a lot of absurdity in most people's reveries that there is a great deal of nonsense in most writers' first novels. I think *Wuthering Heights* is just such a confession.

I think Emily Brontë put the whole of herself into Heathcliff. She gave him, I think, her violent rage, her sexuality, vehement but frustrated, her passion of unsatisfied love, her jealousy, her hatred and contempt of human beings, her cruelty, her sadism. There is a curious incident related by Charlotte's friend, Ellen Nussey: "She enjoyed leading Charlotte where she would not dare go of her own free will. Charlotte had a mortal dread of unknown animals, and it was Emily's pleasure to lead her into close vicinity, and then tell her of how and what she had done, laughing at her horror with great amusement."

I think Emily loved Catherine Earnshaw with Heathcliff's masculine, purely animal love, and I think she laughed, as she had laughed at Charlotte's fears, when as Heathcliff she kicked and trampled on Earnshaw and dashed his head repeatedly against the stone flags, and I think she laughed when, as Heathcliff, she hit the younger Catherine in the face and heaped humiliations upon her; I think it gave her a thrill of release when she bullied, reviled, and browbeat the persons of her invention because in real life she suffered such bitter mortification in the company of her fellow creatures. And I think as Catherine, doubling the roles, as it were, though she fought Heathcliff, though she despised him, though she knew him for the evil thing he was, she loved him with her body and soul, she exulted in her power over him, she felt they were kin (as indeed they were if I am right in supposing they were both Emily Brontë) and since there is in the sadist often something of the masochist too, she was fascinated by his violence, his brutality, his untamed nature.

But I have said enough. *Wuthering Heights* is not a book to talk about; it is a book to read. It is easy to find fault with it; it is very imperfect; and yet it has what few novelists can give you, power. I do not know a novel in which the pain, the ecstasy, the ruthlessness, the obsessiveness of love have been so wonderfully described. *Wuthering Heights* reminds me of one of those great pictures of El Greco in which in a somber, arid landscape under dark clouds heavy with thunder, long, emaciated figures in contorted attitudes, spellbound by an unearthly emotion, hold their breath. A streak of lightning flitting across the leaden sky gives a final touch of mysterious terror to the scene.

(The next novel to be discussed by Mr. Maugham will be Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*.)



Books and Men



An inveterate arguer, John Adams
made copious — and highly explosive

— notes in many of his books now at the Boston Public Library. He was especially incensed against the philosophers, whom he held mainly responsible for the French Revolution. In a book on Adams, now in preparation, ZOLTAN HARASZTI brings together some fifty thousand words of these hitherto unpublished comments. They should be indispensable to historians. Mr. Haraszti is Keeper of Rare Books at the Boston Public Library and, since its inception, has been editor of *More Books*, the library's monthly bulletin.

JOHN ADAMS AND ROUSSEAU

by ZOLTAN HARASZTI

I

IN the ten-volume edition of John Adams's *Works*, Rousseau's name occurs only a few times, and even then in the company of others. Yet Rousseau's philosophy — his conception of society and government, and especially his doctrine of equality — deeply occupied Adams all his life: he hardly ever ceased to fight it.

One of the earliest occasions on which he mentions Rousseau is in connection with the framing of the Constitution of Massachusetts, the draft of which he himself prepared. He was extremely proud of the work. "There never," he wrote to a friend soon after the ratification in 1780, "was an example of such precautions as are taken by this wise and jealous people in the formation of their government. None was ever made so perfectly upon the principle of the people's rights and equality. It is Locke, Sidney, and Rousseau and De Mably reduced to practice, in the first instance."

In his joy he forgot to mention that the principle of equality had been rather forced upon him. First he had tried to get around the issue by an ingenious use of the word "equal." In his draft, the Declaration of Rights, the writing of which had been entrusted to him alone, began innocuously with "All men are born equally free and independent . . ." — a far cry from the bold statement of the Declaration of Independence. No one now knows how the revision was worked out; what, for instance, Samuel Adams had to do with it. But the Convention certainly changed the artful phrase to "All men are born free and equal . . ."

There was little in Adams to dispose him toward Rousseau. To be sure, Rousseau has often been called the Puritan of Geneva; and in a fundamental sense the epithet is deserved. Unfortunately, as readers of his autobiography will well remember, grace did not come to him as early as to his fellow

Calvinist in Boston: two books more dissimilar than Adams's *Diary* and Rousseau's *Confessions* would be difficult to imagine. With the French Revolution, Adams's instinctive aversion turned into positive dislike — Rousseau became for him the symbol of everything that was destructive and dangerous.

"The Revolution in France," he wrote to Dr. Price in April, 1790, "could not be indifferent to me; but I have learned by awful experience, to rejoice with trembling. I know that encyclopedists and economists, Diderot and D'Alembert, Voltaire and Rousseau, have contributed to this great event more than Sidney, Locke, or Hoadley, perhaps more than the American Revolution; and I own to you, I know not what to make of a republic of thirty million atheists."

These, however, are only passing references. It is in his notes written on the margins of his books that Adams comes to grips with Rousseau. These notes, totaling over twenty-two hundred words, present a comprehensive picture, revealing his complicated reactions to the philosopher.

Having read and reread the *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, he jotted down on a blank page: —

"The speculative Genius and unequalled Eloquence of this Writer has pulled down Systems; it has invalidated Errors: it has undermined Impositions: but it has not discovered Truth. It remains for others to erect new Systems which may be better or may be worse.

"Reasonings from a State of Nature are fallacious, because hypothetical. We have not facts. Experiments are wanting. Reasonings from Savage Life are not much better. Every Writer affirms what he pleases. We have not facts to be depended on.

"The State of Nature, the Savage Life, the Chinese Happiness have all been falsely celebrated

and cried up, in order to lessen the Reverence for the Christian Religion and weaken the Attachment to monarchical Government."

This was his sober, considered opinion. But in the excitement of reading he gives vent to his more spontaneous feelings. He calls Rousseau a "Coxcomb," a "Fool," and a "Satyr," whose reasoning at times appears to him "a Mass of Nonsense and Inconsistency." He cannot understand "how he himself could believe his own Absurdity." One outburst follows another. "Wild, loose, crude Talk!" he writes in obvious anger; "Mad Rant!" we read a few pages below; then, "How ignorant! how childish!" Sometimes the whole thing seems to him "ridiculous," and we see the merry syllables "Ha! ha! ha!" dancing on the margin.

The larger number of comments he made on the *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, which he read in the first English translation. Much of Adams's vexation may be explained by the fact that he waded through the book in 1794, during the worst period of the Terror. It would be an exaggeration, however, to say that his later comments, made during his presidency in 1800, are much milder. The notes follow one another so closely that a real dialogue ensues between author and reader. They are reproduced here — in part — precisely in that form, giving Adams's words intact, with their original spelling and punctuation.

2

THE *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, as may be recalled, was composed for a prize offered by the Academy of Dijon in 1753 for a dissertation on the question, "What is the origin of inequality among mankind, and is such inequality warranted by the law of nature?" Four years before, it was for a similar competition arranged by the same Academy that Rousseau had written his *Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts*, with which he won the contest, and which made him, an altogether obscure person, famous overnight.

Unfortunately, the new prize was given to someone else. Yet the *Discours sur l'Inégalité* remains one of Rousseau's masterpieces. With lucidity and eloquence he records in it his ideas about the effects of civilization upon mankind. In the first part of the essay he describes man in the state of nature, and in the second, in the state of society. He does not claim that primitive man was happy or virtuous, but merely that he was "not unhappy" and "not vicious." Between the conceptions of Hobbes and Locke — the one regarding primitive man as *homo homini lupus* and the other as an almost perfect Christian — Rousseau looks upon him as an unthinking animal, weaker than animals of prey and yet capable of defending himself. It was owing to various accidents that the family, the tribe, and finally society developed.

Rousseau's evolutionary view of society, with all its false science, was remarkable for his time; and it is noteworthy that he himself emphasizes the hypothetical character of his interpretations. No doubt, a good deal of poetry was mingled with his anthropology, especially in his vision of the Golden Age. However, it was precisely this mysticism which captured the imagination of his contemporaries and, still more, of succeeding generations. The revolt against society and convention, to which the book gave such moving expression, was, as Adams well recognized, one of the prime forces of the Revolution.

The preliminaries of the *Discours* are long, but the essay itself starts out like a manifesto. "I conceive two kinds of inequality among man," Rousseau announces, "one which I call natural or physical inequality . . . and the other, which may be termed moral or political inequality." It would be absurd, "unworthy of free men," to inquire whether there might not be some connection between the two. "This Question instead of being absurd is very natural, reasonable and important. The Answer is indeed so obvious and certain that it cannot long be doubted," was Adams's opinion.

How was primitive man able to preserve himself and his offspring, to assure his food and safety against the attacks of other animals? Nature intended that we should always enjoy good health. Man did not need to think. "I almost dare to affirm," the author makes his famous dictum, "that a state of reflection is a state against nature, and that the man who meditates is a depraved animal. . . ."

Rousseau: There is a very specific quality that distinguishes men from beasts, namely the faculty of self-improvement.

Adams: The Question is concerning the Difference between Man and Man; not Man and Beast.

R.: Whereas a beast is at the end of a few months all that it ever will be. . . .

A.: Dancing Dogs, Learned Piggs, Scientific Birds had not been educated, when this was written. Experiments have not yet been made on the Capacity of Beasts, Birds or Fishes, eno' to determine the Extent of it.

R.: It would be shocking to have to praise for his beneficence the man, whoever he was, that first suggested to the Orinoco Indians the use of those boards which they bind on the temples of their children, and which secure to them at least a part of their natural imbecility and happiness.

A.: Savages are happier than Citizens, and Brutes are happier than Savages! Voila the Sum of J. J. Rousseau's Philosophy! A poor Atonement for such poisonous Stuff is made by all the Divinity of his Eloquence. His Panegyricks on Nature, on Savages and Beasts: his Philippicks against Arts, Sciences, Society and Civilization contributed, however, to make Europe uneasy under their Reli-

gion and Government and promoted the Revolution that it begun.

R.: It is through our passions that our reason improves; the passions, in turn, owe their origin to our wants. . . . But savage man knows no goods but food, a female, and rest; he fears no evils but pain and hunger; I say pain, and not death; for no animal will ever know what it is to die. . . .

A.: Death is certainly terrible to all Animals. It may be more so to Man than to others, from his Reflections and his Education.

R.: The moderate needs of savages are so easily supplied. . . .

A.: Not so easily. Savages find it difficult to get Food, Shelter, Covering, Physic.

Next Rousseau probes into the origin of languages. Man's first speech was "the cry of nature"; but when his ideas began to multiply, the inflections of his voice multiplied too. The slight care which nature has taken in promoting the use of speech shows how little she has done towards making men social beings. "So then," Adams remarked, "the distinction between a natural and an artificial Society is groundless. Nature never intended any Society. All Society is art. Nothing will do but a Paradox." The compassion lavished on primitive man, Rousseau continues, is altogether gratuitous:—

R.: He had in his instinct alone everything he needed to live in a state of nature; his cultivated reason barely provides him with what is necessary to live in society.

A.: Millions in a State of Society are supported with less difficulty than Dozens in a State of Nature.

R.: There was no kind of moral relation between men in this state; they could not be either good or bad, and had neither vices nor virtues.

A.: Wonders upon Wonders. Paradox upon Paradox. What astonishing Sagacity had Mr. Rousseau! Yet this eloquent Coxcomb has with his Affectation of Singularity made Men discontented with Superstition & Tyranny.

R.: Savages are not bad, precisely because they don't know what it is to be good; for it is neither the development of their understanding, nor the curb of the law, but the calmness of their passions and their ignorance of vice that prevents them from doing ill.

A.: Calmness of the Passions of Savages! ha! ha! ha!

R.: It is reason that engenders self-love, and reflection that strengthens it. . . .

A.: Reason begets Self Love! Another Wonder.

R.: It is philosophy that isolates a man from other men. . . .

A.: Alias Atheism.

R.: It is pity which, instead of that sublime maxim of reasoned justice "Do unto others as

you would have others do unto you," inspires all men with that other maxim of natural goodness, a great deal less perfect, but perhaps more useful: "Pursue your happiness with as little harm to others as possible."

A.: A Maxim of eternal Justice to Creatures of the same Creator deriving equal Right from him. But a Maxim of Idiocy or Lunacy to Atheists.

R.: Let us begin by distinguishing between what is moral and what is physical in the passion of love.

A.: There are Inequalities in this Passion of Love, which produce other Inequalities in Society.

R.: A savage listens solely to the inclination implanted in him by nature, and not to taste, which he could never acquire; and any woman answers his purpose.

A.: This is very questionable: tho he might not refuse any offered him Single; yet if Several were offered him, of different Figures, Colours, Beauty, would he have no Choice?

R.: As to the inferences which one may draw from the example of animals, we must exclude all those species in which the relative powers of the sexes are different from those existing among us. Thus from the battles of cocks we can form no conclusion about the human race.

A.: In a Cage of Canary Birds, if the Sexes are together, the Cocks will fight eternally. The Hanoverian Minister in Grosvenor Square shewed me his Cocks in one Cage and his Hens in another.

R.: If we compare the prodigious variety in the education and manner of living of the different classes in a civil state with the simplicity and uniformity of savage life . . . we shall easily understand how much smaller the difference between man and man must be in the state of nature than in the state of society.

A.: It is denied that the Difference is greater in Society than in Nature. On the contrary, there is more Equality in Society than in Nature. Age and Childhood are more equal to middle Age. The Sick are more equal to the Well.

3

THE second part of the essay begins with the declaration: "The first man who, after enclosing a piece of ground, took it into his head to say, *This is mine*, and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, murders, miseries, and horrors would that person have saved the human race who, pulling up the stakes or filling up the ditches, had cried to his fellows: Be sure not to listen to this impostor. . . ." Adams could hardly wait. Opposite the words *This is mine* he wrote, "True"; to the question "How many crimes . . ." he answered, "Not one, not one"; and at the end he jotted down in his largest letters: "He would have been a greater Impostor."

The idea of property, Rousseau believes, took shape during the last phase of the state of nature. He tries to reconstruct the slow evolution which led up to it:—

R.: Among the various appetites of man, there was one that urged him to perpetuate his species; and this blind propensity, void of any feeling, produced only an act that was purely animal.

A.: He must have been worse than the Birds and than many Beasts.

R.: Their needs satisfied, the sexes took no further notice of each other. . . .

A.: He must have a perverted head or a cursed heart who could say this.

R.: Such was the condition of infant man. . . .

A.: Thou belyest thy Species, Satyr. Thou makest him worse than Swift's Yahoo.

R.: But difficulties soon arose. . . . He had to learn to surmount the obstacles of nature, to fight if necessary with other animals.

A.: No doubt he was superlatively happy all this time.

R.: Bad harvests, long and severe winters, and scorching summers which parched everything demanded fresh exertions.

A.: He possessed the Sovereign Good all this time.

R.: The new lights resulting from this development increased his superiority to other animals . . . and thus, by attributing first rank to his species, he prepared himself from afar to pretend to it as an individual.

A.: What a fool! There is not an Ox, nor an Horse, nor a Cow, nor a Sheep, there is not a Bird, Beast or Fish but pretends to it.

R.: These first advances enabled man to forge ahead with greater speed. The first epoch of revolution saw the establishment of family, the introduction of something like property, and the building of cabins. . . . The habit of living together gave birth to the sweetest sentiments known to man, to conjugal and paternal love.

A.: Had not the female the sweet Sentiment of parental Love before Cabins were invented? It would be hard to deny to Woman the feelings of an Hen or a Robbin.

R.: Jealousy awakens with love; discord triumphs, and the sweetest of passions requires the sacrifice of human blood.

A.: And were there no Battles for a female before this improved State? He makes Men more stupid than Horses or Dogs.

R.: He who sings or dances best; the handsomest, the strongest, the most dexterous, the most eloquent comes to be the most respected. . . .

A.: These are Sources of Reputation, Influence, and Dignity, which in every Stage of Society surpass Merit, in some Instances.

R.: . . . and this was the first step towards inequality, and at the same time towards vice.

A.: The first Step? Agriculture, Manufactures, Houses were Steps to Inequality long before.

R.: Men no sooner began to appraise one another and to know what esteem was, than each laid claim to it, and it was no longer possible to refuse it to another with impunity. . . .

A.: Love of Esteem is much earlier than this. The two first Men or Women who met felt an Affection for each other.

R.: Though men had become less patient and natural pity had already suffered some alteration, this period of the development of human faculties, holding a just mean between the indolence of the primitive state and the petulant activity of self-love, must have been the happiest and most lasting epoch.

A.: This natural Compassion was precisely that of Cocks and Hens, Turkeys, Geese & Ducks, who will not hurt another if he does not stand in their way.

R.: Metallurgy and agriculture were the two arts whose invention produced this great revolution. For the poet, it is gold and silver, but for the philosopher, it is iron and corn that have civilized men and ruined mankind.

A.: Nonsense. Is it possible this Man could believe this?

R.: It is difficult to tell how men came to know and use iron. Mines are formed nowhere but in dry and barren places, as if nature had taken pains to keep this fatal secret from us.

A.: How ignorant! Iron mines are in Meadows, Swamps, Ponds! How childish!

R.: As to agriculture, its principle was known long before its practice was established. . . . From the tilling of the soil necessarily followed its division; and from property, once recognized, the first rules of justice.

A.: A Club, an Hatchet of Stone, a Bow, an Arrow was property before Land. So was the Lyons Skin of Hercules.

R.: Things in this state might have remained equal, if men's talents had been equal. But the proportion was soon broken. The stronger performed a larger amount of work; the more dexterous turned it to better account. . . .

A.: An eternal Source of Inequality in many Stages of Society.

R.: . . . the more ingenious found out methods of lessening his labor; the husbandman required more iron, or the smith more corn; and although both worked equally, one earned a great deal, while the other got scarcely enough to live.

A.: Did not the most ingenious find out such Methods before Iron and Corn were known? Ingenuity gave him an Advantage in taking fish, fowls and all sorts of Game: so it did in climbing Trees for fruit: or excavating a Tree rotten at the heart for a house.

Already at this point in his development, Rous-

seau looks upon the establishment of the body politic as "a real contract" between the people and its leaders. He traces the degeneration of legitimate power into despotism, which in turn destroys civil society. How then should one answer the question propounded by the Academy of Dijon? "It is manifestly against the law of nature," Rousseau concludes, "that a child should command an aged man, that an imbecile should lead a sage, and that a handful of people should gorge themselves on superfluities while the hungry multitude lacks even necessities."

Adams read it all, marking almost every paragraph with the word "Note." Here and there he underlined a sentence, but he stopped arguing.

One of the best-known witticisms of Voltaire is his remark about the *Discours sur l'Inégalité*. "Never before has so much wit been employed to turn us into beasts," he wrote to Rousseau. "Reading your work, one has the desire to walk on all fours. . . ." Voltaire, himself addicted to marginalia, made numerous notes in his own copy. In the privacy of their studies readers are apt to fall into similar moods; it is remarkable how much Voltaire's vocabulary resembles that of Adams. Comments like *ridicule*, *faux*, and *pitoyable* are mixed with exclamations like *tarare*, the French equivalent of "fiddle-sticks." *Fou que tu es . . .*, he once intimately addressed his friend. *Malheureux Jean-Jacques . . .*, he started out another time. At the end he gave it up: *Tout cela est abominable. . . .*

4

THE *Discours sur l'Inégalité* was not published until June, 1755, and while still reading the proofs, Rousseau was already preparing his *Économie Politique* for the fifth volume of the *Encyclopédie*.

The distance between the two works is great. If the former is a complete expression of Rousseau's individualism, the latter sets forth his ideas about communal living. The first regards property as the cause of all evil, while the second declares it to be the foundation of civil society. Yet the break is not absolute; the *Économie Politique* contains many contradictions which show that Rousseau has not entirely renounced his former convictions. He acclaims the State as the embodiment of the corporate self (*moi commun*), and praises the law as the essence of the "general will"; he does not, however, maintain his lofty objectivity for long. The State, he emphasizes, is the instrument of the rich for the exploitation of the poor.

Adams was absorbed in the essay, underlining passage after passage. Rousseau asserts that limited associations should be subordinated to larger ones, for the general will is always the most just and the voice of the people is the voice of God.

Adams balked: "If the Majority is 51 and the Minority 49, is it certainly the Voice of God? If tomorrow one should change to 50 vs 50, where is the Voice of God? If two and the Minority should become the Majority, is the Voice of God changed?"

The first part of the treatise is devoted to the importance of the observance of the laws:—

R.: It is to law alone that men owe justice and liberty; it is this salutary instrument of the will of all that restores natural equality to its rightful place. . . .

A.: But who shall make & who will guard the Laws? The Guardians of the Laws are the desideratum. These can only be Something tantamount to King, Lords & Commons.

R.: If the head of the State wishes others to observe the law, he must do so all the more scrupulously himself. For his example is of such force. . . .

A.: What gives such force to his Example? the Oil? his Power exciting both Fear & Gratitude? his Pomp? his Wealth?

R.: Experience has long taught the people to prize their chiefs for all the harm that they do not do, and to adore them when they are not hated.

A.: Is there no medium between Adoration and Hatred? What is the Cause of this Adoration? Is this the Sin, Crime or Fault of the Chiefs?

R.: There is no doubt that peoples are in the long run what the government makes out of them: warriors, citizens, men, when it desires; rabble and canaille, if it likes. . . .

A.: The Government ought to be what the People make it. Why is it not?

Rousseau exalts the love of country as a hundred times more keen and more delicious than that of a mistress. "Hyperbole," Adams decided like an expert. Rousseau makes a nostalgic plea—one of the most original and valuable parts of the essay—for general education: if children were brought up in common, if they were imbued with the laws of the State and the precepts of the general will. . . . Adams, however, was skeptical: "This Spartan Education is not the Thing." Rousseau even recommends that retired magistrates devote their old age to teaching: illustrious warriors should preach courage and honest judges should inculcate justice, thus transmitting to succeeding generations their experience and talents. "Very good for what I know," Adams conceded, "but these would be costly Schoolmasters."

In some respects the last portion of the *Économie Politique* is the most challenging. In it Rousseau advocates the right to work, maintaining that it is the duty of the State to secure the livelihood of its citizens. Adams passed this over in silence. Then, in the discussion of inheritance, he found a passage which he esteemed "worth a Volume." It should be the spirit of the laws, Rousseau suggests, that from father to son, and from relative

to relative, family property be alienated as little as possible, for nothing is more fatal to morals than the continual shift of fortunes from one hand to another. Adams was pleased with this "deep Sense."

However, it is the *Contrat Social* that contains the final embodiment of Rousseau's doctrines of the sovereignty of the State. The law of the social order is "sacred," but it does not derive from nature; it is founded on conventions and we have to learn what these conventions are. This is the prelude. Far from giving up his ideas about the origin of society, Rousseau makes the powerful indictment: "Man was born free, yet he is everywhere in chains. . . ."

Adams was especially critical of the analysis of the various legislative systems, which, according to Rousseau, should have two principal objects, liberty and equality: —

R.: As regards equality, we are not to understand by this term that the degrees of wealth and power must be absolutely the same; but that power should never be exercised contrary to the laws, and that no citizen should be rich enough to buy another, or so poor as to be obliged to sell himself.

A.: But when or where did such Moderation ever exist? — absolutely never, where Riches existed.

R.: Do you wish to impart strength to the State? Narrow down the distance between the two extremes as much as possible; tolerate neither rich nor beggars.

A.: What becomes of the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal"? Must you steal from rich Men their Property and give it to Beggars? — Property, Property! that is the Difficulty. Without Property, there would be no rich Men to be sure. But there would not be fewer Beggars for that.

Yet Rousseau allows that the institutions should be adapted to the characteristics of the country: Do the waves of the sea lash your inaccessible rocks? Then remain barbarous fish-eaters; you will live more at ease, will be more virtuous perhaps, and certainly happier. But Adams resisted the lure: "The Ease is doubted and the Virtue and Happiness denied."

5

IT is a charming picture — John Adams sitting back in an armchair with a copy of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.

His notes are few, but enough to show that he really knew the book. In the first volume he repeated the word "honneur" on the margin of a letter from Saint-Preux to Julie, perhaps mocking the man's incessant protestation of his noble sentiments; for that letter was written after the seduction had taken place. At the beginning of the

second volume Mylord Édouard tells Claire about the troubled state of affairs between Julie and her lover, owing to the intervention of her cruel father. "Let rank be determined by merit and the union of hearts by their own choice; this is the proper social order," he writes. "Sing-song," Adams pronounced. "Those who regulate it by birth or wealth are the real disturbers of this system," the Englishman goes on. Adams added the suggestion "ou par beauté de visage ou figure," continuing in English: "Peoples, Nations, not Individuals, are guilty of this. Riches and fame are Chimaeras too."

Julie marries an elderly nobleman, M. de Wolmar, and bids farewell to her lover "forever." Saint-Preux contemplates suicide. He tries to justify his plan to his English patron: People say that God has placed us in this world and therefore we have no right to leave it without permission; but he has placed us also in our city and yet we need no permission to leave that. "Excellent Sophistry if the word 'excellent' may be used," Adams considered the proposition. Once the weariness of life conquers the horror of death, Saint-Preux meditates, life becomes intolerable. "Rather better," the Old Man at Quincy thought.

In any case, Saint-Preux decides to live, and with the help of his friend procures a commission on an English ship of war and sails the seven seas for years. By the time of his return, Julie has several growing children. At the invitation of her incomparable husband, Saint-Preux goes to live with them (even as Rousseau was living, at the time of his writing the novel, with Mme. d'Houdedot and Saint-Lambert). From their home, he sends Mylord Édouard a glowing description of the household. It is a great error in domestic as well as in public economy, he argues, to try to combat one evil with another or to create a kind of equilibrium between them. . . . Adams was cautious: "This requires Explanation, Limitation, Restriction."

The *ménage à trois* proved successful. Saint-Preux achieved a puzzled admiration for M. de Wolmar, whom he represents to Mylord Édouard as cold but without a touch of vice: "He lacks inner feeling, which enables him to resist all other feelings." Adams underlined this. There is no sign as to what he thought of the rest of the story — of Saint-Preux's recurring weakness and Julie's own desperate struggle against her love, which ends only with her semi-voluntary death.

The *Nouvelle Héloïse* exerted an enormous influence upon countless poets and novelists, from Goethe to Byron, and from George Sand to Chateaubriand. Its romantic exaltation started a new era in literature, to last for nearly a century. One may feel certain, however, that John Adams was immune to its raptures. He was well protected by his own wise system of "checks and balances."

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THE windows of my *Atlantic* office look over the most vivacious acres of cultivated oystershell in New England — I mean the Boston Public Garden — so that as I read or dictate, my gaze is occasionally arrested by the antics of the Back Bay canines (many of them made known to me by Mickey), or of the children, in their bright worsteds, skating and tumbling on the frozen pond. Today as I worked, my senses kept reporting the blizzard's progress: in the mind's ear I noted the soft announcement of the first theme as the tiny particles, widely spaced, drifted down from the leaden sky; then the snowfall was joined by the sea winds sweeping in from the harbor; the tempo rose, pedestrians tucked in their chins and braced themselves against the slanting white arrows. For a capricious interval the wind fell and the flakes were heavy, fantastic goblets.

Then we passed into the blue dusk, and as we goose-stepped our first footprints into the white paths, homeward bound, we could see in the aureole of the arc lights the whirling haze which needled our faces and deepened the drifts.

There are distinct movements and melodies in this tone poem of *Snow in Town*. The jingle of bells one no longer hears, nor the whine of iron-rimmed wagon wheels on dry packed roads — the milk wagon at dawn. But against the hush of the white blanket other sounds stand out, — the scrape of snow shovels against the uneven bricks; the click, rhythm, and bite of the tire chains; the rumble and thud of snow falling from the gabled roofs; horns hooting as harassed motorists line up for home, the shrill of the traffic whistle and, at intervals, the crash of fender and bumper as cars collide.

Snow provides its local comedy and strife. Snow fights have been waged on Boston Common ever since the eighteenth century: the redcoats — the lobster backs — must have been a tempting target during the occupation, and after their departure

the warfare went on between the North-Enders and the West-Enders. In the *Education* Henry Adams gives us his unforgettable account of a fight in which he took part almost a century ago: —

"Whenever, on a half-holiday, the weather was soft enough to soften the snow, the Common was apt to be the scene of a fight, which began in daylight with the Latin School in force, rushing their opponents down to Tremont Street, and which generally ended at dark by the Latin School dwindling in numbers and disappearing. As the Latin School grew weak, the roughs and young blackguards grew strong. As long as snowballs were the only weapon, no one was much hurt, but a stone may be put in a snowball, and in the dark a stick or a slungshot in the hands of a boy is as effective as a knife. One afternoon the fight had been long and exhausting. The boy Henry, following, as his habit was, his bigger brother Charles, had taken part in the battle, and had felt his courage much depressed by seeing one of his trustiest leaders, Henry Higginson — 'Bully Hig,' his school name — struck by a stone over the eye, and led off the field bleeding in rather a ghastly manner. As night came on, the Latin School was steadily forced back to the Beacon Street Mall where they could retreat no further without disbanding, and by that time only a small band was left, headed by two heroes, Savage and Marvin. A dark mass of figures could be seen below, making ready for the last rush, and rumor said that a swarm of blackguards from the slums, led by a grisly terror called Conky Daniels, with a club and a hideous reputation, was going to put an end to the Beacon Street cowards forever. Henry wanted to run away with the others, but his brother was too big to run away, so they stood still and waited immolation. The dark mass set up a shout, and rushed forward. The Beacon Street boys turned and fled up the steps, except Savage and Marvin and the few champions who would not run. The terrible Conky Daniels swaggered up, stopped a moment with his body-guard to swear a few oaths at Marvin, and then swept on and chased the flyers, leaving the few boys untouched who stood their ground. The obvious moral taught that blackguards were not so black as they were painted. . . ."

Fortunately for the pedestrian the snowballing is no longer as regimented as this, now that the town has grown larger, but the sniping goes on, behind trees and up the slopes of Monument Hill.

Our corner at Arlington and Marlborough is one

of the slipperiest in all Boston when there is ice under the snow. From my window one winter's noon, I remember watching a man in a big fur coat as he stepped off the curb head down against the snow. I saw the taxi before he did, and the taxi driver saw him. In his panic Mr. Fur Coat lost his balance and fell flat. The driver slammed on his brakes and went into one of those unbelievable skids. Taxi and bumper came slithering toward the recumbent figure. "Throw up your legs," shouted the driver. The man threw up his legs, caught his heels on the bumper, and was pushed like a snowplow into the middle of Arlington Street. There the car stopped. The driver helped up Fur Coat, brushed him off, and didn't even charge him a quarter for the ride.

Snow has a way of catching you unaware. After a February blizzard, to step out of doors into the dazzling glare of the cold morning light, to feel the intense contrast of the sunshine and shadow, to draw the tonic of the winter air into nostril and throat, is to get the full charge of New England. As I was starting off dazed and tingling one morning not long ago, I paused, swept off my hat, and made a sweeping bow to my wife and daughter, framed in the dining-room window. At that moment, while I was in my courtly posture, head bent and hat in hand, the roof let go its overnight accumulation of frosted snow and icicles. When the avalanche was over I went back into the house, rough-toweled my head, and put on a fresh shirt, trying not to listen to the whoops below stairs.

Election fever in Vermont

This is an election year, and in the hectic months ahead, we shall again be reminded of what this singular and decisive process does to individuals and to communities. In his first and pleasantly picaresque novel, *The Tamarack Tree* (Whittlesey, \$3.00), Howard Breslin takes us back to the year 1840 to show us the electioneering fever which was infecting the inhabitants of Stratton Mountain, Vermont, and how that hamlet of 200 men and women was in three days transformed into a yeasty gathering of 20,000 souls come to hear Dan'l Webster blast little Van Buren out of the White House, and to celebrate, in advance, and with plenty of hard cider, the Vermont-pledged victory of Tippecanoe and Tyler too. For then, as now, Vermont was a one-party state.

It took three summer days for the giant Meeting to run its course. To the three-hundred-acre clearing below Stratton's summit came farmers, city folk, York Staters, and the Committee from Boston, politicians, gamblers, and ten bands of musicians. They came by ox team, horse, cart, or blistered heel; they came with food and bedding; they came ready to talk, to wrestle, to dance and drink, ready to fight or to love, and to listen to Webster with unshakable opinions.

Vermont philosophy is not easily altered, but so contagious a fever in so many strangers had a sudden and drastic effect upon the citizens of the tiny hamlet, and it is this story, the impact of strangers upon native, which the author threads for us in his homely and picturesque sampler. The episodes are all stitched to the main event by his omniscient hand and with a minimum of transition.

At the outset we see the villagers undisturbed: in one of the best scenes we watch father Chittenden and his three sons, scythes swinging as they mow the big meadow on the day before the Meeting. Charles Chittenden is in love with the minister's daughter, Lovina: so we become watchful of her virgin beauty, and by contrast the eye is led to Zilpha Brayton, the passionate, dissatisfied wife of the village ne'er-do-well. By such easy stages we move from person to person, from home to home, now with the boys, tense with excitement, now with Peleg Nason, the old veteran of the Revolution, garrulous at the inn; we hear the clink of coins, the cynicism of the city politicians, the shrewd salesmanship of Joel Patch, the wealthy miller, out for the main chance.

For three exciting days these guarded Vermont lives are invaded by foreigners, "Doc" Merrifield in his medicine wagon, Thomas Jefferson Dunbar, the amorous pistol-shooting Southerner, and by the sonorous magnetism of Black Dan. The build-up and the reaction are of elementary emotions.

Mr. Breslin writes with a nice ear for idiom; his descriptions are brief and as pleasantly turned as those in LeGrand Cannon's *Look to the Mountain*. But the necessity of dealing with so many people in ever shifting rotation gives one the flushed excitement of a country dance rather than the reflective probing of a country walk. This political meeting is carnival to the Vermonters and there isn't time for the story or the philosophy to go more than skin-deep.

The red plush of Glasgow

The family chronicle is a perennially endearing form of narrative and one which, if the family has enough spice, spirit, and authority, lives on in the imagination year after year, enticing new readers and rewarding the old. *The Forsyte Saga* by John Galsworthy and the *Jalna* books by Mazo de la Roche, two of the most successful chronicles in our time, were each written as a series of single volumes extending through two decades and commanding the loyalty of hundreds of thousands of readers. Will they, one wonders, retain a perennial fragrance when in time they become "old-fashioned"?

What makes a story old-fashioned? The long-winded descriptions of Scott, the clerical controversies of Trollope, the Continental manners and snobbishness in Henry James, no longer hold the living concern which they did when they were written. Yet in each case the vitality of the author



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skates us over this old ice in our desire to get on with the story and know more of his people. I suggest that what we term "old-fashioned" may be a story whose indoctrination has become quaint, or it may mean a novel told in what John Marquand calls "an old and proved tradition."

Red Plush, by Guy McCrone (Farrar, Straus, \$3.50), is a Victorian three-decker which lends itself to leisurely and non-violent reading. It is a story of Glasgow in Victoria's reign, and of the Moorhouse family who came to town from their farm in Ayrshire, who had good health and good looks, and who, following the ambitious lead of their smart brother Arthur, earned or married prosperity and position. This small Scotch clan is bound together by family loyalty, by which I mean a highly critical affection.

As we see them at their high teas and heavy dinners, in the red plush of Bel's parlor, at their funerals and their Christmases, we note with what consistency the author brings out their predominating traits: the assurance of Arthur, the stolid countryman's strength of Mungo, the self-conscious saintliness of Mary, Sophia who is always borrowing, and David who is as susceptible as he is good-looking. Thus the types are established, thus the in-laws are identified, and only one of the group, the little half-sister Phoebe, is unpredictable. We see her first as a girl of ten, lone, poised, and resourceful and she it is who gives to this big slow-moving, at times over-obvious book the growth and animation which make us curious.

Mr. McCrone, who spent his boyhood in the Burns country, handles the Ayrshire dialect with a beauty which makes me wish it were more employed. His etchings of Glasgow are as authentic as the comparable pages in the novels of Howard Spring. His brief interlude in Vienna has charm. But what gives his story the "slows" is his style, which seldom hints and never says in two words what could be more easily said in six. Again and again he can draw Victorian mannerisms to the life, as in his picture of Mrs. Barrowfield "saucering her tea." Yet in retrospect or in summary his sentences have the creaking motion of an old barouche. I quote two passages from the second volume:—

"At all events David had made the right, honorable and profitable marriage that common sense and the family expected of him, and all was well. That benign Providence that watches over the affairs of the respectable had cracked the whip at the right moment, and he, who had threatened to stray, had been safely headed back into the heart of the prosperous flock. And now, as Bel well knew, David was much too tame, much too conventional, to do anything but stay in the fold." And on the opposite page: "Last evening Grace had hinted that they might both, in the natural course, be the parents of a child."

This is Red Plush writing. You either like it or you don't.

SEMPER FIDELIS

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

ANOTHER "unofficial" history dealing with an important phase of World War II is *The Marines' War*, by Fletcher Pratt (Sloane, \$5.00). In his foreword the author states that he has been allowed access to "a great many official records" and that "where the records seemed inadequate or inaccurate, he was allowed to interview eyewitnesses to his heart's content. . . . Officers have read the manuscript in various stages and checked it for accuracy as to statement of event; but no one has checked it for opinion, or has attempted to do so." The French make a nice distinction between a document which is *officieux*, like a statement by "a spokesman for the White House" which might be classified as straight from the horse's mouth, and a document which is *officiel* or the horse's mouth itself neighing and the horse itself signing the document with a flourish of hooves.

The device of the semiofficial history is both a proper and a convenient one. The armed services coöperate willingly enough in the assurance that the historian involved will give them at least an even break, but they are in a position to deny responsibility for statements of fact or of opinion.

A reviewer, however faithfully he reads one of these current histories, has not enjoyed the author's access to official records and is thus unqualified to pass on the fidelity of his presentation of facts. He is limited to judging the style of the historian, the clarity with which he presents complex maneuvers to the lay world, the general readability of his work. He may also ask how far the opinions of the author are colored by his association with the forces involved, and it is not improper for him to note what may seem to him to be inadequate or summary treatment of controversial issues about which lay opinion is woefully ignorant or confused.

As to the first of these qualities, Mr. Pratt may be congratulated on a singularly lucid exposition, an easy, fluent style, and a consistent readability of narrative. He is an eminent student of his subject and he is also in the highest brackets of the historian-journalists. In fact, as a craftsmanlike narrative, few if any of the preceding unofficial volumes produced by World War II are in the same class as *The Marines' War*.

Together with its virtues as an historical narrative, this book is pleasing in its modesty and its lack of sentimentality. The first person singular pronoun is conspicuously lacking. In dealing with heroic episodes—and there were so many in the Marines' campaign—it must have been extremely difficult to avoid fine writing, purple passages, and a play for the reader's tears. This temptation Mr. Pratt carefully avoids. His emotion is genuine, but it is restrained. The heroism is implicit in his story,

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but it is not exploited. In using such reticence Mr. Pratt is perhaps less effective as a journalist, but he is certainly more impressive as an historian.

As to the structure of the book, the author devotes almost 30 per cent of his text to the story of the Guadalcanal campaign and few will question the propriety of such emphasis. That campaign was fought on a relative shoestring; it was excessively arduous; it involved heavy losses on land and sea; and its success was always in doubt. Moreover, it was the school — and a hard one — for all future island operations. Later campaigns were often more costly and more dreadful in point of casualties during a given period, but such operations were undertaken by increasingly powerful forces relative to the enemy. As the book proceeds one can watch the development of the skills, the know-how, of amphibious warfare as well as the tremendous increase in striking power, particularly on the part of the Navy. In the end, we had control of the sea and almost complete domination of the air. Taking another island became a matter of counting the cost and picking the most useful field of attack from a strategic standpoint. Defeat was only a bare possibility. We had, if it was concentrated, overwhelming power.

There are some questions which arise after reading this book which, I hope, it is not unfair to put forward. Obviously Mr. Pratt is in love with the Marines, and who can blame him? The morale and *esprit de corps* of that body are above praise and have been insistently proclaimed by the Marines themselves time out of mind. But what does Mr. Pratt conceive the Marine Corps to be, how shall they be judged? At the outset, he describes their function as troops dedicated to "winning beachheads under the guns of the Navy and holding them till the arrival of the Army." They were justified, he says, "neither as small-arms men aboard warships nor as elite storm-troop infantry, their employment in World War I." But in this volume we find them employed first as beachhead troops and then as storm-troop infantry. In the latter capacity, Mr. Pratt consistently infers that they were superior to such Army contingents as served with them. It would seem excessive to describe a Marine Corps which had been expanded — how many times? (ten for a guess) — as an infantry *corps d'élite*. Their training as infantrymen can hardly have been superior to that of the Army but Mr. Pratt presents his Marines as in every way topflight. They made few, if any, mistakes unless their intelligence was at fault. Their tactics, as infantrymen, were superior to those of the Army. They were special. They were super-duper.

It is easy for him to dismiss as a "whispering controversy" the highly controversial incident in the Saipan campaign when General "Howling Mad" Smith of the Marines relieved General Ralph Smith, commanding the 27th Army Division, from duty,

because of the slow progress of his troops, and to infer that the Army court-martial proceedings dealing with this incident were inadequate and prejudiced. The Army's reticence does not mean that it endorses General "Howling Mad" Smith's action or that it would agree with Mr. Pratt's account of the incident. Moreover, it is disturbing to note that Mr. Pratt hardly ever refers to General MacArthur except in a critical, derogatory, or querulous manner. In writing a history of a phase of the war in the Pacific it is very well for an author dealing only with the Marines to pay small attention even to the superb achievement of General MacArthur and his troops, but it is a mistake to ignore or belittle it.

In fact, Mr. Pratt shares a weakness which seems to be inevitable among semiofficial historians, of seeing the picture, not as a whole, but partially and with certain distortions. I do not mean that a prejudice in favor of his own side leads him into willful misrepresentation. I am sure that he has struggled manfully to lean over backward in fairness to all. But if you hear only one side, and live with only one set of opinions and point of view, you are insensibly affected and led quite gently into acquiescence.

There is, moreover, a natural impulse to treat the errors of your friends with generous kindness and to protect the good name of your own group by preserving a discreet silence. The Navy commentators have, as a group, been notable in their use of silence or of whitewash. Even Mr. Pratt, though he refers to the "violent controversy as to where the responsibility rested for the Savo Island defeat," in which four cruisers were sunk in a matter of minutes, as "the greatest disaster our Navy had seen," sums the sad affair up with, "Never mind the responsibility."

But we do mind and we object to that kind of fudging off and whitewashing. The crews, we are told, were tired and so were the captains and the admirals and they had very bad luck in all sorts of ways. That sort of thing is not in the grand tradition of the navies of old; it is evasive, it satisfies nobody. For historians to accept and acquiesce in such irresponsibility is to write history of definitely limited value. I have heard Naval officers refer to such historians with a certain wistfulness: "I wonder how much of the truth the Brass will let them tell!" I wonder too.

Having written the above for the sake of the record, I return to my first judgments. *The Marines' War* is a fine story, nobly and clearly told. Every American will be proud when he reads this record of the corps whose well-earned motto is "Semper Fidelis." Mr. Pratt's volume, subject to the few qualifications which I have noted, and which may well be unjustified, is the best report on the island warfare in the Pacific which has appeared up to date.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

JUDGING from this month's books, fiction and non-fiction, a reaction has set in among writers, against the extremist attitudes of the past two decades. They are rallying, it would seem, on the middle ground, an odd place in which to find American writers congregating. For some time past they've been traveling up front with the trail blazers, leading the way to sundry Utopias, to Montparnasse or Manifest Destiny, fervently proclaiming new gospels and feverishly debunking the old. The change I detect (which may be just a passing eddy) amounts to an excess of sobriety that has brought with it a sharper sense of responsibility and the makings of a new perspective.

The serious young novelists cannot claim to have found themselves, but they are tired of being "lost." Their frustration is a burden, not, as in a previous post-war era, a badge proudly worn to bars, bullfights, and bordellos. The best of our reporters and political analysts haven't much sympathy for the sort of perfectionism which insists on "all or nothing," which oscillates between dreamy formulas for world peace and peevish retreat into isolation. Most of them are struggling for a compromise between the ideal of world government and the fact of aggressive nationalism. Not knowing the answers — to the inner crisis or the world crisis — the writers have learned enough to avoid the easy answers.

The world crisis

In the nonfiction line-up there are three books that do not offer easy answers and one that does — **Henry Hazlitt's *Will Dollars Save the World?*** (Appleton-Century, \$1.50). Mr. Hazlitt argues that there is no *real* dollar shortage; the "so-called dollar shortage" is due solely to exchange controls. If England and France, for example, were to allow their currencies to fall to their real dollar value, exports to the United States (being cheaper) would expand, "excessive imports" would be discouraged, and the balance of trade would be restored, making the Marshall Plan superfluous. This alluring thesis ignores four elementary facts. (1) England and France adopted exchange controls to husband their vanishing dollar resources; Mr. Hazlitt puts the egg before the hen. (2) The "excessive" imports he speaks of are the bare essentials required to sustain

life and assist recovery. (3) The reason England and France are exporting little to America is that they have as yet little to export. (4) When controls were virtually abolished in Greece, the results proved catastrophic.

Mr. Hazlitt's formula for the world crisis boils down to this: "Make our own capitalism free and strong. . . . Expose the fallacies of European statism and socialism by our own contrary example."

Vera Micheles Dean, author of *The United States and Russia* (Harvard University Press, \$3.00), considers it folly to impose our concepts of democracy and free enterprise on countries in which these concepts have no roots. She believes that greater understanding of Russia's position in the world, and of our own, is the key to a *modus vivendi*, and sees a hopeful "middle way" between intransigence and appeasement. Her book is a scholarly Baedeker to the Soviet Union, admirable for the reader in search of factual information, but somewhat naïve in its academic detachment.

There's nothing academic about **Hal Lehrman's** picture of *Russia's Europe* (Appleton-Century, \$3.75). It's an impressively documented, briskly written record of two years behind the Iron Curtain prefaced by a stay in Greece — a top-notch piece of reporting. Mr. Lehrman interviewed Communist bosses and opposition leaders, attended trials, investigated every facet of Communist "democracy" with the initial prejudices of a "professional" liberal. He came away impressed by the Communists' energy in tackling reconstruction and appalled by very nearly everything else.

Non-Communists of any prominence — former resistance fighters and labor leaders — were being herded into jails, the rank and file were denied a "character certificate," that is, a living. Opposition parties were being brutally liquidated. To express pro-American sentiments or to be seen with foreigners was "treasonable." Ex-Nazis were being openly recruited for the secret police. Only in Czechoslovakia were human rights respected, and Mr. Lehrman believes that the Kremlin won't tolerate a "free" Czechoslovakia much longer; Russia's Europe is "a spiritual gas chamber." For reporting these observations he was dropped by *PM* and other journals. He has joined the growing band of liberals who stand on the middle ground between reaction and "the totalitarian Left."

Mr. Lehrman offers no "what we should do to be saved" chapter, but suggests that "one way *not* to stop the Russians is by conciliatory discussion and hopeful concession." The other way *not* to stop them is to throw our weight behind the remnants of European reaction, which he convicts the democracies of doing in Greece. His conclusions find support from **Hamilton Fish Armstrong**, the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, who has written a lucid, modest, and impressive little book, *The Calculated Risk*

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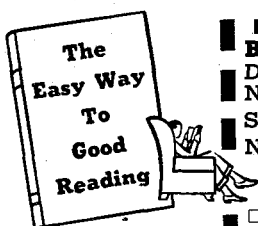
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(Macmillan, \$1.50), which every Congressman should read.

The main objectives of our foreign policy, Mr. Armstrong holds, should be "to help Europe live and to strengthen the United Nations." To this end he urges unstinting implementation of the Marshall Plan and suggests a scheme for extricating the United Nations from the overworked and crippling veto: a supplementary protocol, formulated under Article 51 of the Charter and open to all, the signatories of which would agree to resist aggression if (1) two thirds of them decided collective action was called for under the Charter, and (2) if the Security Council failed to act. The "Armstrong Plan," judging from Senator Vandenberg's approving comment, may soon become official policy.

The American condemns

"On whatever level one explored the vital culture of the United States during the period from 1896 to 1946, one was likely to find an increasing disillusion. It condemned what actually existed. It affirmed something very different: what ought to be." The widening rift between the cultural ideals and deepening materialism of American life is the theme of Lloyd Morris's *Postscript to Yesterday* (Random House, \$5.00). The estrangement between the writers and their environment is the theme of Maxwell Geismar's *The Last of the Provincials* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50).

Mr. Morris tells the story of "the American heart and mind during the past fifty years." His method is concrete: the cavalcade of ideas is a cavalcade of persons — dowagers, prima donnas, novelists, playwrights, press lords, bootleggers, sages, muckrakers, and messiahs. Mr. Morris's gently ironic prose is mellowed with nostalgia and enlivened with wit. *Postscript to Yesterday* is a spirited book with a distinctive savor.

American culture's "thunderous" condemnation of American life springs, in Mr. Morris's interpretation, from society's surrender to the acquisitive code. I feel that he underplays the impact of war on the cultural outlook, but Mr. Geismar's book tends to corroborate his judgment. *The Last of the Provincials* is the second (working backward) in a projected five-volume study of American novelists. I would query Mr. Geismar's bracketing of Scott Fitzgerald with the "Middle Generation" — Mencken, Lewis, Cather, and Anderson — and his tendency to equate affirmative response with artistic excellence. Nonetheless he shows himself to be an extremely able critic, widely read, unpretentious and rigorous in his standards.

Mr. Geismar is most provocative when he sets about isolating the writer from his legend. Babbitt's creator, famed as the gadfly of Main Street, emerges as the "cosmic Bourjoyce" himself, a prey to all of Main Street's illusions. His typical hero is "an adolescent with a paunch"; his substitute for the exploded Horatio Alger tradition is "the vision of Middle Class Bliss." Lewis's philosophy, Mr. Geismar concludes, ultimately reduced itself to "the importance of being a middle-class aristocrat" — a scathing indictment, but one marshaled with copious reference to the defendant's text.

Mencken, too, the legendary inquisitor of the "boobus Americanus" and the American credo, is pictured winding up as "a Tom Paine of the American Counter-Revolution . . . who hymned the praises of Detroit in somewhat rasping terms." Anderson, Mr. Geismar believes, came closest to grappling with his changing environment. In general, the Middle Generation represented a dissipation and failure of the older Western tradition of social protest. The pattern of "artistic withdrawal and negation" it inaugurated was to be intensified until the socially conscious thirties.

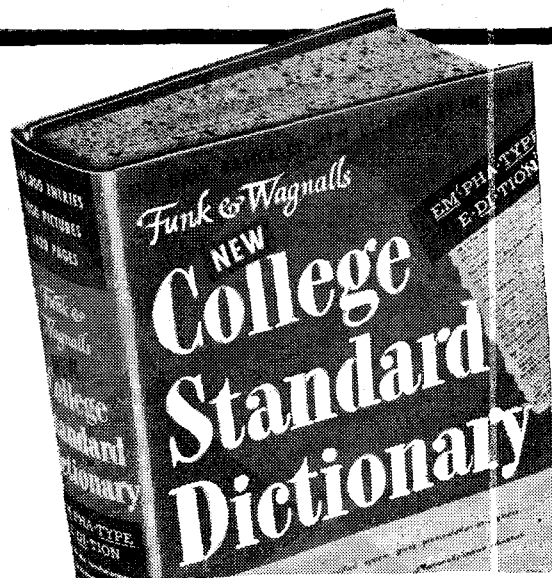
The inner crisis

The serious contemporary novelist has inherited from the immediate past two dominant traditions: that of the crusading intellectual hell-bent on social reform, and that of the lonely individualist dramatizing his despair in a spiritual wasteland, the man who, like Hemingway's hero, has made a "separate peace" and remains at war with his pride. These strains are apparent in three of the current novels, but new attitudes are emerging.

Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey* (Viking, \$3.00) is a searching account of the liberal's dilemma of conscience in a world surrendering to extremes of dogma, an important first novel by a distinguished critic. The chief protagonists are John Laskell—the liberal "in the middle of the journey"—convalescing after a dangerous (obviously symbolic) illness; his old friends the Crooms, an amiable couple whose politics reflect the "party line"; and Gifford Maxim, an ex-revolutionary converted to a new orthodoxy.

Mr. Trilling unfolds his theme in delicate shading of behavior as much as in direct argument. The disjointed and seemingly irrelevant action—a blind mating of two bodies, the death of a child, a fight—subtly clarifies the conflict of ideas. The final explosion brings home to Laskell that the Crooms' "liberalism" is a savage fanaticism and Maxim's self-immolation in dogma, first of party then of creed, is his refuge from a haunting sense of guilt. To the Crooms' denial of responsibility and Maxim's denial of conditioning, Laskell opposes "the human being in maturity, at once responsible and conditioned," the critical intelligence constantly in modulation. Laskell recognizes that his type of liberalism is in eclipse, but he will not become a renegade or an iconoclast or even a disgruntled man. Mr. Trilling has sounded a new note of dissent, a more realistic and mature one than the frantic reformism of the thirties and the sterile disillusionment of the twenties.

"So many people write about a man trying to find himself, when the big thing, as Al saw it, was for the man to find his other part, the Y to the X of his human equation." This is our introduction to Pfc Al Figueira, the central character of *All the Girls We Loved* (Farrar, Straus, \$2.75), a first novel by Prudencio de Pereda. These wry, compassionate, sometimes humorous sketches of soldier life before and after combat tread on Hemingwayesque ground, but with notable differences. Pfc Al Figueira and his friends are lost, lonely, hurt



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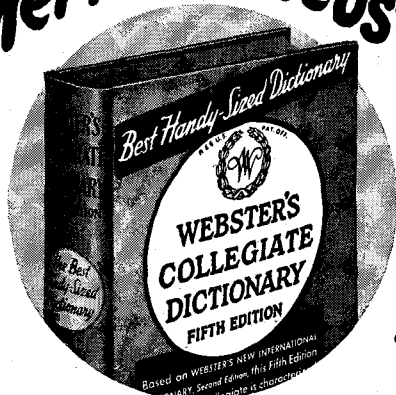


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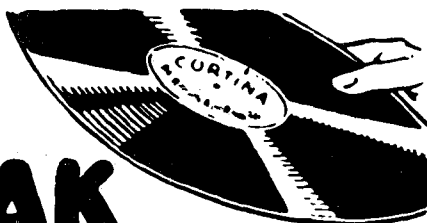


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inside. "He's got a cross," they say of each other. But they neither romanticize their frustration nor muffle it in pride. They talk about it with a "tense, almost hysterical honesty." They even take it to Major Deering, the psychiatrist.

And what is the trouble with these "ordinary Joes"? Stevenson can't get "to the first point" with women. Barkely "is worried whether he can do anything with his girl." Al, too, suffers from "this business of impotence." Each daydreams of his "superior girl," who's full of love and understanding and will make him "a full man." But when they're with her, manhood takes a holiday. The parentage of these Joes would seem to be Hemingway's Jake Barnes and — not Lady Brett — Philip Wylie's "Mom." "Too much dream and idealism," the psychiatrist tells Al, which seems to be a tactful way of diagnosing a case of protracted adolescence, with complications.

This is not intended as levity or condemnation. Judging from what army psychiatrists have disclosed, de Pereda's theme is a vital one. He has handled it with sensitivity and desperate honesty. I think he's among the more talented of the post-war novelists.

That goes also for Gore Vidal, who at twenty-four or five has two good novels behind him and is publishing his third, *The City and the Pillar* (Dutton, \$3.50). Jim Willard, too, is stymied by women. He, too, is searching for his "Y" and is possessed by a dream — of a schoolboy he loved. And when that boy is rediscovered in manhood and contemptuously rejects him — "You're nothing but a damned queer" — life without the dream, for Willard as for Al Figueira, is not good enough.

"We must declare ourselves," says one of Vidal's characters, a homosexual novelist, "allow the world to discover this subterranean life of ours which connects kings and farm boys, artists and clerks." And another: "I think that the American man, normal or not, has been utterly castrated by the woman he has been made, by his mother, to worship." Some will see in this book a Manifesto for the Third Sex, a social tract on inversion (with "Mom" under arraignment), a brilliant exposé of subterranean social life among New York and Hollywood expatriates from normal sex. Essentially it's an attempt to clarify the inner stresses of our time, of which the increase in homosexuality and divorce are symptoms. It should be added that Mr. Vidal has not neglected to provide an entertaining story.

I said at the outset that the novelists don't know the answer, but they do know that it isn't escape in booze or travel or disillusion, and that escape into dreams is a one-way passage out of life. The sad young men have learned that there is no "separate peace." Meanwhile, what has happened to Johnny, the conquering American hero? He survives in the historical novel.

The great big American novel

Raintree County (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75), a first novel by Ross Lockridge, Jr., is a whale of a book in every sense. It took six years to write (after several years of research), runs to 1060 pages, has won the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer \$150,000

award, is the January Book-of-the-Month Club selection and a sure best-seller. Its merits as literature are a different matter.

The author's aim, he says, was (in the words of James Joyce) to forge the uncreated conscience of his race. *Raintree County* is the middle-brow *Ulysses*, the Hoosier *War and Peace*, the Middle Western *Remembrance of Things Past*, the freshman's *Faust*. It's the Great American Novel every newspaperman dreams of writing.

It isn't just the American myth that Mr. Lockridge sets out to re-create; it's the myth that governs Life itself. *Raintree County* isn't simply the secret source of American life; it is also the Garden of Eden, and the raintree is the Tree of Knowledge whose golden boughs shed fertilizing blossoms on the land. *Raintree County* is nothing short of a primer of human *Kultur*: it refurbishes the Bible legends and the ancient myths, popularizes Freud's *Totem and Taboo* and Frazer's *Golden Bough*, delves into literature, history, ethics, psychiatry, religion. Every character, every event, is loaded with a portentous symbolism.

John Wickliff Shawnessy, the "unsung poet-hero" of *Raintree County*, is the legendary American, symbolically a bastard once removed ("the badge sinister is the bar of vitality"), at once the architect and the conscience of the nation. He is also Adam in search of "the secret of his origin" and "the hero who regains Paradise."

Then there's Garwood (later Senator) Jones, the cynical, unscrupulous materialist, who sells democracy short but has a heart of gold; Cassius Carney, the "poet of finance," who dies of ulcers and success; and the "Perfesser," the homespun Voltaire who knows something about everything and respects nothing, the perennially sardonic spectator. And there are girls, such girls as dreams are made on, with an engaging weakness for swimming in the nude.

The narrative is told in a series of flashbacks from a pivotal day, an old-time American Fourth. Its high points are the Great Footrace (which appeared in *Life*) and the exciting Civil War sequences. There's no shortage of love, sacred and profane, plenty of lusty talk, and a solid vein of humor. *Raintree County* has just about everything in it, including a vast amount of hokum. The book is definitely a tour de force.

Potpourri

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Charles Hurd

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On the fourth day of her residence in the White House in 1800 Mrs. John Adams "jounced in her carriage to Georgetown to return fifteen calls. Such was the social pace. That phase has never stopped." Mr. Hurd more than proves this in his gossipy history of Washington Society, written with affection and a phenomenal attention to detail. The Cavalcade includes the hostesses (and what they wore), the dinner parties (who sat where and what they ate), the feuds, the petticoats in politics, the diplomatic corps, the gold braid, the typewriter states-

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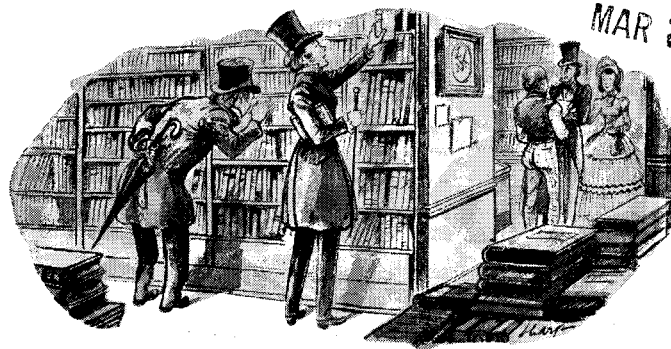
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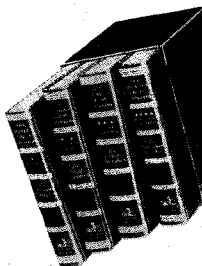
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